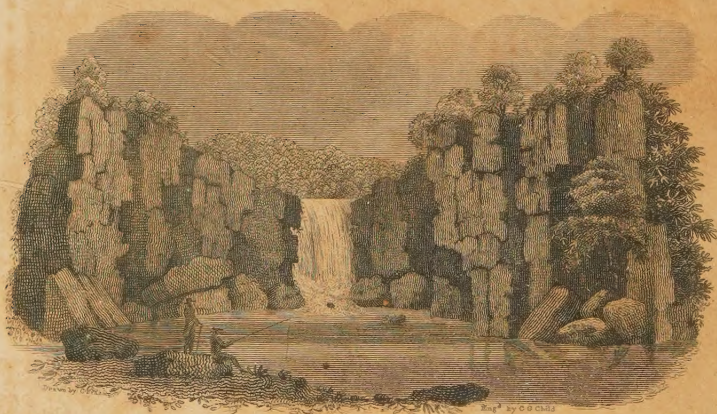


Frontispiece
to

VOL 8



PASSAIC FALLS

N. JERSEY

Pub^d by M. Thomas 1816

T H E

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE

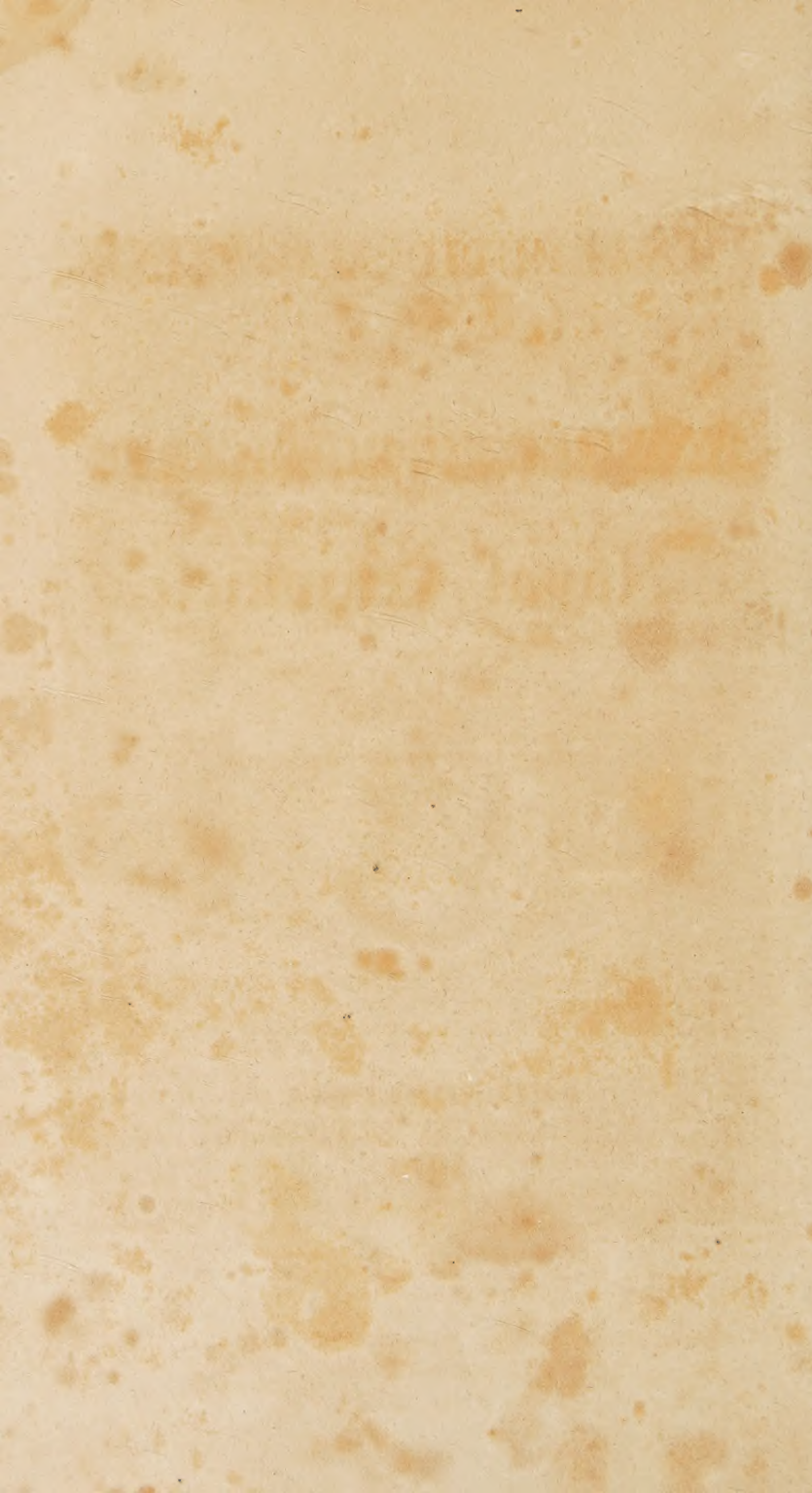
and

Naval Chronicle

VOL 8



PHILADELPHIA
Published by M. Thomas
1816



THE
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE,
AND
NAVAL CHRONICLE.

VOLUME VIII.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1816.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY MOSES THOMAS;

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J. Maxwell, Printer.

1816.

DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the second day of January, in the fortieth year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1816, **MOSES THOMAS**, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

The Analectic Magazine and Naval Chronicle.

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

DAVID CALDWELL,
Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania.

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* A Biography of Capt. Blakeley will be given in our next number.



ANALECTIC MAGAZINE,

AND

NAVAL CHRONICLE.

JULY, 1816.



CHRONICLE.

LIFE OF JOHN PAUL JONES.

AMONG the early names that occur in our naval wars, one of the most renowned in tradition is that of John Paul Jones. When boys, we remember he ranked in our estimation with Jack the giant killer, and other mighty characters in fairy lore; for at that age we do not discriminate precisely between

history and romance, and even in a more mature reason, we find mankind in every nation, paying a sort of pious devotion to names whose renown being merely traditionary, is necessarily mixed up with a vast proportion of exaggeration. Perhaps this, after all, is the best kind of fame, for it often happens that a nearer and more minute acquaintance with the great, diminishes our admiration, by enabling us to discover foibles that disappear in the shades of distance, where, as in the natural world, the little inequalities and deformities of the object, are lost in the beauty of the general outline. It is only in the period beyond the reach of history that men became gods, since in aftertimes the research of the historian penetrated the veil that shrouded the illustrious mortal, and too often discovered beneath it, much of the vice and the weakness which seems the inevitable legacy nature bestows on her children in every age and every clime. We question much, therefore, whether it is not rather a mistaken regard, or at least a mischievous curiosity, which prompts men to discover and give to the world, every thing that the most persevering research can recover from partial oblivion. There is no danger that the memory of a truly great man will ever die. If he be a poet, it will live in his song: if he be a warrior, those songs will carry his name on the wings of the muse, and whether as deity or mortal, as Hercules, or Achilles, Mango Capac, or Peter of Russia, posterity will inherit their fame, even should the revolutions of the world separate them from the parent hive, and carry them from the rising even to the setting sun. True, in the lapse of time, their fame may become vague, obscure, and undefined; yet it is a question whether this very obscurity does not enhance their glory, by giving a freer range to the imagination, and keeping from our view the little specks that, if the distance were less, would appear to the naked eye. The Persian magi, who worship the sun, as the soul of the universe, as one pure unsullied everlasting fire, would cease to reverence it as a divinity, were those numerous spots which the discoveries of science,

and the perfection of the telescope, have betrayed to the eyes of the philosopher, unveiled to the sight of the idolator. There is a sublime and awful mystery, a sort of poetical swell, accompanying the recollection of great men of whom little is known, except that they *were* great by the concurring testimony of generations, that far outweighs the reputation of those of whom we know every thing. There is a littleness about minuteness—there is so much that great men do exactly like other men—so much of trifle even in the details of important affairs—so vast a portion of every man's existence is filled up by nothingness—that when the whole of it is placed before our eyes, we are very apt to suppose that he who did so many common things like common people, was in reality but a common being. There are stopping places in the life of a great man, as on every great road, and if the space between is a dead flat, the traveller had better shut his eyes until he comes to the baiting spot, rather than strain his vision to catch something on one side or the other, worthy a place in his journal. Had it not been for Boswell, doctor Johnson would have been a great moralist, instead of a great bear, and we should have read his sublime precepts without the everlasting accompaniment of the growl, which that faithful follower has so minutely described.

Paul Jones, though neither a demigod, or bear, and not much of a moralist, that we know of, was yet a man of note in his time. He was honoured at the courts of princes, and we beg such of our readers as consider this as incontestible proof of merit, to bear it in mind. His name is familiar to the children of this country, and let me tell you, that this is no small proof of the root which a man's name has taken in the soil. The favourite books, and the favourite names of the young, are among those apt to live the longest—as the games of children pass down from age to age without ever being lost, and in truth without ever being varied. Be this as it may, we remember many years ago, to have seen in the small bookstores of the cities, stuck up at the windows, a little book

called *An Account of the Life of Paul Jones*, with a frontispiece placed against the inside of the glass, wherein he is represented on the deck of a ship, in the very act of shooting lieutenant Grubb through the head.

This picture impressed his name upon our minds when very young, and as we grew up his reputation assumed in our estimation a more authentic and definite character. But it lost in brilliancy what it gained in truth. It was then we became used to hear of him as a renegado, a freebooter, brave indeed, to desperation, but paying little regard to the rules of civilized warfare, and still less to the rights and feelings of humanity. In the British, and anglo-American magazines, and newspapers of those times, he appears in the character of a lawless pirate, whose courage and daring entitled him to no other fame, but what might be derived from an association with *Blackbeard* or the renowned *captain Kyd*, for whose buried treasures, some people still dig along our coasts. He is stigmatized as a fugitive from justice, as a traitor to his country, as the plunderer of his benefactor, and as a pernicious ungovernable monster, equally beyond the restraints of morality, of public opinion, and private duties.

On the other hand, we have read of his being a very different sort of a man, and the baron De Grimm, in his correspondence which has lately been published, mentions him as figuring at Paris among men of wit, and women of refinement,—where the least grossness of manners would have excluded him,—writing poetry, and making himself acceptable to the belles of that famous city.

Of a man so confessedly brave—so often mentioned—so variously represented—and so little known—it seemed worth while to know more. But our principal inducement to inquire into his history and character, was a conviction that one had been misrepresented, and the other calumniated. One of the evils of modern warfare is, that it confounds all human character, destroys all distinctions of virtue and vice, and produces a regular system of calumnation, the effects of which re-

main rankling in the bosom, long after the real evils of war are forgotten. In this disgraceful contest, all regard to truth is sacrificed—the distinction between the authorized, and unauthorized modes of hostility are lost sight of—all that are opposed to us are bad, all that are friendly are good—the one is represented as wanting every virtue—the other as without a stain, and thus the man, who, on one side of a river is little less than a demon, is on the other little less than a divinity. All the ancient courtesy which dignified and adorned the days of chivalry, is lost in the bitterness of this war of words, and like the heroes of Homer, no two nations can now enter the lists without, at the same time, abusing each other like two irritated viragoes. If nations were to content themselves merely with blows, they would be much better friends afterwards. They would forget their bruises and wounds in time; but the abuse which is recorded of each other, is a source of eternal heart-burning, and long after the injuries of war are forgotten, the insults of the press are remembered for future vengeance.

Whatever may have been the defects in the character of Paul Jones, or whatever his demerits towards the country of his birth, from us he deserves at least such a justification as may be warranted by the truth. He served this country well in her hour of peril, and if, in so doing, he broke the ties which bound him to another, is it for us to become his accusers—or to listen in silence to the accusation? No duty requires from an individual, or a nation, that they should be ungrateful; nor for our part do we know of any moral obligation, which forbids us to extenuate the faults, or vindicate the fame, of one who was our friend, when friends were valuable in proportion as they were rare. His motives were nothing to the people of the United States, and we will now proceed to the detail of his life and actions, so far as they have come to our knowledge.

John Paul Jones was a native of Scotland, and was born the 23d of September, 1747, at Selkirk.* His father was a

* "See *Memoirs of an American Officer.*" The writer states that he derived this information from a written memorandum from an old book in captain

tenant of the earl of Selkirk, and it is said officiated as gardener to that nobleman. He never, according to his own acknowledgment, went to any regular school; an old maiden aunt who lived in the family taught him to read, and this was all the instruction he received till the age of nine years, when he left his home without taking leave of any living soul, and set forth, with the clothes he had on, and no money, to seek his fortune. The freaks of Fortune, notwithstanding she is railed at as cruelly capricious, are not always ill natured, and those who trust to her guidance with unlimited reliance, often find her an indulgent mother. There are two kinds of people who go forth, as the phrase is, to seek their fortunes: one in reckless desperation, the consequence of disappointments at home, caused by their own want of industry and prudence—the other from a sort of innate consciousness that they are not born to the situation in which accident has placed them, and that the sphere of action allotted to them by birth, is not the one in which nature intended they should figure. The former seldom better their situation, because the same want of prudence generally produces the same effects in every situation; but the latter, relying on their own vigour of mind, often rise to distinctions which seem placed forever beyond their reach by the accident of birth. Those, therefore, who go forth into the world the children of Fortune, are not always prompted by a mere idle impatience of the restraints of home, or the salutary restrictions of parental authority, but often by a secret self-consciousness, which seems almost ever the accompaniment of superior genius.

Jones having thus at the age of nine years adopted Fortune for his stepmother, bent his way to Leith, where he engaged himself as cabin-boy in a ship engaged in the coal trade. In this situation he continued; at seventeen he was mate

Jones's possession, called "The Way to be Happy in a Miserable World," which was afterwards lost in the *Bon Homme Richard*. It is also conformable to Jones's verbal declarations.

of a ship, and a captain at nineteen. About five years afterwards, we find him in the command of a large merchantman trading between England and the West Indies. While master of this vessel an unfortunate occurrence took place, which led him to seek refuge in the united colonies, then struggling for independence. It seems that the carpenter had been in fault, and in the course of a punishment which Jones caused to be inflicted upon him, he jumped overboard, and was drowned. On his return to Hull, Jones was arrested and thrown into prison, from whence he made his escape to the United States, being apprehensive that his crew, among whom his severe discipline made him not much of a favourite, would give this affair a turn that might endanger his life.

During the period which had elapsed between his quitting home, and arriving in America, he had been indefatigable in supplying the deficiencies of his early want of education, and had sedulously employed all his leisure hours in acquiring knowledge. His mind might therefore be said to have been considerably cultivated, and his manners were those of a gentleman. It is not known through whose influence he obtained it, but not long after he was appointed a midshipman, in the first squadron fitted out by congress, under commodore Hopkins, in which he sailed against New Providence. During this expedition, he gained the notice of some of his superior officers, and soon after his return received a commission, and the command of a sloop of war carrying twelve guns. In this vessel he made a successful cruise, capturing and sending in several prizes. Soon after this he received a commission from congress to command a new ship called the *Ranger*, mounting eighteen six-pounders, and carrying one hundred and fifty men. In this vessel he sailed directly for the coast of England, where he created great alarm, and among other exploits destroyed sixteen vessels in the port of Hull.

It was on this cruise that he caused an attempt to be made to seize the earl of Selkirk at his country seat, with an intention of carrying him to France. As this is one of the transac-

tions that have been related to his disadvantage, we will give it in detail, together with the motives which Jones afterwards urged in his extenuation, in a letter to the countess of Selkirk. When off Whitehaven, he sent his boats, with a party of men on shore, for the express and sole purpose of seizing the earl. They landed without opposition, and proceeded to the earl's seat, but as his lordship was then in London attending his parliamentary duties, the object of their descent could not be obtained, and in revenge, probably for this disappointment, they plundered the house, and carried off his lordship's plate. Jones always asserted that this was done without his orders, and took the first opportunity to write a letter apologising to the countess of Selkirk, for the conduct of his men, which he disavowed, and declared his intention of restoring the plate by the first opportunity. This letter was published at the time, and excited considerable attention, being well written, and containing a deal of wit and gallantry.

Jones particularly stated that his object was to carry the earl of Selkirk to Paris, and there detain him as an hostage, until the British cabinet should consent to an exchange of the American prisoners. It is well known that for a considerable time after the commencement of the war, the government of England treated the American prisoners with singular harshness, and stigmatized them as rebels, that were held in custody to be hanged at a convenient season. Every one remembers the remonstrances of general Washington on this subject, and that it was only his reiterated threats of exemplary retaliation, with the conviction that from the character of Washington for exemplary firmness, they would certainly be put into execution, that at last brought about a regular exchange. Contumely, ill treatment, and hopeless imprisonment were the lot of our countrymen taken in arms, and Jones, as an officer bearing the commission of congress, was justified, at least to this country, in an attempt that had for its object, the ultimate liberation of those engaged in the same cause with himself. The attempt showed a mind above the ordinary stamp, and

that it produced other effects, we have no authority to say was his fault. He disavowed the act of plunder, and the plate was restored by the first favourable opportunity, whether voluntarily on the part of Jones, or by order of the American ambassador at Paris, does not however distinctly appear. Of a man so noted and so obnoxious to a great literary nation like England, whose pen is more dangerous to the reputation, than her sword is to the life, of her enemies, it is difficult to judge at this distance. All we can say is, that we have not been able to procure one decisive evidence on this head, and following the maxim of criminal law, we shall consider him innocent, until he is proved otherwise. The publications of those days in England, teem with libels on poor Jones, and all the usual vulgar reproaches of vulgar writers were poured on his head. It was said "that he fought with a halter about his neck;" "that he never would fight until he was drunk"—"that he was pot-valiant," and a variety of the same refined reproaches, that have since been coupled even with the names of our distinguished naval officers of the present day. In the print-shops of London, he was represented with twelve pistols stuck in his girdle, and three men kneeling at his feet, whom it was plainly to be seen by the ferocity of his countenance, he intended to shoot without remorse. Paul Jones, the pirate, was his usual acceptation, although he held a commission from that congress which was then exercising the powers of sovereignty, and never in the whole course of his life committed any outrages on humanity, half so flagrant, as those for which admiral Cockburn received the honour of knighthood, and which, as suits the interests of England, are one day the acts of a pirate, the next of a hero. Ever since the writers of the *Anti Jacobin*, stigmatized, doing justice to the character of their enemies, as a species of "canting candour" unworthy the character of a true-born Englishman, the people of that nation, and their political guides, seem to have had but one criterion of human character. Whoever was on their side was a hero or a saint—even though it were Ferdinand, or the

pope; and every body opposed to them, a tyrant or an infidel. When the crack-brained king of Sweden denounced Bonaparte as *Mr. Bonaparte*, and took the field against him, with a few hundred men, he was a second Gustavus Adolphus, and his rival Charles Jean, the present crown prince, was nothing but "a French corporal," though when he afterwards took part against the French, *his countrymen*, the very same writers, and the very same people, spoke of him with the highest commendation, and the government gave him, by way of *douceur*, a whole kingdom that did not belong to them. Thus it is that the characters of men are metamorphosed by great literary nations, who, when they would conquer their enemies, content themselves with destroying their reputation.

From the coast of Scotland, the *Ranger* passed to the coast of Ireland, and while cruising off Waterford, Jones was informed by some fishermen, that there was a British vessel of war lying in the port, called the *Drake*, mounting twenty-two guns. Jones resolved to try his skill, and the courage of his men. He therefore wrote a challenge to the captain of the *Drake*, stating the force of the *Ranger*, and requesting a meeting, for the purpose of exchanging a few broadsides. The challenge was promptly accepted, and the *Drake* proceeded to sea, cheered by the inhabitants as she passed out of the harbour. The ships met, and engaged about an hour, when the English flag was struck, after making several unsuccessful attempts to board the *Ranger*. Before the action, captain Jones is said to have particularly instructed his topmen how to fire, and the commanders of the guns to be particular in taking good aim, before they discharged their pieces. The *Drake*, according to a memorandum in Jones' journal, was badly manœuvred, and her crew several times were in great confusion from the severity of his fire. The carnage on board the *Drake* was terrible, a great proportion of her crew being killed and wounded. The loss of the *Ranger* was twelve killed and nine wounded. The *Ranger* carried her prize safe into a French port.

Soon after this affair, he was appointed to the *Good Man Richard*, which sailed from L'Orient the 14th day of August, 1779, with intent to cruise in the English channel, accompanied by the *Alliance* of 36 guns; the *Monsieur* of 22 guns; the *Palais* of 28 guns; the *Vengeance* of 16 guns; and a cutter mounting 10 guns. The whole squadron was under the orders of commodore Jones, who now assumed the lofty title of "Commander in chief of all the American ships of war in Europe." Notwithstanding this, it appears that his junior officers were either not under good discipline, or did not fully recognize his authority, for two days after sailing, a violent dispute took place between him and the captain of the *Monsieur*, who in consequence left the squadron without ceremony, and went back to France.

On the 17th of August, off the Irish coast, and abreast of Dungarvan, the squadron made a large ship, to windward standing in towards the land. Signal was made to the *Alliance* to ascertain what she was, and after approaching the stranger till nearly within cannon shot, returned, captain L— reporting the vessel to be a line of battle ship, as he had been near enough to see her upper battery. Jones, who was apt to be a little passionate, made a reply, in which he insinuated that L— was frightened, else he never would have mistaken a frigate for a two-decker. For this L— never forgave him, and at a subsequent period, travelled over half Europe to call him to account, as he used to affirm! Continuing their cruise, they captured a number of vessels, the most valuable of which they sent into France, and sunk the others. Being now in the neighbourhood of Leith, Jones formed a plan to lay that city under contribution. His intention was to sail up the river under British colours, which he imagined he could do without suspicion, and when opposite the city, which not expecting an enemy, would of course be entirely unprepared for resistance, to moor his ships with spring cables, and threaten to batter it with red-hot shot, unless they paid the sum he required, which was one hundred

thousand pounds. This plan met with great opposition from his officers, but Jones persevered. Having supplied all his officers with British uniforms, they accordingly sailed up the river, and hove too within gun-shot of the fortress which commands the passage. Here they made signal for pilots, who came on board immediately, and the squadron was only prevented from proceeding, by the circumstance of the tide being unfavourable. While waiting for it to turn, the commanding officer at Leith, mistaking them for English, dispatched a boat to inquire the name of the commander, his ships, &c., and to offer the usual compliments: he also inquired whether they intended to come up to the town; if not, he requested a supply of powder, as there was none in the place, and he was apprehensive, as there were many American privateers in the neighbourhood, they might come up in the night and destroy the town, which could be easily done, as the citizens were in great alarm, and unprepared to resist a sudden attack. The want of powder was one of those circumstances, which often favour daring designs, and render undertakings apparently desperate, easy in their execution. Places either remote from the apprehension of actual dangers, or relying on their natural strength for protection, are generally careless of the means necessary to their security, and experience has verified the truth, that of undertakings that were considered rash, if not desperate, a greater proportion have succeeded, than of those which were supposed to require neither caution or valour. On the one side the idea of security causes a neglect of the means resorted to in other places more exposed; and on the other, inspires the necessity of extraordinary secrecy and celerity. No place can be considered safe from an enemy, that is carelessly guarded, and no place is of easy conquest that is protected by vigilance.

The officer sent with the governor's compliments, having been despatched with proper answers to his inquiries, and a barrel of powder, the squadron remained impatiently waiting

the turn of the tide, confident of success, when accident, which so often gives the turn to human events, frustrated the design which had thus far so prosperously proceeded. The wind suddenly shifted, and blew strongly down the river, and about the same time an English brig which had been captured at the mouth of the river, was either by accident or design run on shore, and her former crew took the opportunity of making their escape, notwithstanding every exertion to prevent them. As it was obvious that these fugitives would give the alarm to the town, and that in consequence, the garrison of the castle, which commands the harbour of Leith, would be notified, so as to prevent their departure pretty effectually, it was instantly resolved to take advantage of the wind, which fortunately favoured, to return to sea. This they did without being fired upon by the castle, or in any way molested in their progress.

From thence they cruised off Scarborough, where, after remaining some days without any incident worth relating, on the 22d of September, 1779, they fell in with a convoy of thirty-seven sail, under the protection of two ships of war. Jones immediately gave signal for the squadron to chase, and on coming up and discovering that the two convoying vessels were, one a frigate, the other a sloop of war, directed the Alliance to engage the former in conjunction with the Good Man Richard, the Palais to take care of the sloop. When pretty near, the enemy hoisted St. George's ensign, which was immediately followed by running up the thirteen stripes. Almost immediately after, the largest of the enemy's ships made a signal, upon which the smaller one, set all sail, and made the best of her way to the leeward, followed by the Palais and the Alliance, the latter thus disobeying Jones's express orders. The Vengeance being far astern, did not come up during the whole ensuing action, and the Good Man Richard now remained alone to try the event of the contest. Just before its commencement, the St. George's ensign was hauled down on

board the enemy, who hoisted a red flag, which was nailed to the flag-staff by the captain himself.

The Good Man Richard was at this time upwards of sixty years old. She was originally a French king's ship, condemned at Brest, and purchased by the French East India company. After making two voyages in their service, she was again condemned, and laid up as a hulk in the basin of L'Orient, from whence she was permitted to be fitted out by the Americans. She carried forty guns; six eighteens, fourteen twelves, fourteen nines, and six sixes. Her crew amounted to three hundred and eighty, men and boys.

The Serapis was commanded by captain Parsons, who was, it is said, descended like Jones from poor parents, and born in the county of Cornwall. Accident brought him into the service, and merit raised him to his present station. His ship, according to the English custom, was rated a forty-four, but mounted fifty guns, as follows: twenty eighteen-pounders on the lower deck, and thirty sixes on the upper deck, quarter deck, and forecastle. Her crew consisted of three hundred and twenty men. We shall give the details of the action in the words of an eye-witness.

“ At a quarter past 8, just as the moon was rising with a majestic appearance, the weather being clear, the surface of the great deep perfectly smooth, even as in a mill-pond, the enemy hailed us ‘ what ship is that?’ The answer from our ship was, ‘ come a little nearer and I’ll tell you.’ The next question put by the enemy in a contemptuous manner was, ‘ what are you laden with?’ The answer was, if my memory does not deceive me, ‘ round, grape, and double-headed shot.’ Instantly the Serapis poured her range of upper and quarter deck guns into us; as she did not show her lower deck guns until about ten minutes after the action commenced. The reason of this I could not learn, but suppose, they intended to have taken us without the aid of their lower deck guns. We returned the enemy’s fire, and thus the action began. At the first fire, three of our starboard lower deck guns burst, and killed and wounded most of the men stationed at

them. As soon as captain Jones heard of this circumstance, he gave orders not to fire the three other eighteen pounders mounted upon that deck, but that the men stationed at them should abandon them. Soon after we perceived the enemy, by the light of their lanterns, busy in running out their guns between decks, which convinced us the *Serapis* was a two-decker, and more than our match. She had by this time got under our stern, which we could not prevent. She now raked us with whole broadsides, and showers of musketry, several of her eighteen pound shot having gone through and through our ship, on board of which she made a dreadful havoc among our crew. The wind was now very light, and our ship not under proper command, and the *Serapis* out-sailing us two feet to one, which advantage the enemy discovered, and improved it by keeping under our stern and raking us fore and aft, till at last the poor French colonel, who was stationed on the poop, finding almost all his men slain, quitted that station with his surviving men, and retired upon the quarter deck. All this time our tops kept up an incessant and well directed fire into the enemy's tops, which did great execution. The *Serapis* continued to take a position under our stern or athwart the bow, and galled us in such a manner, that our men fell in all parts of the ship by scores. At this juncture, it became necessary on the part of our commander, to give some orders to extricate us from this scene of bloody carnage; for had it lasted half an hour longer, in all human probability, the enemy would have slain nearly all our officers and men, and we been obliged to strike our colours and yield to a superior force. Accordingly, captain Jones ordered the sailing master, a true blooded Yankee, whose name was Stacy, to lay the enemy's ship on board; and as the *Serapis* soon after passed across our fore foot, our helm was put hard a weather, the main and mizen topsails braced aback, were filled away, and a fresh flaw of wind swelling them at that instant, our ship shot quick ahead, and ran her jibboom between the enemy's starboard mizen shrouds and mizen vang. Jones at the same time cried out, 'well done, my brave lads, we have got her now; throw on board the grappling irons, and stand by for boarding.' This was done, and the enemy soon cut away the chains which were fixed to the grappling irons; more were thrown on board, and often repeated.

We now hauled the enemy's ship snug along side ours, with the trailings to our grappling irons; her jib-stay was cut away aloft, and fell upon our ship's poop, where captain Jones was at that time assisting Mr. Stacy in making fast the end of the enemy's jib-stay to our mizen mast. He here checked the sailing master for swearing, by saying, 'Mr. Stacy, this is no time for swearing—you may be the next moment in eternity;—but let us do our duty.' A strong current was now setting in towards Scarborough; the wind ceased to blow, and the sea again became smooth as glass. By this time, the enemy, finding they could not easily extricate themselves from us, let go one of their anchors, expecting that if they could cut us adrift, the current would set us away out of their reach, at least for some time. The action had now lasted about forty minutes, and the fire from our tops having been kept up without intermission, with musketry, blunderbusses, swivels, and pistols, directing into their tops, these last, at this time became silent, excepting one man in her fore top, who would once in a while peep out from behind the head of their fore mast, and fire upon us. As soon as I perceived this fellow, I ordered the marines in the main top to reserve their next fire, and the moment they got sight of him, to level their pieces and fire, which they did, and we soon saw this skulking tar, or marine, fall out of the top upon the enemy's forecastle. Our ensign staff was shot away, and both that and the thirteen stripes had fallen into the sea in the beginning of the action. This ought to have been mentioned before, but I had so many other circumstances to relate of more importance, and the succession was so quick, one close upon the heels of another, that I hope the reader will take this for an excuse. Both ships now lying head and stern, and so near each other, that our heaviest cannon amid ships, as well as those of the enemy, could be of no use, as they could be neither spunged or loaded. In this situation, the enemy, to prevent, as they told us afterwards, our boarding *them*, leaped on board of our ship, and some of them had actually got upon the fore part of our quarter deck. Several were there killed, and the rest driven back on board their own ship, whither some of our men followed them, and were mostly killed. Several other attempts to board were made by both parties in quick succession, in consequence of which many were slain upon the two

ships' gangways, on both sides. We were now something more than a league E. by S. from a point of land called Flamborough Head, and in about ten or twelve fathom water; and the reader may rest assured, that as the *Serapis*' anchor was at the bottom, and her crew not having leisure to weigh it, we remained here till the battle was at an end. At this time the enemy's fleet was discernable by the moonlight in shore of us, but we could not perceive any of our squadron except the *Vengeance*, and the small tender which lay about half a league astern of us, neither of whom dared to come to our assistance. It had now got to be about 48 minutes since the action began, as near as I can judge, for we certainly had no time to keep glasses running, or to look at our watches. The enemy's tops being entirely silenced, the men in ours had nothing to do, but direct their whole fire down upon his decks, which we did, and with so much success, that in about 25 minutes more we had cleared her quarter and main decks, so that not a man on board the *Serapis* was to be seen. However, they still kept up a constant fire with four of their foremost bow guns on the starboard side, viz. two eighteen pounders upon her lower gun deck, and two nine pounders on her upper gun deck. These last were mounted on her fore-castle, under cover from our fire from the tops. Her cannon on the larboard side upon the quarter deck and fore-castle, from the position of both ships, were rendered altogether useless. Her four guns which she could manage, annoyed us, however, very much, and did considerable damage.

"About this time some of the enemy's light sails caught fire; this communicated itself to her rigging, and from thence to ours: thus were both ships on fire at the same time, and the firing ceased on both sides till it was extinguished by the contending parties, after which the action was renewed again. By the time this was done, the top-men in our tops had taken possession of the enemy's tops, which was done by reason of the *Serapis*' yards being locked together with ours, so that we could with ease go from our main top into the enemy's fore top; and so on, from our fore top into his main top. Having a knowledge of this, we transported from our own into the enemy's tops, flasks, hand-granades, &c., which we threw among them whenever they made their appearance. The battle had now continued about three hours, and as

we in fact had possession of the Serapis' top which commanded her quarter deck, upper deck, and forecastle, we were well assured that the enemy could not hold out much longer, and were momentarily expecting they would strike to us, when the following farcical piece was acted on board of our ship.

"It seems that a report was at this time circulated among our crew between decks, and was credited by them, that captain Jones and all his principal officers were slain; that the gunners were now the commanders of the ship; that the ship had four or five feet water in her hold; and that she was then sinking. The persons who reported this advised, therefore, the gunner to go on deck, with the carpenter and master at arms, and beg of the enemy quarter, in order to save their lives. These three men being thus delegated, mounted the quarter deck, and bawled out as loud as they could, 'quarter, quarter, for God's sake, quarter! our ship is sinking!' and immediately got upon the ship's poop with a view of hawling down the colours. Hearing this in the top, I told my men that the enemy had struck, for I actually thought the voices of these men sounded as if on board the enemy; but in this I was soon undeceived. The three poltroons finding the ensign and ensign staff gone, proceeded to the quarter deck, and were in the act of hawling down our pendant, still bawling for 'quarter,' when I heard our commodore say, 'what rascals are those—shoot them—kill them.' He was on the forecastle when these fellows first made their appearance upon the quarter deck, where he had just discharged his pistols at some of the enemy. The carpenter and master at arms, hearing his voice, skulked below, and the gunner was attempting to do the same, when the commodore threw his pistols at his head, one of which knocked him down at the foot of the gangway, where he lay till the battle was over. Both ships now took fire again; and on board our ship it communicated to, and set fire to our main top, which threw us into the greatest consternation imaginable for some time, and it was not without some exertion and difficulty that it was overcome. The water, which we had in a tub in the fore top was expended without extinguishing the fire. We next had recourse to our clothes, pulling off our coats and jackets, and then throwing them on the fire, and tramping upon them, which in a short time smothered it.

Both crews were also now, as before, busily employed in stopping the progress of the flames, and the firing on both sides ceased. The enemy now demanded if we had struck, having heard the three poltroons halloo for quarter. 'If you have, said they, why don't you hawl down your pendant,' as they saw our ensign was gone. 'Ay, ay,' said captain Jones, 'we'll-do that when we can fight no longer—but we shall see yours come down first, for you must know, Yankees do not hawl down their colours, till they are fairly beaten.' The combat now commenced again with more fury if possible than before, on the part of both, and continued for a few minutes, when the cry of fire was again heard on board both ships. The firing ceased again, and both crews were once more employed in extinguishing it. This was soon done, when the battle was renewed again with redoubled vigour, with what cannon we could manage, hand-granades, &c., but principally towards the closing scene with lances and boarding-pikes. With these the combatants killed each other through the ships' port-holes, which were pretty large, and the guns that had been run out at them, having been rendered useless, as before observed, had been removed out of the way. At three quarters past 11, P.M. the Alliance frigate hove in sight, approached within pistol shot of our stern, and began a heavy and well directed fire into *us*, as well as the enemy, which made some of our officers, as well as men, believe she was a British man of war. The moon, as if ashamed to behold this bloody scene any longer, retired behind a dark cloud. It was in vain that some of our officers hailed her, and desired her not to fire again; it was in vain that they were told they were firing into the wrong vessel; it was in vain they were told that they had killed a number of our men; it was in vain also they were told that the enemy was fairly beaten, and that he must strike his colours in a few minutes. The Alliance, I say, notwithstanding all this, kept a position either ahead of us, or under our stern, and made a great deal of havoc and confusion on board of our ship, nor did she cease firing entirely, till the signal of recognizance was displayed in full view on board of our ship; which was three lighted lanterns ranged in a horizontal line about fifteen feet high, upon the fore, main, and mizen shrouds on the larboard side. This was done in order, if possible, to undeceive the Alliance, and had the desired effect,

the firing from her now ceasing. At thirty-five minutes past 12 at night, a single hand-granade was thrown by one of our men out of the main top of the enemy, with a design to disperse a number of the enemy, who were huddled together between the gun decks. On its way it struck one side of the combings of her upper hatchway, and rebounding from that, took a direction, and fell between decks, where it communicated to a quantity of loose powder scattered about the enemy's cannon. The hand-granade bursting at the same time, made a dreadful explosion, and blew up about twenty of the enemy. This closed the scene; the enemy now in turn called out for quarter, but it was some time, however, before the colours were struck. The captain of the *Serapis* gave repeated orders for one of the crew to ascend the quarter deck and hawl down the English flag, but no one would stir to do it. They told the captain they were afraid of our riflemen, believing that all our men who had muskets were of that description. The captain of the *Serapis*, therefore, ascended the quarter deck himself, and hauled down the very flag which he had nailed to the flag staff a little before the battle, with a determination, as he expressed it, of never striking it to that infamous pirate John Paul Jones. The enemy's flag being struck, captain Jones ordered Richard Dale, his first lieutenant, to select out of the crew a number of men, and take possession of the prize, which was immediately put in execution.

“ Thus ended this ever memorable battle, after a continuance of a few minutes more than four hours. The officers, headed by the captain of the *Serapis*, now came on board our ship. Captain Parsons inquired for captain Jones, to whom he was introduced by Mr. Mase, our purser. The former accosted captain Jones, in presenting his sword in this manner—‘ It is with great reluctance I am obliged to resign my sword to a man, who may be said to fight with a *halter about his neck*.’ Jones took no notice of this insult, but gallantly replied, ‘ sir, you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt, your sovereign will reward you for it in the most ample manner.’ ”*

The loss in this desperate action was dreadful, and both ships exhibited a terrible spectacle of carnage. In calling over the

* See Life of Captain Nathaniel Fanning.

roll of the Good-Man-Richard, it appeared that, one hundred and sixty-five officers, men, and boys were killed, and one hundred and thirty-seven wounded and missing; among the wounded was the gunner who called so lustily for quarters, and who was knocked down by captain Jones's pistol. Though severely wounded, he recovered, and was placed before the mast, which was all the punishment he underwent at that time. The loss of the Serapis was not near so great as that of her antagonist, it appearing from her muster roll, that one hundred and thirty-seven including officers had been killed, and about seventy-six wounded. The battle was fought near Flamborough Head, and several hundred people were witnesses of it from the shore. When we consider it in all its circumstances; the length of its continuance; the desperate courage displayed on both sides; the variety of its vicissitudes, and the loss which was mutually suffered, there is in it a character of daring, obstinate, and invincible courage, of which few parallels exist in the annals of warfare. It was "*Diamond cut Diamond*," as captain Parsons is said to have observed, when on inquiring of Jones, he learned that nearly all his crew were Americans. The answer which Jones gave to captain Parsons, when he insulted him with the imputation of being a criminal is peculiarly entitled to notice, as it furnishes a complete refutation of the idea which has been industriously circulated, that he was a brutal savage, endued indeed with courage, but destitute alike of the manners and feelings of a gentleman. The mind in truth is too apt to associate courage and ferocity together, and it is seldom we hear of a daring or desperate exploit, but we figure to our minds, a sort of rugged barbarian, with the form of a Hercules, the countenance of a savage, and the manners of a rough, uncultivated man. And yet true courage, though sometimes a physical quality, is more generally a virtue of sentiment, and is therefore a natural concomitant of refinement of manners, until that refinement degenerates into effeminacy. The courage of the savage is craft—although we are in the habit of confounding the forti-

tude which enables him to meet death when it is inevitable, with the courage that prompts a man to seek danger as a matter of choice, where reputation is to be obtained. The courage of a barbarian, grows out of the habits of his life, and is rather a negative quality, the mere absence of fear—he meets danger because he is used to it. It is only among men in a state of mental refinement, is found that pure essence of courage, that looks danger full in the face, weighs it to a scruple, estimates it to a hair, and then grapples with it for the prize of glory.

Four days after the action, the *Serapis* was in a condition to have sail made upon her; and the whole squadron, with the exception of the *Good Man Richard* which sunk not long after the action, made all sail for the coast of Holland. On the third of October, they arrived off the Texel bar, whence capt. Jones despatched a complimentary letter to the Dutch admiral, at the same time requesting permission to anchor in the Texel Road. The Admiral absolutely refused this, as the Dutch were not then at war with England. At this time a British squadron appeared at no great distance, and Jones repeated his demand—threatening the admiral with the responsibility of whatever consequence might ensue if he again refused. This had the desired effect, and the squadron proceeded into the roads, just as the British fleet had approached nearly within gun-shot.

In the scanty and dispersed notices we have been able to collect, it is difficult in some cases, and impossible in others to trace Jones step by step. But it appears that he some time afterwards proceeded to the city of Amsterdam, where he was received in a manner that excited the indignation of the British ambassador, who demanded that the British prisoners taken by Jones should be given up, and threatened to embark for England in case of refusal. The Dutch government being intimidated, seemed willing to comply with this demand, and to give up the ships as well as the men—hereupon Jones, directed his officers to prepare for sailing at a moment's warning. When all was prepared, captain Jones, came on board the

Serapis at ten o'clock at night, and gave orders for the officers and crew of the Serapis to repair immediately on board the Alliance; at the same time directing captain Cotteneau with the crew of the Palais to take possession of the Serapis and hoist the French colours. This was done to embarrass the Dutch in their design to deliver up that ship, and the manœuvre completely defeated the intention, as the French minister now claimed the prize. Soon after, taking advantage of a favourable wind they eluded a British squadron which was off the Texel by order of the British minister, to receive the prize, and got safe to L'Orient. Here being blockaded by the English squadron, from the Texel, the Alliance of which Jones had now the command, had her tops taken down, and captain Jones ordered new ones to be made much larger, as he was always of opinion, that in close actions it was peculiarly advantageous to have a large force in the tops.

While at L'Orient, captain L. late of the Alliance arrived at that place. He had been suspended by the American ambassador and ordered to Paris, for his conduct in the engagement between the Good Man Richard and Serapis. Before he left Holland however, he had challenged both Jones and the captain of the Palais. The former refused his challenge, but captain Cotteneau of the Palais gave him a meeting, and received a severe wound from L. Watching his opportunity, he, in the absence of Jones, came on board the Alliance, accompanied by his officers, and showing the commission he had received from Congress, demanded to be re-instated in his rights. The authority of Congress was conceived to be superior to that of the American minister at Paris, by whose order L—had been suspended, and the captain took possession, got under way, and anchored, without the reach of the French batteries. Jones was in a furious passion, when he discovered this manœuvre, and so mortified at being thus out-generaled by L—, whom he hated as well as despised, that he proposed to his officers who had quitted the Alliance, all sorts of desperate plans for regaining possession of that vessel.

None of them succeeded, and captain L—soon after triumphantly set sail for America, with the public mail on board.

Jones being now without his ship, and having nothing else to do, took a trip to Paris, where he was received with much distinction, not only by the people, but by the king and queen, and of course by all the courtiers. The king presented him with a sword, and the queen permitted him to sit in her box at the opera. It was at this period that he became known to the famous baron de Grimm, who mentions him in his correspondence, as one of the distinguished characters then figuring at Paris. The baron says that Jones was a great gallant, and wrote poetry for the ladies. He was also noticed for his *bon mots*. Dining one day with the count de Vergennes, minister of foreign affairs, at that time, the count took occasion to pay him a compliment on his conduct in the engagement between the *Serapis* and Good Man Richard, and one of the company observed, that captain Parsons had been knighted for his conduct. Jones replied, "if I should ever have the good fortune to meet him again with a ship of equal force, it shall go hard but I will make a *lord* of him." This reply was circulated through the city, and while he remained in Paris, he received daily invitations from people of the first rank and reputation.

On his return to L'Orient, he applied for the command of the *Ariel*, a twenty gun ship, formerly taken by the French from the English. His influence was so great not only over the people, but the commandant of the place, that he was familiarly called the "king of Brittany," in which province L'Orient is situated. His request for the *Ariel* was therefore complied with, and the ship being got in readiness, he sailed for the United States the 7th of October 1780, with a convoy of fourteen sail of American merchantmen. The same day he was separated from them in a gale, in which they were obliged to cut away some of their masts, and returned to L'Orient with great difficulty, after the storm. Having refitted his ship, Jones, previous to his second departure, gave

a great entertainment to the ladies and officers of L'Orient, in which he exhibited a sham-fight, (which frightened all the ladies,) and feasted the gentlemen till twelve at night, at an expense of upwards of three thousand dollars. Immediately after he sailed for the United States, with several vessels under convoy, only two of which ever arrived. On his passage, and near the island of Bermuda, he fell in with a thirty-two gun British frigate, which hailed, and demanded that he should send his boat on board. Jones pretending to make preparations for coming on board, caused every thing to be got ready for firing into the enemy, when he should give orders, and ordered the man at the helm to lay the Ariel close aboard the frigate. When within pistol shot, he poured a broad side into her, and taking advantage of the confusion, wore round, and gave her the other, when she sunk without firing a single gun.

After this, we lose sight of Jones entirely, until we find him an admiral in the Russian service, to which he had been invited by the empress Catherine. The journal which he kept while in this station, is still in existence somewhere, but we have not been able to procure it, and are consequently at a loss for materials to supply the incidents of this part of his life. The tradition, however, is, that he was driven from this service by the hostility of the English interest at Petersburg, and in the Russian navy, where there were many English captains, who of course would feel mortified to serve under him. From Russia it is believed he returned to Paris, where, in 1792, he headed a deputation of Americans, who appeared before the constituent assembly to offer their congratulations on the glorious and salutary reform of their government. This was before the flight, and consequent death of the king.

This is the last we hear of him in public transactions, and it appears from the Paris papers of that time, that he died in that city, in great poverty, although it is certain that he left a considerable tract of land, since claimed by his heirs. This land was however then of little or no value, being in a coun-

try then entirely unsettled. When the constituent assembly heard of the death of Jones, a motion was made that a committee should attend his funeral. Some objections were made on the score of a difference of religion, but they were overruled, and the committee accordingly followed the body of Jones to the grave.

John Paul Jones was, in his person, about five feet and a half high, well formed, with a face of warlike character, but exhibiting at the same time deep traces of thought. Through life, indeed, he was addicted to intense study, in the intervals of active employment, and it was customary with him to spend a great part of the night in reading. It was in this way he surmounted the disadvantages of his want of early education, and attained to a style of writing, as well as of manners, which raised him to a level with thousands, who have been blessed with every youthful advantage. He possessed a natural sagacity, as well as a happy quality in acquiring an influence over men, that marked a mind of considerable powers, both of reasoning and observation; and in the management of his crew, as well as the conduct of a battle, was reckoned equal to any man of his time. He has been accused of want of courage, because he refused to fight captain L—, who, it is said, followed him over half Europe to call him to account, for affirming that he fired into the *Bonne Homme Richard*, instead of the *Serapis*. By the English it was affirmed at that time, that he was a coward except in his cups, and that he never fought when sober, although all accounts of those who knew him well, agree in saying that he was a man of exemplary sobriety. Every action of captain Jones, in his capacity of an officer, is distinctly marked by a desperate gallantry, accompanied by a coolness in calculation, a dexterity in taking advantage of incidents, and a kind of airy jocularly in the midst of perils, which we never saw in a coward, and believe altogether incompatible with any other qualities, than those of a man of consummate courage. If Paul Jones was not a brave man—if the testimonials which he left behind him do not es-

establish his courage beyond the reach of question, then there is no security for posthumous reputation, nor is there any possibility, we think, of demonstrating by actions, the temper and disposition of the mind.

Candor obliges us to confess that Jones had many, and marked blemishes in his character, which may be perhaps laid to the charge of his birth, education, or rather want of education, and the early vicissitudes of his life. He wanted that modesty which adorns and embellishes the best and greatest of men; which gives the last grace and finish to the human character, and blends affection with our admiration of the hero. He was apt to boast—and sometimes *demand*ed that deference, which, had he not demanded it, would have been willingly paid. He wanted also that dignified and soldierlike steadiness in his discipline, which, without being severe, reduces men to obedience, rather by its uniform mildness, than its occasional rigidity. He was occasionally rigid, and occasionally relaxed, and what is still worse, in the treatment of his officers, he sometimes forgot what was due to their feelings, as well as his own character as a gentleman. His conduct, however, to captain Parsons was exemplary and honourable; he treated him with singular courtesy while a prisoner, and on arriving in the Texel restored to him all his effects, without exception.

That he forfeited his allegiance, and bore arms against his native country, is a fault, the nature of which is not exactly settled in the code of morality. If, in its original and pure simplicity, authority was instituted solely for the happiness of mankind, it would seem to follow, that when it fails in securing that object, mankind have a right to seek happiness under a system more favourable to the attainment of this fundamental object of all governments. But the condition on which only men can entitle themselves to the rights of subjects or citizens, in a foreign country, is that they shall take upon themselves, the duties of subjects or citizens. Of these duties, by far the most solemn and important, is that of con-

tributing to the defence of their adopted country, by taking up arms, when called upon by the government in conformity to the laws. A distinction has been attempted, between offensive and defensive wars, as applicable to this question, but it is difficult to preserve that distinction. In defence of national rights, it may, and will be, often necessary to resort to offensive measures. An army may invade a country. Shall we limit our exertions to merely driving that army out, thus acting purely on the defensive; or shall we pursue them for the purpose of forever disabling them from returning again, and thus make it an offensive war? Again, if it is necessary in the pursuit of satisfaction for insults, or reparation for injuries, or the recognition of national rights, to invade the territory, or the colonies of an enemy, though in strictness of verbal interpretation, the operation is an act of offensive war, yet in the spirit of its intention, it is strictly defensive. In short, the more we pursue this distinction, the more we perceive the impossibility of sustaining it with any degree of clearness. That the question of the natural right to become a subject or citizen of any foreign country, and the consequent duty of bearing arms against our own, is not settled on any basis of general reasoning, but is rather a matter of feeling, an affair of sentiment, appears evident from the history of every age, and especially of our own. No one can deny that general Moreau bore arms against France, and against a government having all the attributes of an established government. It was acknowledged, by every power, at different times—and it now distinctly appears, that it was a government of the people's choice. He is celebrated, notwithstanding, by those who seem to give the tone to the present moral world, as a martyr to the liberties of his country. Yet, if it is given to general Moreau to judge, at what time, and under what circumstances he may league himself with foreign invaders, and meet his own countrymen in the contests of war, so is it equally given to all other men; and Paul Jones might with the same justice have denied the legitimacy of the Guelphs

in favour of his countrymen the Stewarts, as general Moreau the right of a sovereign, chosen by the people, and recognized by the world.

But whether this attachment to our country, and countrymen, be a sentiment growing out of habit; originating in the soil of nature or education; or founded on the immutable basis of right, we confess it is a great favourite with us. Like the attachment we bear to our parents, our brothers, or our friends, it may be undeserved, or it may be the mere creature of habit; but still we should think hard of the man who neglected his parents, deserted his brothers, or raised his arm against a friend, as he would against a stranger, because he could not metaphysically account for his sentiments, or point exactly to the sacred fountain of kindred affection. We ought to love our kindred and cherish our country, even though other men's kindred may be better than ours, and other countries more happy.

To the Editor of the American Naval Chronicle.

“Surely the Americans deserve a patent for lying.”—*British Nav. Chron.*

THE above sentence, Mr. Editor, is copied from the British Naval Chronicle for September, 1815. It is inserted in a note, and seems to be the result of the writer's reflections, deduced, not from any misrepresentations in our official statements, but from some anonymous publications he had seen in the newspapers. We protest against the character of our country being judged from anonymous publications in the newspapers, and we must say that the circumstance of this writer's drawing his conclusions from a source so exceptionable, gives no favourable opinion of his candour and veracity. We are quite willing to admit that any wilful misrepresentations contained in the official letters of officers, is a reproach not confined to the officers, but extending to their country; and that

that nation, in which such misrepresentations become frequent, does indeed deserve the patent mentioned by the British Naval Chronicle. It is not upon this point, the existence of such misrepresentations among us, that we are at present at issue with the British Naval Chronicle, though upon this subject we are both ready and willing to enter at any moment; and we shall only observe, that our confidence in the veracity of our officers must continue to be unshaken while he does not produce a single instance to weaken it. The reading of this calumny on our country has induced me to look back into some of the naval transactions of the late war, and I send you the result of what I have collected from a short and imperfect examination. I have not the leisure, nor the means of referring to documents to enable me to make this communication as comprehensive as I could wish; but perhaps some of your correspondents, with more leisure and better means, may be induced to take up the subject and treat it more at large. I confine myself to *official* statements; the boasting and exaggeration which distinguish the anonymous and unofficial publications with which the British Naval Chronicle is filled having long stripped them so entirely of all claim to belief, that they do not require to be noticed.

In October, 1812, our sloop of war Wasp captured the British sloop Frolick, and while the Frolick was dismasted, and consequently incapable of motion, and the Wasp so cut up in sails and rigging as to be disabled from escaping, the Poictiers, British seventy-four, captain Beresford, hove in sight, and took possession of both vessels. Captain Beresford's letter to admiral Warren, communicating these facts, is dated on board the Poictiers, and is in these words: "I have the honour to acquaint you that his majesty's ship under my command has this day captured the American sloop of war Wasp, of twenty guns, captain Jones, and retaken his majesty's brig Frolick, captain Whinyates, which she had captured after an action of fifty minutes, &c." The *inaccuracy* in this letter is the representing the Wasp as a *twenty gun ship*, when she mounted in

fact only eighteen guns. I was myself on board the Wasp, at New York, shortly before she sailed for France with despatches, and I then particularly noticed that she mounted sixteen carronades and two long guns, in all eighteen. She had, indeed, I well remember, but nine ports of a side. Captain Jones, in his letter communicating the capture of the Frolick, states that she mounted twenty-two guns, and that she was therefore superior to the Wasp by exactly four guns; thus making the Wasp's number of guns accord with my own observation. In fact, the synopsis in the British Naval Chronicle states the Wasp to mount but eighteen guns. Here then is the commander of a British seventy-four fully convicted of a misrepresentation of a fact in his official letter.

Captain Carden's letter to the admiralty, communicating the capture of the Macedonian, is dated on board the United States, and from it the following is extracted: "A sail was seen on the lee-beam, which I immediately stood for, and made her out to be a large frigate under American colours. At nine o'clock I closed with her, and she commenced the action, which we returned; *but from the enemy's keeping two points off the wind, I was not enabled to get as close as I could have wished.*" It appears then that captain Carden was anxious to come to close action, but that this, his *timid* adversary, who was to leeward, avoided. How is this assertion supported by subsequent British official statements? A court martial was assembled in May, 1813, on board the San Domingo, at Bermuda, to try captain Carden, his officers, and ship's company, for the loss of the Macedonian, and the following is extracted from the opinion of the court: "That, previous to the commencement of the action, from an over anxiety to keep the weather gauge, an opportunity was lost of closing with the enemy; and that owing to this circumstance the Macedonian was unable to bring the United States to close action, until she had received material damage; but as it does not appear that this omission originated in the most distant wish to keep back from the engagement, the court is of opinion, &c. &c." Passing

by the censure, which, in a strong and positive manner, is expressed of captain Carden's mode of fighting his ship, here is a palpable contradiction between the letter of captain Carden and the decision of the court. For my own part, I have long been accustomed to place but little reliance either upon the official letter of a British officer, or upon the decision of a British court martial. To which of these, however, the most credit is due, I am not enabled to determine; and on this subject I should for ever have remained in doubt, but for the letter of commodore Decatur. "The enemy," says commodore Decatur, "being to windward, had the advantage of engaging us at his own distance, which was so great that, for the first half hour, we did not use our carronades, and at no moment was he within the complete effect of our musketry and grape," &c. Thus have we convicted the commander of a British frigate of a palpable misrepresentation in his official letter.

In captain Broke's letter, communicating the capture of the Chesapeake, is the following: "After exchanging between two and three broadsides, the enemy's ship fell on board of us, her mizen channels locking in with our fore rigging. I went forward to ascertain her position, and observing that the enemy were flinching from their guns, I gave orders to prepare for boarding. Our gallant bands appointed to that service immediately rushed in," &c. &c. In another part of this same official letter it is thus written: "Mr. Cosnabar, who commanded in our main-top, finding himself screened from the enemy by the foot of the topsail, laid out at the main-yard-arm to fire upon them, and shot three men in that position. Mr. Smith, who commanded in our fore-top, stormed the enemy's fore-top from the fore-yard-arm, and destroyed all the Americans in it." My object is not, at present, to examine and criticise with any minuteness this official letter. I therefore do not stop to repel the unmerited reproach which is attempted to be fixed upon the character of our seamen; nor shall I trouble you with any remark upon the absurd and bombastic story of the achievements of Mr. Cosnabar and Mr. Smith. I con-

fine myself to this—that what captain Broke states in the first part of his letter, above quoted, proves the falsehood of that which is asserted in the other part of the extract. Observe the position of the two ships; the Shannon's fore rigging locking into the Chesapeake's mizen channels. How then was it possible for one in the Shannon's fore-top to get into the Chesapeake's fore-top? Evidently in no other manner than by stepping, with a most huge stride, over the Chesapeake's top-gallant-yards, top-gallant-sails being set, and thence into her fore-top; a distance I will not undertake to measure how great, but a distance certainly far greater than was possible to be effected. I do not know if my language clearly conveys the impossibility; but any one by referring in his own mind to the position of the two ships, the after part of one entangled in the forward part of the other, will clearly establish in his own mind the falsehood of the statement. Nor is this the only falsehood contained in this official letter. “The loss of the enemy,” says captain Broke, “was about seventy killed, and one hundred wounded. Among the former were *the four lieutenants*, a lieutenant of marines, the master, and many other officers.” This letter was dated on board the Shannon, and yet, at its very date, were two of those four lieutenants actually on board the Shannon as prisoners. The Chesapeake had only two commissioned lieutenants, Ludlow and Budd, and two acting lieutenants, Cox and Ballard. Ballard was killed, and Ludlow died of his wounds at Halifax, some time after the date of captain Broke's letter. Budd and Cox returned from Halifax, and are both now living, and no doubt, Mr. Editor, they themselves would be willing to furnish a certificate that they were not killed. As lieutenant Budd, was the surviving commanding officer, and wrote the official letter of the capture of the Chesapeake, and which was published in all our papers, perhaps a certificate from him may not be required.—Here we have convicted the commander of another British frigate of a false statement in his official letter. It seems that when a British captain is defeated, he has recourse

to falsehood to hide and to palliate his disgrace; and that when a British captain is successful, he descends to the same means for the purpose of puffing up and overrating his success.

A court martial was assembled in June, 1815, at Halifax, on board his Britannic majesty's ship Akbar, for the trial of the officers and crew of the Cyane, for their capture, when in company with his Britannic majesty's ship Levant, by the Constitution frigate, and the following is extracted from their decision: "The court having most minutely inquired into the whole of the circumstances connected therewith, and maturely and deliberately weighed and considered the same, is of opinion, that the capture of the Cyane is to be attributed to the very superior force of the enemy's ship, aided by her superior sailing, which enabled her to take such a position that the carronades of the Cyane were of little effect, while the enemy was enabled to keep up a constant fire from seventeen long twenty-four pounders. It also appears to the court that no blame whatever is ascribable to captain Falcon, the officers, and crew of the Cyane for the capture of that ship; but on the contrary, that during an unequal contest of *above two hours close action*, they evinced the greatest skill and intrepidity, and defended the ship in a manner highly honourable to them, &c." In these proceedings there is a contradiction not to be reconciled, and where one part of the decision being true, the other part must necessarily be false. It is stated, at first, that the Constitution kept at such a distance that the carronades (the only guns she had) of the Cyane were of little effect; and subsequently it is stated that the Cyane had sustained an unequal contest of *above two hours close action*! The motives for each of these statements are very manifest. It was necessary, in order to account for the capture, to state that the Constitution had kept without the range of the Cyane's guns; thus taking advantage of her *seventeen long twenty-four pounders*. It was necessary to state, in order to bring in the customary compliment to British valour and skill, that the Cyane had sustained a long and close action. But it is really disgusting

to see proceedings, ushered into the world under the sanctity of an oath, and which should be characterized with the most scrupulous accuracy, betraying an utter disregard to truth, and showing upon the face of them the most palpable and disreputable falsehoods.

My means, at present, of referring to official papers is so limited, that I am unable to pursue the subject further. Enough, however, has been said to expose the vulnerability of the British, and to show that more can be proven if more should be required. The iniquitous and illegal orders under which the British officers have frequently acted for their government cannot have failed, I think, to deprave and vitiate their minds, and have rendered them regardless of the rights and the feelings of other nations. Unfortunately they have become accustomed to regulate their conduct, not by any principles of justice or of honour, but by the practicability of accomplishing that which best serves the interests or passions of themselves or their rulers. Their cupidity has often decided the fate of the unarmed neutral that has had the misfortune to fall within their power. Can it be expected that such men, thus familiarized to violence and outrage, should in other parts of their conduct be honourable and high-minded? Can it be expected of such men, that they should be in any way scrupulous of their character for veracity, when falsehood will suit their purposes better than truth? I should think not; and the facts I have disclosed fully prove that I think rightly. Surely then Great Britain deserves the "patent."

AN AMERICAN.

Albany, 25th May, 1816,

ORIGINAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ. PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF LONDON.

BENJAMIN WEST, was born, in the year 1738 at Springfield, Chester county, in the state of Pennsylvania; his ancestors, who were of a respectable English family, accompanied William Penn to this country in the year 1681.

In 1714, Mr. John West joined his relations in Pennsylvania where he married; and the subject of the present memoir is the youngest of his ten children. Mr. B. West's love of painting showed itself at an early age: at sixteen he became a painter by profession, and at twenty-one, the produce of his industry enabled him to gratify his desire of visiting Italy, the great depository of the master-pieces of ancient and modern art.

In the year 1760 he sailed from Philadelphia to Leghorn; from whence he proceeded to Rome; a city still majestic in its ruins, and which has thrice, we may say, given laws to the world;—first by force of arms, next by the terrors of superstition, and lastly by the influence of the fine arts.—Here he became acquainted with Raphael Menges, Pompeo Battoni, and other celebrated artists who procured him an introduction to all that was excellent in the arts in the once imperial city.

The sudden change from America, where he saw no productions of the pencil but those of an inferior order, to that seat of arts and taste, made, it is said, so forcible an impression upon his feelings as to injure his health. His mind was overheated by enthusiasm, and he was oppressed at once by the novelty and grandeur of the sublime objects he beheld. By the advice of his physician he withdrew to Leghorn, where relaxation, friendly society, and sea-bathing soon enabled him to return to Rome, and resume his studies. But he was

again compelled to suspend them, owing to the loss of health. The air of Leghorn again restored him, after which he proceeded to Florence, where he recommenced his professional studies with increased ardour. A third time he was arrested in their progress by an illness which confined him upwards of six months. But the love of his art, and the desire of excelling in it, triumphed over bodily pain. He had a frame constructed to enable him to draw when obliged to keep his bed, and in that situation he would amuse himself by painting several ideal pictures. When he was sufficiently recovered to bear removal, his youth and a good constitution soon completed the restoration of his health. He then travelled to Bologna, Parma, Mantua, Verona and Venice, where he viewed and admired the chief works of Caracci, Corregio, Julio Romano, Titian, and the other celebrated masters of the Venetian and Lombard schools. After completing a tour which invigorated his constitution and enriched his mind, he returned to Rome, having been absent from that city more than twelve months.

He painted about this time his *Cimon* and *Iphigenia*, and *Angelica* and *Madora*; works which the artists as well as the connoisseurs viewed with complacency. But the assiduity with which he pursued his profession again made ravages on his health. He determined therefore on quitting Italy, and visiting the native country of his ancestors. He passed through Genoa, Turin, and Paris, carefully examining the best productions of art which those cities then possessed. In August 1763 he arrived in London.

He now determined on taking a survey of the state of the arts in England: and for this purpose he visited Oxford, Blenheim, Bath, Fonthill, Windsor, and Hampton-court, and viewed the best collections of pictures in those places. Having completed this excursion, it was the intention of Mr. West to return to his native country, there to practice his profession with all the advantages he had acquired. Fortunately for himself this design was abandoned; and he fixed upon Eng-

land as the theatre for the display of his talents. The fine arts which had long been languishing in that country, received at length some notice and encouragement from its sovereign. The nobility and gentry followed his example, and even the mercantile class, and the political economists began to think that pictures and engravings might be made profitable articles of traffic.

In April 1764, an exhibition of painting and sculpture was presented to the British public at Spring-gardens, in London. West sent thither the pictures painted by him at Rome, which were favourably received. In the course of that year he married an amiable American lady with whom, previous to his departure from Philadelphia he had contracted an affection.

In the year 1765, the artists who had united to form an exhibition of their works at Spring-gardens, were incorporated. West was chosen a member, and soon after, appointed one of the directors of their society. He drew at their academy in St. Martin's Lane, and became one of their constant exhibitors, till the opening of the exhibition of the royal academy, which was established in London in the year 1768, under the patronage of the British king.—Mr. West had been named by his majesty as one of the four artists to lay before him the plan of the institution. The plan they presented was approved of, and the king directed the deputation to take every measure in their power for forming the establishment. Previous to this event Mr. West had been favourably introduced to his majesty by the archbishop of York, for whom our artist had painted his celebrated picture of Agrippina landing at Brundisium with the ashes of Germanicus. This work pleased his majesty so much that he engaged Mr. West to paint for him the picture of Regulus, which was exhibited on the opening of the royal academy in 1769. It is remarkable that from the exhibition in Spring-gardens in 1764, to the present time, Mr. West has not omitted a single year to present some of his works to the view of the public. His indus-

try has indeed been astonishing. A mere catalogue of his works, would fill ten pages of this journal, and when the number, size, and extent of their composition in figures are considered, they will be found to constitute a *whole*, which as proceeding from the pencil of a single artist, has no parallel in the history of painting. But West may claim a much higher merit than that of talents or industry. He is one of those artists whose pencil has been always guided by the sacred laws of morality. His talents were never prostituted to inflame those desires which require restraints rather than stimulants or allurements. The artist never sought for fame or profit at the expense of the character of the man. His favourite pictures—such as Wolfe, Regulus, Penn, Aggripina—represent heroic patriotism, the invincible love of justice, inviolable conjugal attachment, and generally those actions and affections which display human nature in its utmost purity or exaltation.

While his example tended to reform the licentious abuses of his art, it also contributed powerfully to overcome the absurd and humiliating prejudice which had so long prevailed, that modern dresses were unsuitable for figures of which dignity was the chief characteristic. Every thing heroic in human nature seemed so inseparably associated in men's minds with their recollections of ancient Greece and Rome, that it appeared ridiculous to represent a hero in any other habiliments than the costume of those renowned nations; and yet by a strange and unaccountable caprice of public taste, while the modern statesman and warrior were exhibited on canvas or in marble in the flowing robes of antiquity, on the theatre Brutus and Cato appeared in full bottomed wigs, and Octavia and Cleopatra with fashionable hoops and well-powdered toupees. Over this prejudice, West's pictures of Wolf and Penn were triumphant. Their success compelled all to acknowledge that the dress of a picture has not such a powerful influence as it was supposed to possess: it may add to the picturesque and be made highly ornamental; but it is the countenance—the hu-

man face divine'—which marks the character and displays the energies of the soul. This innovation was generally approved of; and no painter of eminence now ventures to dress his figures in a picture contrary to the costume of the age and country in which the event he delineates took place.

In the autumn of the year 1802, Mr. West went to Paris to visit the superb collection of pictures and statues which the victories of France had placed in her capital. He was recommended to the principal persons there by his distinguished friends and patrons in London, and his reception was every way worthy of his talents and character. The artists showed him the most respectful attentions. The following letter of invitation to dine with them at their quarterly festival deserves to be recorded:

Paris, 3d Vendemiaire 11th year.

The administration of the central Museum of Arts to Benjamin West, esq. president of the royal academy of London.

"SIR,

"The administration of the central museum of arts is in the habit of enjoying a friendly banquet at the beginning of every quarter of the year, and Thursday next is the day appointed for their customary meeting.

"Eminent artists, like you, sir, find their own country in every element, and glory as constantly assigns them a place where good artists are re-united.

"The administration invites you, therefore, to come and fill that place which belongs to you at their banquet. It reflects with complacency that, in possessing you in its bosom, it will be the interpreter of the esteem which it has for your talents, and that it will honour in your person celebrated men who in arts and sciences constitute the ornament of your country.

"Receive, by anticipation, sir, the assurance of our profound veneration, and of our sincere esteem.

(Signed)

"FOUBERT, administrator.

"LAVALLE, secretary of the museum."

At the conclusion of the entertainment, Lavalle, the father of the secretary, recited an elegant poem which he had

composed for the occasion, in honour of Mr. West, and in which he particularly dwelt on the efficacy of that artist's pictures in reforming the art, and restoring the dignity of historical painting. To make a suitable return for these civilities, West gave a public breakfast to the distinguished artists, and several other eminent persons then residing in Paris.

Few artists have ever been more honourably noticed or more liberally rewarded than Mr. West.

In 1772 he was named historical painter to the present king of Great Britain.

In 1791 he was *unanimously* elected president of the royal academy; and has continued to preside in that institution ever since with great credit.

In the year 1802 he was chosen a member of the national institute at Paris, in the department of fine arts.—In 1804 he became a member of the royal institution of London; and we are informed in a late periodical publication of that city* that he has been recently appointed a member of the royal Bavarian academy at Munich, and also of the celebrated academy of St. Luke at Rome. These honours are declared to be a tribute due to his superior talents. The value of one of them may be more justly appreciated when it is known that he is the *first protestant* ever admitted into the *academy of St. Luke*.

In 1779 the prince of Waldeck presented him with a gold medal, and a whole length portrait of himself and his painter looking at a picture of the death of Wolfe which Mr. West had painted for that prince.

In the year 1781 the duke of Courland complimented him with a gold medal, and rewarded him with great liberality for two pictures which his highness commissioned him to paint: the subjects were Romeo and Juliet parting in the morning, and the couch scene of King Lear and his daughter Cordelia.

* The New Monthly Magazine, for April, 1816.

Of his principal pictures the following critique is given by a writer* who appears to have been well acquainted with his life and his works.

“In his Agrippina we see the Roman matron, the granddaughter of Augustus, bearing in her arms the ashes of her husband Germanicus, her children by her side, the pledges of her husband’s love, and the only object of concern to her maternal feelings: we see her in the midst of Roman ladies, and surrounded by a Roman people, with all their proper attributes.

“In the Regulus we see the stern and inflexible Roman, deaf to all the ties of nature, but that of heroic devotion and love to the cause of his country, and that in the midst of all that was Roman, except the Carthaginians.

“In his Wolfe we see a British hero, on the heights of Abraham, in North America, expiring in the midst of heroes and of victory, with all the characteristics of Britons, in 1759.

“In the Penn we see the legislator, with the simplicity and dignity of a man administering justice to others, and diffusing his bounties in the midst of savage tribes, and disarming their ferocity by his rectitude and benevolence; whilst himself and those about him rest in perfect security on the consciousness of their philanthropic intentions, and a persuasion that they are fulfilling the first duty of christianity, in rendering to others what they wish to be rendered to themselves, and thus conquering the savage without one weapon to denote any other conquest than that which justice achieves.

“In the picture of Alexander the Third, king of Scotland, attacked by a stag, we remark a Scottish people, fierce and brave in rescuing their king from the threatened danger.

“In the picture of Moses receiving the law on Mount Sinai, we see the Jewish sages with humility in the presence of God, whilst their lawgiver, with a conscious firmness, raises the tables into heaven for the *scriptum manum* of the Deity.

“In the picture of Cressy and Poitiers we behold the juvenile hero, his paternal sovereign, and the nobles with their heroic vassals, in proud triumph, their gothic banners waving in the wind; and in the battle of Poitiers we behold the same hero, with manly

* See Public Characters of 1805, page 551.

demeanor, receiving the vanquished king, expressing an air of welcome, and treating him more as a visitor than as a captive: the conqueror is not seen in the reception of the captive, nor the captive in his submission to the vanquisher; all is Gothic, and all is British.

“In the picture of St. Paul shaking the viper from his finger, in the chapel at Greenwich, we see that apostle unshaken in the midst of bands of armed Roman soldiers, and the poisonous reptile hanging to his hand; the multitude of men, women, and children, cast on shore by the wreck of the ship, bespeaks the deplorable situation of such a mixture of sex and ages, composed of Jews, Romans, and islanders.

“In the picture of the battle of La Hogue, we see all that marked the courage of the English and the Dutch on the memorable event of that sea victory: we see them sweeping before them, the navy of France over a vast extent of ocean, and in the midst of fire and sword, of victory and destruction, the ferocity of battle is mitigated by the national humanity of the conquerors: in the same moment they destroy and save—they conquer and spare. In this battle all is perspicuity and deep research into the subject; the æra is marked in every object that is represented; the men, the ships, the form of battle, are all described in the character of the age in which the event took place, without any manner but that which belongs to the subject, and the element on which the battle was fought.

“In the interview between Calypso and Telemachus on the sea-shore of Ogygia, the passion, character, and propriety are equally preserved. The astonishment of Telemachus at the sight of the majestic goddess and her nymphs is portrayed so masterly in the countenance of the young Ithacan, that the beholder reads his whole course of thoughts upon the canvas. Again, the stately goddess wears the look of welcome and joy at his approach, and her countenance at the same time expresses a deep inquisitiveness, an uneasy curiosity, a mixed indefinable suspicion, at the sight of his companion, the sage Mentor, who, wrapt in disguise beyond the penetration of an inferior goddess, stands some few paces beside Telemachus, deeply pondering on the snares which he knew would be set for him, and pleased with a kind of consciousness of his good intentions, in torturing the suspicious

goddess with unappeasable curiosity; but the painter has, at the same time, given him the diffidence and modesty which belonged to the assumed character of the tutor of Telemachus. How wonderfully are the composite passions here described, and made to come home to the bosom of the beholder! If we look at the island, all is likewise in character; it is the Ogygia of Homer and of Fenelon.

"In the picture of Cicero, and the magistrates of Syracuse ordering the tomb of Archimedes to be cleared from the wood and bushes that obscured it, all is classical and appropriate in the design, the character and the grouping. The country is seen as at the period when the Roman orator, was questor; the scenery, the dresses, and general characteristics, represent no other than the described æra, no other object than that on which they were employed, and no other place than Sicily and Syracuse.

"In the picture of Phaeton receiving from Apollo his last commands how to govern the chariot of the sun, the boldness of the ambitious youth is sublimely contrasted with the parental solicitude of Apollo. All the images of the poet are upon the canvas: the swift hours harnessing the horses, and leading the fiery steeds with their silken reins; the palace, the chariot, the four seasons, the zodiac, all have their place, their characters, and attributes: in one place we behold the rosy-fingered morn unbarring the gates of light (the *Ροδοδάκτυλος Ηως*;) in another the hoary, shivering winter, the green spring, the plenteous summer, and the autumn—"Madidus uvis"—Nothing is omitted that belonged to the scene, and nothing is represented but with a vigour and propriety of description which recall and enfore the images of the poet, and make him live again in the immortality of the painter.

In the pictures from the Revelations, of death on the pale horse,* and the overthrow of the old beast and false prophet, the

* Mr. West being in Paris upon the opening of the French exhibition, was induced, at the solicitation of the artists and the administration of the central museum, to submit the sketch of death upon the pale horse to the public inspection; and, in consequence, the following criticism appeared upon it in the *Journal des Arts*, &c.

"*Mr. West, president of the royal academy, London.*"

"A sketch representing death upon a pale horse on the opening of the seals. Revelations of St. John, chapter iii. verse 7, 8."

imagination is on the wings of fancy, and the indiscriminate ravages of death are every where seen under appropriate characters.

“In the destruction of the old beast, the swiftness of the divine agents is like lightning, and all is overwhelmed.

7. “And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast, who said, come and see.

8. “And there appeared at the same time a pale horse, and he who sat on him was named Death, and hell was in his train. And he received power over the four quarters of the world, to destroy mankind by the sword and by famine, by divers kinds of deaths, and by the wild beasts of the earth.”

“This sketch reminds us of those many fine compositions with which Mr. West has enriched his country. We trace in it his acknowledged genius and enthusiasm. He has judiciously chosen the moment at which death appears upon the earth. The poetical figure of scripture has received from his pencil an aspect still more terrible. Every thing in nature is devoured and destroyed. the innocent dove and the wily serpent are re-united by death.

“Mr. West has represented death by sword, under a hord of armed robbers pursuing the unfortunate over the country. Death by famine is represented under the symbol of a man, ghastly, withered, and digging with his skinny fingers the barren soil for sustenance. Death by pestilence is represented by a woman expiring by the plague, one son already dead by her side, and another, somewhat older, flying into her arms. Death by wild beasts is represented by a group of men pursued by, and defending themselves against, lions and tigers, which at once destroy, and are in turns destroyed themselves.

“Such is the composition of Mr. West. The day of universal destruction is arrived: he is fully impressed by the idea, and his genius lends its force to his will.

“If Mr. West possessed the colouring of Rubens, his sketch would have produced an effect more decided; but he appears to have inclined more to the sombre hues of Poussin; his designs have even some resemblance to those of this great master. The figure of famine who digs the earth with his fingers, would have done honour to the French painter, and is as well designed as executed. We think that the figure of the woman expiring by the plague, having one son dead by her side, and another flying into her arms, somewhat reminds us of the *group in the plague* of the Philistines, by Poussin.”

It is but justice in this place to observe that the arts in France, at the period of which we are speaking, were cultivated with great enthusiasm and success. M. Vien, whose efforts commenced near half a century ago, has raised an honourable emulation to make the Grecian taste and nature the source of all improvement. This taste and these improvements are now visible in the works of Vien himself, Vincent, David, Vernay, Guerin, and others; and in portrait paint-

"In the foregoing pictures Mr. West appears to have adhered religiously to his subjects, and to have bestowed upon them every attribute of character and propriety which belonged to them, free from all *mannerism* and constraint; and whether his subject be on earth, heaven or hell, he follows it through every diversity of region, time, and place; a truth and an accuracy sufficiently attested by the great body of his works. When we see, therefore, the close reasoning of his mind in that extensive work of revealed religion, which is nearly finished for his majesty's chapel at Windsor; when we behold the antediluvian, patriarchal, mosaical, and revelatory dispensations, conducted throughout with equal perspicuity and propriety of character, we must render to Mr. West that claim to composition which every artist and man of taste must acknowledge him to be entitled to, and assign him a rank among the first of those who have exercised a perfect freedom of pencil, and drawn from the original sources of nature and his own mind."

But his great picture of Christ healing the sick, is allowed by all who have seen it, and were competent to appreciate its merits to be the most excellent of all his works. This is the picture which he painted for the Pennsylvania hospital, and for the reception and exhibition of which the directors of that institution are now, conformably to his desire, preparing a commodious apartment.

As a public lecturer, a favourable opinion may be entertained of his talents from the discourse which he delivered about two years ago to the students of the royal academy, and which is stated to have been in substance as follows:*

ing, by Gerard and Isabey: the whole forming a striking contrast with the state of the arts about fifty years ago in France. It would be unfair likewise to omit the perfection to which they have carried the art of sculpture and architecture in that country.

Italy has likewise felt the influence of improvement, and the arts are now cultivated in many of her cities with something of the enthusiasm and success which marked the early period of her excellence in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

* See the Democratic Press, March 27th.

“You will expect of me, gentlemen, from this chair, to imitate the example of my predecessors, and by dwelling on the talents and reputation of the great masters of the art of painting, to excite in you that strong emulation which is necessary to incessant perseverance and laborious exertion, and which ultimately may rank you as the Raphaels, the Angelos, the Corregios, and the Titians of modern days—which may crown yourselves with fame, and contribute to the honour of the country you call your own.

“Such were my wishes and expectations when I was a student like you; and whatever may be the scale of my own merits, I have dedicated so many years to the practice of historical painting—I have been taught so much by my own experience, and have learnt so much from the experience of others, that I am enabled and entitled to give you advice. Nor am I under apprehension that this advice will be imputed to any selfish motive whilst I give it. I am too old to be solicitous about competition, and I have at heart, the real, the solid interest of those who expect me to give them instruction.

“Gentlemen, the art of painting, like other professions, is pursued not merely as a road to reputation but as a source of emolument—a profession by which you expect to maintain yourselves, and your families in decent competence, and with frugality to lay by a moderate support for your offspring. These are not merely rational and allowable, but praise-worthy motives and expectations; they enter into the very essence of worldly prudence; and they are never neglected with impunity.—You are young: bear this remark in mind as the advice of an old man.

“But if you expect either honour or profit by spending your days and nights in endless labour, that you may excel in the department of historical painting, you will be miserably deceived: as I have been.

“Who purchases historical specimens of the art now? Our very churches and cathedrals are closed against our voluntary donations! In this country of religious pretension, even the ministers of religion are taught to scowl upon us; and regard as relics of papal superstition, the most exquisite illustrations of scripture history.

“Formerly it was otherwise. Formerly also, the drawing rooms of our nobility and gentry were considered as unfinished, if the eye of taste had no specimen of the art of painting to indulge upon. Galleries were common in the mansions of the opulent—our young men went abroad to bring home some knowledge of the fine arts, as well as of science, jurisprudence or politics. The beauties of the Italian and the Venetian school were familiar to our travelled gentry, and taste and skill protected, promoted, and discriminated according to the merits of our artists at home.

“What is the case now? What lady will permit a painting in a drawing room? festoons and fringes of silk drapery, flaunting with a meretricious glare of colouring—lustres and girandoles and pier glasses—French paper and Chinese paper, and coloured borders and gilt borders—all the frippery of French upholsterers and their English imitators, drive out the labours of Reynolds, Mortimer, and Wilson, with as little remorse as those of Guido, Claude, or Rembrandt.

“But hold! some relief from the sombre colouring of the melancholy pencil that now traces the outline of your future destiny, must in candour be admitted. Amid the glare of glass and of gilding, we do find a niche in every room appropriated to a huge frame surrounding the insipid features of some family portrait. Those who would banish without remorse, Raphael, and Romano, will find room for their own resemblance, or that of some family connection of equal interest.

“It is upon these mawkish and wearisome monotones, that our first artists are now employed. We no longer seek to illustrate by delineations of attitude and feature the delineations of mind—to fix the rapt attention of the spectator on the effect of human passions exemplified by the magic touches of the pencil—or to give effect to moral precepts by the skilful excitation of moral feeling portrayed upon the canvas—no: all our artists, those even of the very first eminence think themselves but too fortunate, if their contemplations be exerted, and their pencil kept in perpetual employ, by the vanity of those, who think no object in nature so beautiful or interesting as their own features!

“Gentlemen, your first duty, and your first necessity, is to live; you must therefore earn the means of living. Dedicate, if you please, your time to the noble purpose of instructing by the

canvas, but be content with the meed allotted to you—be satisfied to starve. This will seem to those among you who are in the spring tide of youth, as the melancholy dream of hypochondriac old age. Gentlemen, my first duty here, is to tell truth: the truth I now unfold to you, has been long forced upon my conviction, by my own experience, and by the experience of better artists than I pretend to be. Pause before you determine; look around you among the brethren of the art who like me have lived long in the world, and decide when you have reflected.

“What supported sir Joshua Reynolds? His infant Hercules, his Ugolino, his cardinal Beaufort? No: his portrait-faces, and his portrait-drapery. Mortimer and Barry painted few portraits: what became of these first rate men? They lived, without rank or consideration in society, excepting among a few lovers of the art, compelled to associate with parsimony and penury, and deprived, till death released them, of the comforts that a sign painter can always command.

“You *must* live. You cannot live by historical painting. Do you sigh for riches? Turn the whole bent of your mind—expend all your anxious and laborious hours in becoming fashionable painters of vacant faces. Are you not equal to this? Then design vignettes for books of travels and novels, or subjects for the engravers of Calico rollers, or daubings upon China ware.

“But historical painting must be renounced as an unprofitable pursuit, by those who cannot afford to starve in high minded contentment, or who have imperious calls upon their labour by the wants of a family.”

That some of the statements in the preceding discourse are exaggerated is evident from Mr. West's own success as an historical painter, and the ample rewards he has received for so many of his historical and scriptural works. But whatever may be the case in England, it is certain that in the United States, the higher branches of the fine arts are not in general favoured adequately to their importance, or to the resources of the nation.* In a country where millions are annually ex-

* The liberality of the academy of arts of this city in purchasing Mr. Allston's excellent picture, forms an exception to this remark.

pended to erect capitols, city halls, banks, and villas—where a single individual will adventure half a million on an India voyage, or give thirty thousand dollars for a service of plate or porcelaine—an artist of first rate genius can hardly earn as much as a master mechanic. God forbid that we should ever put pictures and statues, however admirable, in competition with civil liberty or national independence; but we may be allowed to urge to those who guide our government or give tone and direction to public opinion, that the fine arts, when cultivated in their purity and dignity by such artists as West, embellish all the institutions of society, and bestow an additional charm on our existence. They give splendor to the temples and ceremonies of religion, display the indissoluble alliance between beauty and virtue, lend a mild grace to philosophy, and illustrate the works of literature and science. By immortalizing deeds of patriotism and heroism, they furnish a noble incentive to the love of country and of glory: they extend the national reputation: they augment the stock of moral and intellectual pleasure, which ought to form the chief temporal pursuit of every rational being.

Even those who deem nothing useful but what is profitable, and nothing profitable but mere articles of commerce, would do well to reflect on the pecuniary advantages derived by other nations from the fine arts. To these arts, Italy has for centuries been indebted for much of her wealth and consideration. In France, almost every article of household furniture and a great variety of other manufactures have been improved in a very high degree by the correct classical taste which the successful cultivation and the love of the fine arts introduced into that country; insomuch that she was enabled for a long period to rival the prosperity of a nation which had destroyed her maritime commerce, and nearly monopolized the whole maritime commerce of the world.

Concerning Mr. West's professional talents or success, we have nothing farther to add. In his private character, he is acknowledged to be religious, just, benevolent, and affec-

tionate: with an intense desire to excel in his profession, he has always been distinguished for his liberality towards his professional competitors; and his conduct on the whole through life has been marked by an amiable and uniform discretion.



REPLY TO THE "REMARKS ON ADDISON'S CRITICISM OF THE
SEVENTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST."

It is with some diffidence that I attempt to exonerate such a poet as MILTON from the charges of "irreverence" and "littleness" which have been brought against him by a writer in the last *Analectic Magazine*. I venture, however, upon this sacred ground, as I can support my arguments by examples drawn from the same sublime source which has furnished his antagonist. This antagonist seems to have embraced the opinion, that nothing which is *minute* can be sublime—and contrasts the use to which the "golden compasses" were appropriated with the simple mandate by which light was created. It is not necessary to resort to "*Paradise Lost*" to find a contrast equally striking.

"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light."

"And the Lord God *planted a garden* eastward in Eden."

Both of these passages are found in the same page of sacred writ; and, together with many others of similar import, fully justify Milton in the description which he has given of the formation of the earth, by representing the Creator as often executing in detail his own Almighty decrees.

"Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?"

"Who hath shut up the sea with doors? *I* made the cloud the garment thereof; and thick darkness the swaddling

band for it—and brake up for it my decreed place—and set bars and doors, and said,

“Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther—and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.”

Is there not a beautiful coincidence between this passage and the following lines from Milton,

“And said—thus far extend—thus far thy bounds—
This be thy just circumference, O world!”

But the text which Milton seems to have had particularly in his view, and which he has amplified without weakening, is that contained in the twenty-seventh verse of the eighth chapter of Proverbs.

“When he prepared the heavens, I was there—when he set a COMPASS upon the face of the depth—when he gave to the sea his decree—when he appointed the foundations of the earth.”

These quotations from scripture are of themselves a complete answer to the accusation of your correspondent, and give to the effusions of our great poet “the sanction of eternal truth.”

C.

Franklin county, Kentucky.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF LIEUTENANT W. W. SMITH.

[Communicated.]

WILLIAM WALLACE SMITH was born near Morristown, New Jersey, on the 12th of November, 1795. His father was a merchant of respectability, and died in the year 1804.

Young Smith, while a boy, evinced a strong predilection for a military life, and gave early indications of talents.

At the age of fourteen he was appointed a cadet, and placed at the military academy at West Point, where he made a rapid progress in his studies.

When little more than sixteen years of age, he was promoted to the rank of a second lieutenant in the regiment of light artillery.

Soon after the declaration of war, he received orders to join the northern army. He was present at the capture of fort George; and while the army was stationed there, distinguished himself on several occasions. His merit did not escape the notice of his superiors. He was about this time (the summer of 1813) promoted to the rank of a *first lieutenant*.

At the battle of Williamsburgh, on the 11th November, 1813, he had the command of the piece of artillery which fell into the hands of the enemy. The official reports* bear testimony of the gallantry which he displayed on that occasion.

It has been ascertained from several officers who were in the engagement, that although advised to abandon his battery, when the army were about to retire from the field, he declared that he would never leave the piece as long as he was able to discharge it; and in pursuance of this heroic resolution, actually fired it off himself, (after losing nearly all his men,) until he was mortally wounded and taken prisoner.

He was removed to a farm house near the field of battle. Sanguine hopes were for some time entertained by his friends that he would recover, but unfortunately for his family, and perhaps for his country, he expired on the 2d of December, 1813—at the age of *eighteen*.

He displayed great firmness during his illness; and evinced, as the following letter will show, that to the last of his life, the love of his country continued to be his ruling passion.

* *Extract from general Boyd's official letter, dated November 12th, 1813.*

“When the artillery was finally directed to retire, having to cross a deep, and except in one place (to artillery) impassable ravine, one piece was unfortunately lost. The fall of its gallant commander, lieutenant Smith, and most of his men, may account for this accident. In the death of this young man the army has lost one of its most promising officers.”

Extract of a letter from lieutenant Smith to one of his sisters, written a very short time before his death.

“I am sorry to find (by your last letter) that your anxiety for my safety should induce you to express a wish to see me removed from the scene of danger; for although you are a female, it ought to be your pride to see me risk (and even sacrifice) my life for my country. I confess that I am ambitious of fame, but I have no desire to seek death: should it however be my fate to fall in battle, such a death will perhaps rescue my humble name from oblivion.”

Extract of a letter from colonel Fenwick, of the light artillery, to one of lieut. Smith's brothers, dated December, 1813.

“I condole with you for the loss of your brother. He was dear to me, and was a youth of great promise. He fell too soon in the field of honour. Fame will record his worth. and I will cherish his memory.”

SELECT REVIEWS.

Headlong Hall. 12mo. pp. 216. 1816.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

It is truly refreshing to meet with a production of chaste and genuine humour. Our satirists are for the most part of that saturnine complexion, that forbids their relaxing into the easy hilarity which characterizes the pleasantry of Goldsmith or of Addison; while our professed comic writers seem to have no other notion of humour than that of caricature or broad farce. Some of our writers exhibit in their attempts to be facetious, an appearance analogous to the Sardonic grimace; and others, in their ursine capers, betray only a desperate determination to be droll, contrary to the irreversible decree of nature. We ought now, perhaps, to proceed to investigate, why our language presents so few specimens of humorous writing, and how far language, climate, and manners, may operate in characterizing the national productions in this respect, determining the solemn irony of Cervantes, and prompting the sparkling mirthful satire of Le Sage, or the keen sarcastic ridicule of Swift. We might then show what rank such compositions hold in the scale of literature; and trace the decline of this species of wit to the French revolution, or the income tax, or some other obvious political cause. But these discussions, tempting as they are, being such as, did we occupy the rank of Quarterly Journalists, we should feel it our bounden duty to exhaust in a preliminary dissertation, must now, owing to our narrow limits and the press of business, be unavoidably postponed; and we shall at once introduce our readers to *Headlong Hall*, the seat of Harry Headlong, esq. of the ancient and honourable Welsh family of the Headlongs, of the Vale of Llanberris, in Caernarvonshire.

The lord of the mansion has assembled a select party of London literati, to share the hospitalities of Christmas. Among them, the leading personages are Mr. Foster, (quasi *φωστρη*, from *φως* and *τηρεω*,) the perfectibilian; Mr. Escot, (quasi *εξ σκοτον* in *tenebras*, scilicet *intuens*), the deteriorationist; Mr. Jenkison (*αιεν εξ ισων*, *semper ex æqualibus*), the *statu-quo-ite*; and the rev. Doctor Gaster (scilicet *γαστηρ*, *Venter*, et *preterea nihil*).

The opinions of the former two of these gentlemen differ, as Mr. Jenkison (the round-faced little gentleman of forty-five) observes, *toto cælo*.

‘I have often (he adds) debated the matter in my own mind, *pro* and *con*, and have at length arrived at this conclusion, that there is not in the human race a tendency either to moral perfectibility or deterioration; but that the quantities of each are so exactly balanced by their reciprocal results, that the species, with respect to the sum of good and evil, knowledge and ignorance, happiness and misery, remains exactly and perpetually *in statu quo*.”

“Surely,” said Mr. Foster, “you cannot maintain such a proposition in the face of evidence so luminous. Look at the progress of all the arts and sciences,—see chemistry, botany, astronomy——”

“Surely,” said Mr. Escot, “experience deposes against you. Look at the rapid growth of corruption, luxury, selfishness——”

“Really, gentlemen,” said the rev. Dr. Gaster, after clearing the husk in his throat with two or three hems, “this is a very sceptical, and, I must say, atheistical conversation, and I should have thought, out of respect to my cloth——” pp. 9—11.

The subsequent arrivals consist of Marmaduke Milestone, esq. a picturesque landscape gardener of the first celebrity, with a portfolio under his arm, who is not without hopes of persuading ’squire Headlong to put his romantic pleasure grounds under a process of improvement; Mr. Cranium, and his lovely daughter; Messrs. Gall and Treacle, ‘who followed the trade of reviewers, but occasionally indulged themselves in the composition of bad poetry;’ and ‘two very multitudinous versifiers, Mr. Nightshade and Mr. Mac Laurel, who followed the trade of poetry, but occasionally indulged themselves in the composition of bad criticism.’

‘The last arrivals were Mr. Cornelius Chromatic, the most profound and scientific of all amateurs of the fiddle, with his two blooming daughters, Miss Tenorina and Miss Graziosa; Sir Patrick O’Prism, a dilettanti painter of high renown, and his maiden aunt Miss Philomela Poppyseed, an indefatigable compounder of novels, written for the express purpose of supporting every species of superstition and prejudice; and Mr. Panoscope, the chemical, botanical, geological, astronomical, mathematical, metaphysical, meteorological, anatomical, physiological, galvanistical, musical, pictorial, bibliographical, critical philosopher, who had run through the whole circle of the sciences, and understood them all equally well.’ pp. 31, 32.

Mr. Milestone soon perceives that 'squire Headlong's grounds 'have never been touched by the finger of taste,' and the 'squire accords with Mr. Milestone, 'that the place is quite a wilderness.'

"My dear sir," said Mr. Milestone, "accord me your permission to wave the wand of enchantment over your grounds. The rocks shall be blown up, the trees shall be cut down, the wilderness and all its goats shall vanish like mist. Pagodas and Chinese bridges, gravel walks and shrubberies, bowling-greens, canals, and clumps of larch, shall rise upon its ruins. One age, sir, has brought to 'ght the treasures of ancient learning: a second has penetrated into the depths of metaphysics: a third has brought to perfection the science of astronomy: but it was reserved for the exclusive genius of the present times, to invent the noble art of picturesque gardening, which has given, as it were, a new tint to the complexion of nature, and a new outline to the phisiology of the universe!"

"Give me leave," said sir Patrick O'Prism, "to take an exception to that same. Your system of levelling, and trimming, and clipping, and docking, and clumping, and polishing, and cropping, and shaving, destroys all the beautiful intricacies of natural luxuriance, and all the graduated harmonies of light and shade, melting into one another, as you see them on that rock over yonder. I never saw one of your improved places, as you call them, and which are nothing but big bowling-greens, like sheets of green paper, with a parcel of round clumps scattered over them like so many spots of ink, flicked at random out of a pen,* and a solitary animal here and there looking as if it were lost, that I did not think it was for all the world like Hounslow Heath, thinly sprinkled over with bushes and highwaymen."

"Sir," said Mr. Milestone, "you will have the goodness to make a distinction between the picturesque and the beautiful."

"Will I?" said sir Patrick, "och! but I won't. For what is beautiful? That which pleases the eye. And what pleases the eye? Tints variously broken and blended. Now tints variously broken and blended, constitute the picturesque."

"Allow me," said Mr. Gall. "I distinguish the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them, in the laying out of grounds, a third and distinct character, which I call *unexpectedness*."

"Pray, sir," said Mr. Milestone, "by what name do you distinguish this character, when a person walks round the grounds for the second time?"†

Mr. Gall bit his lips, and inwardly vowed to revenge himself on Milestone, by cutting up his next publication.' pp. 35—38

* See Price on the Picturesque.

† See Knight on Taste, and the Edinburgh Review, No. XIV

The next conversation takes place after dinner, during the absence of the ladies, when the Burgundy had taken two or three turns of the table, and extorted from Mr. Mac Laurel the remark that it was 'the vara neectar itsel.' 'Ye hae saretainly deescovered the tarreestrial paradise,' he adds, 'but it flows wi' a better leecor than milk an' honey.'

'*The rev. rend Doctor Gaster.*—Hem! Mr. Mac Laurel! there is a degree of profaneness in that observation, which I should not have looked for in so stanch a supporter of church and state. Milk and honey was the pure food of the antediluvian patriarchs, who knew not the use of the grape, happily for them.—(*Tossing off a bumper of Burgundy.*)

'*Mr. Escot.*—Happily, indeed! The first inhabitants of the world knew not the use either of wine or animal food; it is therefore by no means incredible that they lived to the age of several centuries, free from war, and commerce, and arbitrary government, and every other species of desolating wickedness. But man was then a very different animal from what he now is: he had not the faculty of speech; he was not encumbered with clothes; he lived in the open air; his first step out of which, as Hamlet truly observes, is *into his grave*.* His first dwellings, of course, were the hollows of trees and rocks: in process of time he began to build: thence grew villages; thence grew cities: luxury, oppression, poverty, misery, and disease kept pace with the progress of his pretended improvements, till, from a free, strong, healthy, peaceful animal, he has become a weak, distempered, cruel, carnivorous slave.

'*The reverend Doctor Gaster.*—Your doctrine is orthodox, in so far as you assert, that the original man was not encumbered with clothes, and that he lived in the open air: but as to the faculty of speech, that it is certain he had, for the authority of Moses——

'*Mr. Escot.*—Of course, sir, I do not presume to dissent from the very exalted authority of that most enlightened astronomer and profound cosmogonist, who had, moreover, the advantage of being inspired: but when I indulge myself with a ramble in the fields of speculation, and attempt to deduce what is probable and rational from the sources of analysis, experience, and comparison, I confess I am too often apt to lose sight of the doctrines of that great fountain of theological and geological philosophy.

'*Squire Headlong.*—Push about the bottle.

'*Mr. Foster.*—Do you suppose the mere animal life of a wild man, living on acorns, and sleeping on the ground, comparable in felicity to that of a Newton, ranging through unlimited space, and penetrating into the arcana of universal motion—to that of a Locke, unravelling the labyrinth of mind—to that of a Lavoisier, detecting the minutest combinations of matter, and reducing

* See lord Monboddo's *Ancient Metaphysics*.

all nature to its elements—to that of a Shakspeare, piercing and developing the springs of passion—or of a Milton, identifying himself, as it were, with the beings of an invisible world?

‘*Mr. Escot.*—You suppose extreme cases: but, on the score of happiness, what comparison can you make between the tranquil being of the wild man of the woods and the wretched and turbulent existence of Milton, the victim of persecution, poverty, blindness, and neglect? The records of literature demonstrate that Happiness and Intelligence are seldom sisters. Even if it were otherwise, it would prove nothing. The many are always sacrificed to the few. Where one man advances, hundreds retrograde; and the balance is always in favour of universal deterioration.

‘*Mr. Foster.*—Virtue is independent of external circumstances. The exalted understanding looks into the truth of things, and in its own peaceful contemplations rises superior to the world. No philosopher would resign his mental acquisitions for the purchase of any terrestrial good.

‘*Mr. Escot.*—In other words, no man whatever would resign his identity, which is nothing more than the consciousness of his perceptions, as the price of any acquisition. But every man, without exception, would willingly effect a very material change in his relative situation to other individuals. Unluckily for the rest of your argument, the understanding of literary people is for the most part *exalted*, as you express it, not so much by the love of truth and virtue, as by arrogance and self-sufficiency; and there is perhaps less disinterestedness, less liberality, less general benevolence, and more envy, hatred, and uncharitableness among them, than among any other description of men.

(*The eye of Mr. Escot, as he pronounced these words, rested very innocently and unintentionally on Mr. Gall.*)

‘*Mr. Gall.*—You allude, sir, I presume, to my Review?

‘*Mr. Escot.*—Pardon me, sir. You will be convinced it is impossible I can allude to your Review, when I assure you that I have never read a single page of it.

‘*Mr. Gall, Mr. Treacle, Mr. Nightshade and Mr. Mac Laurel.*—Never read our Review!!!!’ pp. 47—53.

We must break off: we feel the honour of the craft attacked; but we critics, like sir Fretful Plagiary, are never put out of temper. No, no, we are ‘not at all angry.’ Only we cannot help wishing in revenge, that the author was doomed, as a punishment for his defamatory attack, to be—a reviewer himself. But possibly he is one, and has turned king’s evidence. Out upon him, as lord Byron says of Time; out upon the fellow!

Mr. Mac Laurel rebukes Mr. Escot in a becoming spirit for the manner in which he speaks ‘o’ the first creetics an scholars o’ the age.’ The conversation then takes a turn, in

consequence of a remark drawn from the same gentleman, that
 ‘one of the ingredients of justice is disinterestedness.’

‘*Mr. Mac Laurel.*—It is na admeeted, sir, amang the philosophers of Edinbroo’, that there is ony sic a thing as diseenteredness in the warld, or that a mon can care for ony thing sae much as his ain sel: for ye mun observe, sir, eevery mon has his ain parteeular feelings of what is gudc, an’ beautiful, an’ consentaneous to his ain indiveedual nature, an’ desires to see eevery thing about him in that parteeular state which is maist conformable to his ain notions o’ the moral and poleetical fitness of things. Twa men, sir, shall purchase a piece of groond between ’em, and ane mon shall cover his half wi’ a park——

‘*Mr. Milestone.*—Beautifully laid out in lawns and clumps, with a belt of trees at the circumference, and an artificial lake in the centre.

‘*Mr. Mac Laurel.*—Exactly, sir: an’ shall keep it a’ for his ain sel; an’ the other mon shall divide his half into leetle farms of twa or three acres——

‘*Mr. Escot.*—Like those of the Roman republic, and build a cottage on each of them, and cover his land with a simple, innocent, and smiling population, who shall owe, not only their happiness, but their existence, to his benevolence.

‘*Mr. Mac Laurel.*—Exactly, sir; an’ ye will ca’ the first mon selfish, an’ the second diseentered; but the pheclosophical truth is seemply this, that the ane is pleased wi’ looking at trees, an’ the other wi’ seeing people happy an’ comfortable. It is anely a matter of indiveedual feeling. A peesant saves a mon’s life for the same reason that a hero or a footpad cuts his throat: an’ a philosopher deelevers a mon frae a preeson, for the same reason that a tailor or a prime meenester puts him into it—because it is conformable to his ain particular feelings o’ the moral an’ poleetical fitness o’ things.

‘*Squire Headlong.*—Wake the reverend doctor. Doctor, the bottle stands with you.

‘*The reverend Doctor Gaster.*—It is an error of which I am seldom guilty.

‘*Mr. Mac Laurel.*—Noo ye ken, sir, eevery mon is the centre of his ain system, an endeavour as much as possible to adapt eevery thing aroond him to his ain parteeular views.

‘*Mr. Escot.*—Thus, sir, I presume, it suits the particular views of a poet, at one time, to take the part of the people against their oppressors, and at another, to take the part of the oppressors against the people. -

‘*Mr. Mac Laurel.*—Ye mun alloo, sir, that poetry is a sort of ware or commodity, that is brought into the public market wi’ a’ other descreeptions o’ merchandise, an’ that a mon is perfectly justified in getting the best price he can for his article. Noo, there are three reasons for taking the part of the people: the first

is, when general leebertry an' public happiness are conformable to your ain parteecular feelings o' the moral an' poleetical fitness o' things: the second is, when they happen to be, as it were, in a state of excitabeelity, an' ye think ye can get a gude price for your commodity, by throwing in a leetle seasoning o' pheelanthropy an' republican speerit: the third is, when ye think ye can bully the meenestry into gieing ye a peension to hau'd your din: an' in that case, ye point an attack against them within the pale o' the law; an' if they tak nae heed of ye, ye open a stronger fire; an' the less heed they tak, the mair ye bawl, and the mair factious you grow, always within the pale of the law, till they seend a pleenipoteentiary to treat wi' ye for yoursel; an' then the mair popular ye happen to be, the better price ye fetch.

' *Mr. Cranium.*—I perfectly agree with Mr. Mac Laurel in his definition of self-love and disinterestedness: every man's actions are determined by his peculiar views, and those views are determined by the organization of his skull. A man in whom the organ of benevolence is not developed, cannot be benevolent: he, in whom it is so, cannot be otherwise. The organ of self-love is prodigiously developed in the greater number of subjects that have fallen under my observation.

' *Mr. Escot.*—Much less, I presume, among savage than civilized men, who, *constant only to the love of self, and consistent only in their aim to deceive, are always actuated by the hope of personal advantage, or by the dread of personal punishment.**

' *Mr. Cranium.*—Very probably.' pp. 56—61.

During a subsequent conversation, an angry dispute arises between Messrs. Gall and Nightshade; the latter, as we are informed, pertinaciously insisting on having his new poem reviewed by Treacle, and not by Gall, whose sarcastic commendation he held in superlative horror.

'The remonstrances of squire Headlong silenced the disputants, but did not mollify the inflexible Gall, nor appease the irritated Nightshade, who secretly resolved that, on his return to London, he would beat his drum in Grub street, form a mastigophoric corps of his own, and hoist the standard of determined opposition against the critical Napoleon.'

We must indulge ourselves in one more extract, which shall be taken from Mr. Cranium's lecture on skulls. After some preliminary remarks on the difficulty of accounting for the varieties of moral character in men, contrasted with the similarity in all the individuals of other species, and proving the several definitions of man to be extremely defective or erroneous, the lecturer thus proceeds.

* Drummond's Academical Questions.

‘ “ Every particular faculty of the mind has its corresponding organ in the brain. In proportion as any particular faculty or propensity acquires paramount activity in any individual, these organs develop themselves, and their development becomes externally obvious by corresponding lumps and bumps, exuberances and protuberances, on the osseous compages of the occiput and sinciput. In all animals but man, the same organ is equally developed in every individual of the species: for instance, that of migration in the swallow—that of destruction in the tiger—that of architecture in the beaver—and that of parental affection in the bear. The human brain, however, consists, as I have said, of a bundle or compound of all the faculties of all other animals, and from the greater development of one or more of these, in the infinite varieties of combination, result all the peculiarities of individual character.

‘ “ Here is the skull of a beaver; and that of sir Christopher Wren. You observe, in both these specimens, the prodigious development of the organ of constructiveness.

‘ “ Here is the skull of a bullfinch; and that of an eminent fiddler. You may compare the organ of music.

‘ “ Here is the skull of a tiger. You observe the organ of carnage. Here is the skull of a fox. You observe the organ of plunder. Here is the skull of a peacock. You observe the organ of vanity. Here is the skull of an illustrious robber, who, after a long and triumphant process of depredation and murder, was suddenly checked in his career by means of a certain quality inherent in preparations of hemp, which, for the sake of perspicuity, I shall call *suspensiveness*. Here is the skull of a conqueror, who, after over-running several kingdoms, burning a number of cities, and causing the deaths of two or three millions of men, women and children, was entombed with all the pageantry of public lamentation, and figured as the hero of several thousand odes and a round dozen of epics; while the poor highwayman was twice executed,

‘ At the gallows first, and after in a ballad,

‘ Sung to a villanous tune.’

You observe, in both these skulls, the combined development of the organs of carnage, plunder, and vanity, which I have just pointed out in the tiger, the fox, and the peacock. The greater enlargement of the organ of vanity in the hero, is the only criterion by which I can distinguish them from each other. Born with the same faculties and the same propensities, these two men were formed by nature to run the same career: the different combinations of external circumstances decided the difference of their destinies.’ pp. 154—157.

After some further illustrations, Mr. Cranium proceeds to deduce his practical inferences.

“It is obvious, from what I have said, that no man can hope for worldly honour or advancement, who is not placed in such a relation to external circumstances, as may be consentaneous to his peculiar cerebral organs; and I would advise every parent, who has the welfare of his son at heart, to procure as extensive a collection as possible of the skulls of animals, and, before determining on the choice of a profession, to compare with the utmost nicety their bumps and protuberances with those of the skull of his son. If the development of the organ of destruction point out a similarity between the youth and the tiger, let him be brought to some profession (whether that of a butcher, a soldier, or a physician, may be regulated by circumstances), in which he may be furnished with a license to kill: as, without such license, the indulgence of his natural propensity may lead to the untimely recission of his vital thread, ‘with edge of penny cord and vile reproach.’ If he trace an analogy with the jackall, let all possible influence be used to procure him a place at court, where he will infallibly thrive. If his skull bear a marked resemblance to that of a magpie, it cannot be doubted that he will prove an admirable lawyer; and if with this advantageous conformation be combined any resemblance to that of an owl, very confident hopes may be formed of his becoming a judge.” pp. 159, 160.

We have been induced to make larger quotations from this little volume, than its size or importance might seem to demand; but we confess that we have been so much amused with it ourselves, as to wish our readers to partake in the entertainment. We will not extend our approbation of the work to every expression which it contains. The character of Dr. Gaster will be considered as falling under the same objection as that to which Dr. Syntax, and similar caricatures, are justly exposed. That such characters exist in real life, is an insufficient excuse for their being brought out on the canvass. The general design of the volume is however so unexceptionable, the execution is so spirited and good-humoured, and the satire in general so well-directed, that we cannot but accord to it, on the whole, a high measure of commendation.

Several songs of various casts are scattered through the volume. The following is the best:—

LOVE AND OPPORTUNITY.

O! who art thou, so swiftly flying?

My name is Love, the child replied:

Swifter I pass than south-winds sighing,

Or streams, through summer-vales that glide:

And who art thou, his flight pursuing?

’Tis cold Neglect whom now you see:

The little god you there are viewing,

Will die, if once he’s touched by me.

* O! who art thou so fast proceeding,
 Ne'er glancing back thine eyes of flame?
 Marked but by few, through earth I'm speeding,
 And Opportunity's my name.
 What form is that, which scowls beside thee?
 Repentance is the form you see;
 Learn then the fate may yet betide thee—
 She seizes them who seize not me. p. 90.

The story of Rimini, a Poem. By Leigh Hunt. 8vo. pp. xx. 112. 1816.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

WE have, in the present affluence of poetical genius, almost every style of poetry yearly issuing from the press; the imaginative philosophy of Wordsworth, the bosom touches of Southey, the stir and spirit of Scott, the voluptuous elegance of Moore, the intense feeling of lord Byron and Joanna Bailie: yet we have nothing exactly in the manner of the 'Story of Rimini,' the easy graceful style of familiar narrative. This was a favourite style with the Italians. Chaucer brought it into our own country; but it is, perhaps, best known as that which Dryden adopted in his fables. Dryden, however, was not the best fitted to excel in this kind. Powerful interest, it is true, is not required in the narration; our pleasure is to arise chiefly from the description, and from the passion of the story. It was exactly in these two particulars that Dryden failed; what he was acquainted with, Dryden could indeed describe forcibly, for he always went straight to the point, never blundering about his meaning; but there is hardly to be found, in all his voluminous productions, a single image immediately from nature; and he has not a passage that strikes upon the heart, as if sent from the heart. Accordingly, we believe, the vigorous writing and free versification of Dryden's fables, are more praised than read.

We are very glad to see the style revived by one so fitted to excel in it as Mr. Hunt. We wish indeed that the story had moved on a little more rapidly; but we are not unwilling to loiter among the beautiful descriptions, and enjoy the fresh diction of Mr. Hunt.

The tale is soon told. It consists of nothing but the gradual progress and final accomplishment of a criminal passion—a mutual passion of wife and brother-in-law. We give the author full credit for the decency of his representations, for the

* This stanza is imitated from a passage in the *Occasione* of Machiavelli.

absence of every thing that can disgust, or seduce, or inflame: but still we doubt whether such stories are not likely to do some hurt to the cause of morality; whether it is possible so to distinguish between the offence and the offender, as to render the one detestable, while the other is represented as so very amiable; and whether indeed this amiableness is not gotten by paring off sundry little portions of the sin; such as selfishness—that unheroic quality, on the part of the seducer; base infidelity on the part of the woman. Our objections to these stories on the score of good taste, we have formerly stated.

But we hasten away from criticism to poetry. We shall give the reader a few specimens of Mr. H.'s powers in those two grand parts of poetry, the descriptive and the passionate.

Nothing can be more fresh and fragrant, more unfeigned and *con amore*, than the following description of a clear spring morning, with which the poem opens.

‘ The sun is up, and ’tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna’s clear shown towers and bay,
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there’s a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

‘ ’Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:—
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen:
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattery light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chace the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.’

pp. 3—4.

The evening is nearly as good.

‘ It was a lovely evening, fit to close
A lovely day, and brilliant in repose.

Warm, but not dim, a glow was in the air;
 The softened breeze came smoothing here and there;
 And every tree, in passing, one by one,
 Gleamed out with twinkles of the golden sun:
 For leafy was the road, with tall array,
 On either side, of mulberry and bay,
 And distant snatches of blue hills between;
 And there the alder was with its bright green,
 And the broad chestnut, and the poplar's shoot,
 That like a feather waves from head to foot,
 With, ever and anon, majestic pines;
 And still from tree to tree the early vines
 Hung garlanding the way in amber lines.' pp. 32—33.

The following are but touches, but they are exquisite ones.

'One day,—'twas on a summer afternoon,
 When airs and gurgling brooks are best in tune,
 And grasshoppers are loud, and day-work done,
 And shades have heavy outlines in the sun.—' p. 72.

' 'Twas a fresh autumn dawn, vigorous and chill;
 The lightsome morning star was sparkling still,
 Ere it turned in to heaven; and far away
 Appeared the streaky fingers of the day.' p. 92.

In this season of the year, when spring is just waking in the country, and bringing in hope, and love, and poetry, we cannot refrain from tantalizing our London readers with one extract more.

'A noble range it was, of many a rood,
 Walled round with trees, and ending in a wood:
 Indeed the whole was leafy; and it had
 A winding stream about, clear and glad,*
 That danced from shade to shade, and on its way
 Seemed smiling with delight to feel the day.
 There was the pouting rose, both red and white,
 The flamy heart's-ease, flushed with purple light,
 Blush-hiding strawberry, sunny-coloured box,
 Hyacinth, handsome with his clustering locks,
 The lady lily, looking gently down,
 Pure lavender, to lay in bridal gown,
 The daisy, lovely on both sides,—in short,
 All the sweet cups to which the bees resort,
 With plots of grass, and perfumed walks between
 Of citron, honeysuckle, and jessamine,
 With orange, whose warm leaves so finely suit,
 And look as if they'd shade a golden fruit;

* A syllable has slipped out of this line, at press, we suppose.

And midst the flowers, turfed round beneath a shade
 Of circling pines, a babbling fountain played,
 And 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright,
 Which through the darksome tops glimmered with show-
 ering light.

So now you walked beside an odorous bed
 Of gorgeous hues, white, azure, golden, red;
 And now turned off into a leafy walk
 Close and continuous, fit for lovers' talk;
 And now pursued the stream, and as you trod
 Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,
 Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,
 And a new sense in your soft-lighting feet;
 And then perhaps you entered upon shades,
 Pillowed with dells and uplands 'twixt the glades,
 Through which the distant palace, now and then,
 Looked lordly forth with many-windowed ken;
 A land of trees, which reaching round about,
 In shady blessing stretched their old arms out,
 With spots of sunny opening, and with nooks,
 To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,
 Where at her drink you started the slim deer,
 Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.
 And all about the birds kept leafy house,
 And sung and sparkled in and out the boughs;
 And all about, a lovely sky of blue
 Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through;
 And here and there, in every part, were seats,
 Some in the open walks, some in retreats;
 With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye
 Looked up half sweetly and half awfully,—
 Places of nestling green, for poets made,
 Where when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,
 The slender trunks, to inward peeping sight,
 Thronged in dark pillars up the gold green light.' pp. 65—68.

We pass on to the human part of the story. The description of the bride is, we think, very touching.

'She, who had been beguiled,—she, who was made
 Within a gentle bosom to be laid,—
 To bless and to be blessed,—to be heart-bare
 To one who found his bettered likeness there,—
 To think forever with him like a bride,—
 To haunt his eye, like taste personified,—
 To double his delight, to share his sorrow,
 And like a morning beam, wake to him every morrow. p. 55.

Very amiable too are the following lines, in which the first feelings of love are described in the brother.

And she became companion of his thought;
Silence her gentleness before him brought,
Society her sense, reading her books,
Music her voice, every sweet thing her looks,
Which sometimes seemed, when he sat fixed awhile,
To steal beneath his eyes with upward smile:
And did he stroll into some lonely place,
Under the trees, upon the thick soft grass,
How charming, would he think, to see her here!' pp. 57-58

The following needs no comment.

' But she, the gentler frame,—the shaken flower,
Plucked up to wither in a foreign bower,—
The struggling, virtue loving, fallen she,
The wife that was, the mother that might be,—
What could she do, unable thus to keep
Her strength alive, but sit and think, and weep,
For ever stooping o'er her broidery frame,
Half blind, and longing till the night-time came,
When worn and wearied out with the day's sorrow,
She might be still and senseless till the morrow.

' And oh, the morrow how it used to rise!
How would she open her despairing eyes,
And from the sense of the long lingering day,
Rushing upon her, almost turn away,
Loathing the light, and groan to sleep again!
Then sighing once for all, to meet the pain,
She would get up in haste, and try to pass
The time in patience, wretched as it was;
Till patience self, in her distempered sight,
Would seem a charm to which she had no right,
And trembling at the lip, and pale with fears,
She shook her head, and burst into fresh tears.
Old comforts now were not at her command:
The falcon reached in vain from off his stand;
The flowers were not refreshed; the very light,
The sunshine, seemed as if it shone at night;
The least noise smote her like a sudden wound;
And did she hear but the remotest sound
Of song or instrument about the place,
She hid with both her hands her streaming face.
But worse to her than all (and oh! thought she,
That ever, ever such a worse could be!)
The sight of infant was, or child at play;

Then would she turn, and move her lips, and pray,
That heaven would take her, if it pleased, away.' pp. 87—89.

Her death must close our extracts.

' Her favourite lady then with the old nurse
Returned, and fearing she must now be worse,
Gently withdrew the curtains, and looked in:—
O, who that feels one godlike spark within,
Shall say that earthly suffering cancels not frail sin!

' There lay she praying, upwardly intent,
Like a fair statue on a monument,
With her two trembling hands together prest,
Palm against palm, and pointing from her breast.
She ceased, and turning slowly towards the wall,
They saw her tremble sharply, feet and all,—
Then suddenly be still. Near and more near
They bent with pale inquiry and close ear:—
Her eyes were shut—no motion—not a breath—
The gentle sufferer was at peace in death.' pp. 104, 105.

The tenderness, the exquisite pathos of these passages, notwithstanding the affectation of quaintness which occasionally deforms our author's manner, cannot fail, we think, to touch the heart of the most careless reader, and to awaken emotions very different from those which we described in our last number, to be excited by the perusal of lord Byron's *Parisina*. It is impossible for us, however, to close this article, without adverting to the flippant and infidel remark which disfigures the last of the above extracts. Whether Mr. Hunt disbelieves in the authority of Revelation, or is only ignorant of its doctrines, we know not; but on either supposition, this empty sneer at the doctrine of the atonement, is discreditable to his understanding, and does not argue well of his principles. Mr. Hunt's talents might procure him the unqualified thanks of the public.

The Substance of some Letters written by an Englishman resident at Paris, during the last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon: With an Appendix of original Documents. Two vols. 8vo. pp. 950. London, 1816. In the press by M. Thomas, Philadelphia.

These letters are attributed to Mr. Hobhouse, author of the work on Albania and Greece, a review of which was published in our number for May last.

[*From the Edinburgh Review.*]

THIS is undoubtedly a very curious and interesting work;—though for our own parts we should have liked it better if it

had not been quite so long, and if it had contained more facts and fewer reasonings. It is not unlikely, however, that we have taken up this opinion, from our not agreeing with the author in many of the speculations in which he has indulged. He is more intolerant to the Bourbons, and a great deal more indulgent to Bonaparte, than we think reasonable. The book, indeed, is as stout an apology for the emperor and his party as we can conceive any intelligent Englishman to have written,—and, we doubt not, will be received with all reprobation by the champions of legitimacy, and those who hanker after the complete restoration of the old order of things. Though we do not agree with all the doctrines of the author, however, we think he has done quite right in publishing them, and are rather well pleased to see a writer of ability and information go a little too far on one side of a question, on which such a herd of servile scribblers have gone a great deal too far on the other. The book is written throughout in the manner of a gentleman and a man of talents, and, above all, with a firmness and manliness that stoops to no disguise or equivocation on the one hand, and breaks out into no bursts of mere passion or folly on the other. The author maintains his opinions with earnestness, and is no ways sparing of his sarcasms on those whom he censures: but his tone is always that of reasoning and reflection;—and those who are most likely to be offended with his doctrines, will sometimes find it hard to refute them, without endangering the foundations upon which English liberty is built.

The great evil of Bonaparte's despotism, next to the hazard to which it exposed national independence, was the insensibility which it produced to all other sorts of misgovernment. Every state that was opposed to him, was to be flattered or spared, however tyrannically or basely it might conduct itself; and every one that allied itself to him was to be reprobated without mercy, whatever might be the prudence or correctness of its general policy. The great danger *then* was, lest all the world should be subdued by the military power of France; and it was held as a sort of treachery to the common cause, to run the risk of offending or disuniting those who were associated in its support, by taking any notice of the habitual tyranny and oppression of which some of them might be guilty. Even now that the danger is over, we do not very well like to hear of any body's tyranny but Bonaparte's; and the merit of having opposed him seems almost to be regarded as an atonement for every species of injustice. Nothing, however, can be more absurd or more alarming, than the prevalence of this way of thinking. The great danger *now* is from the abuse of legitimate power,

and the corruptions of ancient establishments; and the most effectual way of betraying the cause of good government, and ultimately encouraging the return of revolution, is to interdict the free discussion of the political errors and crimes that may still afflict the world—though Bonaparte has disappeared from the scene. The enormities of the restored Spanish government have fortunately been too great to admit of any palliation. The errors of the same family in France are less flagrant indeed, and far more excusable; but it would be to the last degree dangerous to shut either our eyes or our mouths with regard to them. Nor can we conceive any thing more truly ominous to English liberty itself, than the prevalence of a doubt whether Englishmen have a right to publish their opinions upon the faults and errors of foreign governments, and in particular to point out to their countrymen the defects or mal-administration of the government of France;—a topic, the discussion of which has, from time immemorial, been popular and perpetual, and productive of the greatest benefits to this country.

Though we think it right, however, to protest for this liberty whenever we may see cause to exercise it, we do not propose at present to enter at any length into that subject. Nor have we referred to the work before us so much for the purpose of discussing any of the matters of controversy which it suggests in abundance; as of calling the attention of our readers to some of the important facts which it discloses. The author, we think, has by far too favourable an opinion of French virtue and imperial sincerity. But at present we shall not argue these or any other points with him. We wish merely to give an idea of the very interesting narrative which the work contains.

This narrative may be divided into three periods,—the last week of the king's first reign,—the hundred days of his successor,—and the final abdication of Bonaparte, and its consequences.

No one who contemplates the state of France for the last twenty-five years, and who remembers the opinion uniformly manifested in her greatest distresses, and recognized by the allies at Chatillon in 1814, can believe that the Bourbon dynasty was recalled by the affection or desire of the people of France. Although indications of such a wish were perceptible in the south, where the royalists have always had the majority, yet nothing like a national will was manifested; and in Paris, the city above all others where 'bread and shows' have the most effect, that novelty was so little coveted or expected, that the restoration was notoriously effected without any participation on the part of the people. No popular enthusiasm, no loyal ef-

fusions, no Bourbon standard even—intimated the general wish to the sovereigns of Europe assembled to decide on the fate of France. A few ladies of the Fauxbourg St. Germaine, with white handkerchiefs in their hands, and the cries of fifty urchins in the Place de Louis Quinze, was all the demonstration of regard for the exiled family which Mons. de Talleyrand could exhibit to the emperor of Russia, to induce him to support the Bourbon cause. Strange as it may appear, there is no doubt that the declaration of that minister, with respect to that important crisis, is perfectly authentic, namely, that ‘the people were unwilling—the legislature alarmed—the allies incredulous; that the senate was prevailed upon to receive the king by the promise of a constitution—the popular feelings allayed, by the bargain with the regicides; and, lastly, the emperor of Russia over-persuaded by *his* arguments, and by the concerted demonstration above alluded to.’

But although a miserable manœuvre thus succeeded in placing the exiled family on the throne; yet the positive advantages conceded to France in consequence of its adoption of that dynasty—the cessation of a power become odious from its abuse—the prospect of peace, and renewed commercial intercourse with all nations, together with the fatigue of all parties, afforded to a wise monarch many chances of preserving a throne which he had reascended by a sort of miracle.

Our author, in letters V. and VI., inquires how these chances were improved, and traces the conduct of the restored sovereign—his refusal to subscribe the act which recalled him to the throne—his renunciation of the title decreed to him by the senate, of the 6th of April—‘his silly enumeration of the 19 years during which he had reigned over his kingdom *in partibus infidelium*’—his mention of the prince regent of England and of his own rights, to the exclusion of those of his people in his earliest proclamations—his disputed election—his violations of the charter *octroye* to his people—and, lastly, the tone and character of his court and government, defamatory of the revolution to which he succeeded, and offensive to the habits, character, and interests, of the nation he ruled over.

With an attention to dates and particulars, infinitely valuable in an inquiry of this nature, our author cites the several violations of the charter by the king; and as almost any one of them would have been construed into a virtual abdication, had it been committed by our sovereign, notwithstanding that he reigns, as well as the king of France, by the grace of God.

these violations must, in fairness to the rebellious people of that country, be deliberately examined.

1. The first regarded the freedom of religious habits; and in the face of the 5th and 68th articles, (the first of which secures to every worship the same protection, and the second establishes the civil code, and the laws actually existing, not contrary to the charter,) an ordinance enforced the discontinuance of labour—shut the shops on Sundays and holidays—and commanded *that all individuals, of every religion*, should rigidly renew the observances formerly insisted on in the procession of the holy sacrament.

2. On the 10th June, contrary to the 8th article, which proclaims the liberty of the press, a censorship is established.

3. By royal ordinances, of the 15th June and 15th July, the recruitment of the king's guard is fixed, which, by the 12th article, was expressly reserved for the consideration of the legislature at large.

4. On the 21st June, a high commission court, for the trial of public functionaries is established, contrary to the 63d article, which says—‘ There cannot be created any extraordinary commission or tribunal.’

5. On the 27th June is violated the 5th article of the charter, declaring the legislative power to reside in the king, peers, and deputies;—an impost law of the year 12, regulating port duties, is annulled by the royal authority.

6. On the 16th December, contrary to the 69th article, the officers of all ranks, and military administrators not employed, as well as those absent on leave, are reduced to half-pay.

7. On the 30th July, a royal military school is established, giving to the *nobles* of the kingdom the enjoyment of those advantages which had been granted them by the edict of 1751.

‘ One hundred years of previous nobility were necessary to procure admission for any pupil of this ancient school; and this drew at once a line between the old and new noblesse, in opposition to the 3d article of the charter, which made all employs, civil and military, equally open to all Frenchmen.’ Vol. I. p. 88.

8. The court of cassation was re-organized by the king, contrary to the 59th article of the charter.

9. The 11th article was violated in the expulsion of fifteen members of the institute.

10. The impost upon the provision of judges upon letters of administration, and upon journals by the chancellor, with-

out the consent of the legislature, violated the 48th article of the charter.

Now, we are at a loss to know what answer can be given to those charges, by the monarch 'who never promised in vain.' But even these, according to our author, were feeble in their effect, compared with the incessant industry of the king, his family, and his court, in separating his interests from those of New France. We shall extract some passages, which give, at once, a specimen of our author's style, and an account of various attacks made upon the people, in as far as regards the army, their religious habits, and the general character of the country.

1. The sixth letter details the pretensions of the nobles and the priests, and the sanction given to them by the conduct of the court. The former protested against the constitutional charter. The king, on the 4th June, expressed a wish to restore the unsold national property to the ancient proprietors; and his minister, in his speech proposing the law, speaks openly of 'the *sacred inviolable rights* which those who have followed the *right line* must have in the properties, of which, by the revolutionary form, they had been despoiled.'

'When the fears of the king and his friends extorted, during the march of Napoleon, some attempts at justice, a committee was appointed, in the chamber of deputies, to examine into the petitions lying unrepresented in the parliament offices. Amongst them were discovered nearly three hundred, which had been kept back by the abbé Montesquieu, from individuals complaining that they had been refused absolution by their priests, on account of being possessors of national properties. The restitution of these properties was thus made the *sine quâ non* of salvation; and, indeed, at Savenay, on the Lower Loire, a sermon was preached on the 5th of March, in which the audience were told, that those who did not return "their own" to the nobles and to the curés, as the representatives of the monks, should have the lot of Jezebel, and should be devoured by dogs.' I. 96.

The fear entertained of the encroachments of the priests, is thus powerfully depicted.

'The latter played their usual part—God forgive them! From M. de Talleyrand, archbishop of Rheims, grand almoner, corresponding with the bishop of Orthosia at Rome to procure a bull for the re-establishment of the Gallican church, down to the wretched curé of St. Roch, refusing sepulture to his ancient hostess Mademoiselle Raucour. With the return of the Saturnian sceptre of the Bourbons, religion was also to revisit France, so long de-

prived of the consolation of continuing the Levitical law. The professors of arts and arms, the scientific sons of the impious institute, having eaten and drunk, and played their fill, yielded up the stage to the linsey-woolsey brothers of a more decently wanton court, and its re-invigorated retainers. Sixty covers, spread daily at the Thrilleries, kept alive the gratitude, and the zeal of as many champions of God and the king, whose brethren of the departments, inhaled, at a distance, the steams of the royal refectory. The court carpenter preferred his useless block from a scarecrow to a saint;—the wax-chandlers contemplated the inevitable re-illumination of all the extinguished candlesticks of every shrine;—days and nights, all the gates of all the churches were expanded, whilst their rival shops were shut. Relics rattled together from the four quarters of the capital, to be re-adjusted and re-enshrined by a second St. Louis. But the king might have given their daily bread to his sixty priests,—he might have said his thousand masses,—he might have devoted his France to the Virgin—or grubbed up his brother's bones;—his Antigone might have shut the Sunday shops, or even have gone the greater length of forbidding the masquerade of the mi-careme (dangerous as refusing both bread and shows at once must be to modern Rome;) she might cherish the town of Nismes, and its vow of a silver baby for God Almighty, as the lure and promised reward of her conception of a Man Child. These offences might have been forgotten, or been condemned to ridicule, with the gaiters of his majesty, and the English bonnet of madame; but when the people, in the pious propensities of the new court, foresaw the re-investiture of the clergy, when they saw the barns re-building, which were to receive a portion of their own bread, and the very *fluctus decumanus* of ancient despotism, the fatal tenth wave about to burst upon their heads, the religion of the royal family being likely to prove so chargeable, could then no longer be a matter of indifference, or be visited only with contempt. In Paris, the decent piety of the king excited only a smile, while the sombre superstition of the duchess inspired a more serious disgust; but in several of the departments, the triumphant clergy being more than suspected of a conspiracy against the manners, feelings, and properties of the people, had, in conjunction with their coadjutors the nobles, excited a hatred which was in daily danger of breaking out into acts of violence. It is undoubted that the mass of nobles, in many provinces, are indebted for their lives to the return of Napoleon, who, by removing the fears of the lower classes, has also laid asleep their revenge. Lord Chesterfield might fairly say, that a man is neither the better nor the worse for wearing a black coat; but when that colour denotes a class of persons at variance with, and in direct opposition to all the interests and habits of the community, we must not be surprised that it should be at first unpopular, and at last proscribed.' I. p. 103.

2. *The army.* After commenting upon the breach of the charter regarding their pay, our author says—

‘It was easy to see that the part of the king’s conduct which required the utmost prudence, was the treatment of the army, which, in France, is more national, both by its constitution, and by the circumstances of the times, than in any other country. The great majority of all the male population having served at some time or other, sympathize with the character and fortune of a corps to which they consider themselves as still in some measure attached; and by a happy complacency, fixing their recollections only on the glories, without counting the disasters of their brethren in arms, look upon the soldiery as the repositories of their honour, as the representatives, as the last hope of their country.’
I. p. 83.

He then recites the campaign of 1814, and the admiration it excited.

‘In short, the French considered the honour of their armies untarnished by the issue of the campaign of 1814; and they were therefore inclined to contemplate the reduction of their pay and force as a treason of the restored family, in unison with their whole system and with their declared wish to efface from the memory of their contemporaries, and the page of history, all the twenty-five years of misfortunes; or, in other words, the triumphs of republican and imperial France.

‘At the same time, there were many patriotic and thinking persons, who would have found some excuse for this step, in the poverty of the royal treasury, and in the difficulty of supporting an army calculated for forty-four millions of subjects, in a kingdom reduced to a population of twenty-eight millions—had there not been repeated proofs of profusion in other instances, and had not the restored family betrayed, in many ways, a settled disregard of this great national body. Every saloon in Paris abounds with stories of the insults and the vulgar pleasantries of the duke of Berri, addressed to many officers of distinguished merit. Does he inquire of one, in what campaign he served? and is told “in all;”—In what capacity? “Aid-de-camp to the emperor;”—he turns upon his heel with a contemptuous smile, and the officer is noticed no more. Does he learn from another that he has served twenty-five years? “Vingt-cinq ans de brigandage,” is his reply. Do the old guard displease that great commander the duke of Angouleme, in performing some manœuvre? They are told that they must go to England and learn their exercise. Lastly, is a colonel to be degraded? the duke of Berri tears off his epaulets with his own hand—another time he strikes a soldier upon the parade. The Swiss regiments return to the Thuilleries; but, in addition to this foreign guard, six thousand nobles, the very old, and the very young, trick-

ed out in fancy dresses, which draw down the fatal curse of ridicule, compose a household force, the laughter of the citizens, and the envy of the army. The old imperial guard outrageously banished from the capital, and suddenly recalled at the beginning of the ministry of marshal Soult, are scarcely on their route towards Paris, when fresh jealousies create fresh orders, and the indignant victims are marched back to their quarters. Certain Chouan chiefs are sent into Brittany, and there distribute decorations and recompenses to those rebels, whom the armies had routed and quelled. Another Chouan lays a plan for enrolling a sort of sacred battalion against the plots of the army; and though apparently prosecuted for this treason, is never punished. Lastly, the invaders of France, destroyed by the army at Quiberon, are to have a monument raised on the spot, as a perpetual commemoration of their loyalty, and the treason of the troops by whom they fell. The apologists and defenders of the king lament and admit the imprudencies I have just detailed. Connected with this debasement of the army, was the suppression of the establishments for the female orphans of the legion of honour, which the king was, however, obliged to restore, and the reduction of the pay of the invalids;—add to this, also, the evident attempt to degrade the decoration of the legion, by the profusion with which the crosses were granted to the lowest agents of government, even to the clerks of the post-office, and the care with which the higher ministers laid them aside. The deductions drawn from this conduct, were most unfavourable to the royal cause, and left no doubt in the mind of the military, nor of the nation, that the honourable existence of the French army was considered as incompatible with the system of the new court.’ I. p. 84.

‘I must not forget to mention, that the reduction of the army was scarcely so unpopular, as the attempt to new model it, by renewing the regiments, and chiefly by the appointment of nearly five thousand officers, either old emigrants or young nobles, totally devoid of all military character or merit. The abolition of the national colours, and the adoption of the flag of La Vendée, though it afflicted the nation, was more particularly affecting to the army, who saw in this step the same determination to tear from them all memorial of their former existence. The imperial guard burnt their eagles, and drank their ashes; some regiments concealed, and all regretted their cockades. The friends of the court affected to consider the mere change of a flag as a trifle; and, in spite of all experience, did not recollect, that nothing is a trifle to which any importance, however imaginary, is attached by a whole nation. They showed, that the king was determined to illegitimize all proceedings, as he had said in his letter to the sovereigns, as far back as the assembly of the states-general—ay, even his own; or that he forgot that he had worn the tri-coloured cockade himself, from the 11th of July 1789 to the 21st of June 1792.’ I. p. 87.

But, above all, the jealousy and hatred of every thing, and of every person appertaining to the revolution, is well portrayed in the following passage—

‘It may be only justice to charge many of the follies of the last short reign upon a weak, discordant administration; but this consideration, although it may diminish the personal culpability of the king, does not prove that the people were wrong in judging him unfit to reign. He might have chosen his ministers amongst their friends; he might have thrown himself into their arms;—whereas, on the contrary, on many occasions, he gave evidence of his looking upon them in some sort as the accomplices or immediate actors in his brother’s murder: for, not content with excluding from public duties, such as had actually been concerned in that deed, he took care to refresh at every opportunity, his indignant abhorrence against the act, which, whether of justice or vengeance, was at least national, and which, therefore, it was absolutely necessary, for the pride or the repose of all Frenchmen, either to justify or forget. Louis began his reign, by saying mass for the soul of his brother;—he next instituted a fete similar to that of the day, “when every sovereign in Europe rises with a crick in his neck;” and he quoted the example of Charles II. as a worthy precedent for his proceeding. Little doubt have I, but that his ministers, at least, would have liked to complete the parallel. Carnot and Fouché would have looked as well in an execution list as Harrison and Cooke.—Then was performed the last office of paternal piety, by this bone-collecting court. Between these acts, there was a perpetual playing off of court horrors and antipathies, at the very sound or smell of regicide. The coaches of the king never drove over the “Place de Louis Quinze,” because in that square his brother lost his head; as little would the royal family walk upon the terrace of the Seine raised by Napoleon, for that commanded a view of the same fatal spot. The duchess of Angoulême never looked at a Parisian crowd without shuddering, as if beholding the children and champions of revolution. If at the Tuilleries she saw a lady of the imperial court, she passed over on the other side. Her jealousy descended upon the children of those that had hated her father; and from this jealousy the representative of the Orleans branch of the royal family was by no means exempt. The manners of this prince, tinctured with the kindness and facility generally acquired by a variety of fortune and experience, the education he had received in the arms as it were of the republic, the fate of his father which conferred upon him the fraternity of a common crime; all these considerations endeared him to the French, and drew upon him the suspicion and the hatred of the court, which arose at last to a height so indecent and ridiculous, that the court confessor, in his sermon at St. Dennis, over the interment of the royal bones, took the opportunity of what is called in our vernacular, preaching at the duke of Orleans, who was twice or thrice

tempted to rise and leave the church. The court at the Palais royal became too well attended. I hear that it was shut by a proposal coming from his majesty.' I. p. 174.

We cannot help observing, that the anecdote relating to a plot proposed to the duke of Orleans, and disclosed by that prince to the king, does not appear to us probable, and at any rate ought not to have been inserted by our author, upon such information as disappointment and jealousy are too likely to have furnished upon such a subject.

The 6th letter contains a concise and interesting account of the progress of Napoleon from Porto Ferrajo to Paris; and the 8th describes the royal court in its expiring moments.

A question, by no means uninteresting, suggests itself at the close of this period, viz. Whether a successful resistance could have been made at any, and at what moment, to the advance of Napoleon. It is manifest, we think, from the facts and observations contained in this work, and from subsequent events, that neither the popularity of Napoleon with the people, nor the attachment of the army, would of themselves have been sufficient to give him so conspicuous a triumph over a rival in possession of the crown and the capital. If any one will call to mind the opprobrious usage Bonaparte met with but one year before in the very provinces which now hailed his return, he will be convinced that hatred to the royal house which now governed them, rather than attachment to their ancient chief, obtained from the people of France their ready acquiescence in his designs.—The existence of a previous conspiracy in his favour is no longer asserted; and the government of France has ineffectually attempted to give the colour of such a charge to any one of the trials which have already taken place at Paris. As to the army, it is notorious that their allegiance had been offered to other persons, and that the conspiracy of Drouet and Lefevre Desnouettes, (the only one which broke out during the eleven months,) had not only no connexion with Bonaparte, but had avowedly another chief in view. By comparing dates, it will be found that neither did the commanders swerve, nor the regiments revolt, until the conviction of the perfidy and imbecility of the government which they had served when it most needed their assistance, had become irresistible in the whole body. It is true the disgust was universal; but, on the first intimation of the approaching danger, the leaders of the constitutional opposition, among whom our author particularly cites M. Constant and the author of the *Censeur*, rallied round the throne, from a conviction, no doubt, that liberty had more to fear from the power of Napoleon, than from

the feebleness of the Bourbons; and, in the hope of profiting by the difficulties of the sovereign, to extend the rights, and to confirm the liberties of the people.

Wise and liberal councils were undoubtedly recommended; and the unimpeachable virtue of Lafayette and D'Argenson was offered to mediate between the king and his people. It may be doubted, indeed, whether this reconciliation would then have been an available defence, but there is no question, that although a seeming acquiescence was given in the councils proposed, and although the king was made to appear eager to embrace a constitutional system, yet no act of popular conciliation—no symptom of repentance appeared.—Chateaubriand prayed—and Lally Tollendal wept—and Laine recanted; but the insincerity and weakness of the court counteracted the effect of their protestations, and paralyzed the efforts of their more able and patriotic supporters. With us, indeed, it is a matter of serious doubt, whether the priests and nobles, and, in general, those who surrounded the person of the monarch, did not, upon calculation, prefer flight, and the chance of return with foreign arms, to such a reconciliation with the people as would have alone secured its co-operation in that terrible crisis. There, are, however, among those who displayed the most noble energy in that moment, persons eminently qualified to satisfy the world upon those transactions; and to them we look with confidence for a narrative, illustrating the character of the nation, which demanded liberty, and of the court, which hated it too much to purchase its own safety at such a price.

In the night of the 19th of March, the king leaves his capital; and, on the following evening, Napoleon arrives.

Paris, on the entry of Napoleon, presented but a mournful spectacle. The crowd which went out to meet the emperor, remained in the outskirts of the city; the shops were shut—no one appeared at the windows—the Boulevards were lined with a multitude collected about the many mountebanks, tumblers, &c. which, for the two last days, had been placed there in greater numbers than usual by the police, in order to divert the populace. There was no noise, nor any acclamations; a few low murmurs and whispers were alone heard, when the spectators of these open shows turned round to look at the string of six or eight carriages, which preceded the imperial troops. The regiments then passed along, and cried out, *vive l'empereur*;—not a word from any one. They tried the more popular and ancient exclamation, *vive Bonaparte*;—all still silent. The patience of the dragoons was exhausted; some brandished their swords, others drew their pistols, and rode into the alleys, amidst the people, exclaiming, “*Crie donc, vive l'em-*

pereur!' but the crowd only gave way, and retreated, without uttering a word." I. p. 179.

True it is, that although the Bourbons fled from their palace, unpitied and unregretted, yet the return of the adventurer was marked by gloom, and he was saluted by fewer acclamations than had greeted him in the smallest town. Yet it was difficult to say, that the royalist faction was the predominant one in Paris; for never did a sovereign receive less consolation than did Louis, when he invited the national guard to defend his faithful city. But passion had since given way to reflection. The fugitive dynasty appeared by its weakness to offer more satisfactory chances to the lovers of freedom, than the return of a conqueror, strengthened by a popularity to which he had long been a stranger, and who, by the unauthorized resumption of a title which he had forfeited, and by the violent tenor of his proclamations from Lyons, seemed to seek the recovery of his throne, in the same spirit which had formerly deprived him of it.

Our limits prevent us from entering into any detail of the public acts of that short lived reign, or following our author in those numerous disquisitions with which he has, we think, somewhat overloaded the narrative of that interesting period. Suffice it to say, that his style, rather wordy and diffuse—his arrangement prejudicial to the story—and an eagerness of opinion, rather dangerous in the historian, are amply compensated by the able and honest spirit of his political views, and, above all, by his industrious and impartial relation of the measures and faults of the imperial government, during the hundred days of its duration. The usurpation of power—the return to despotic passions—the appeal to public feeling and national vanity on the part of the monarch—the menial vassalage and submission of a corrupt aristocracy—the crouching repentance of the *ancienne noblesse* on the one hand; on the other, the resistance of popular feeling—the manly spirit of the public bodies—the license of the press—the unanimous devotion of literary men to the cause of liberty—the republican spirit, the constitutional jealousy of the people, and the submission of the crown—the desire of peace, even in the army—and the general will in the nation to be free, are alternately offered in the great picture which no common industry or skill have here presented to our observation.

We shall offer but one or two remarks upon the character of the government and the nation, during that unparalleled crisis.

Confidently as we maintain the privilege of discussing the character and conduct of all those who fill the eye of the world, and influence its destinies, we desire not at all to enter into competition with those of our contemporaries, who, in a loathsome recapitulation of private vices, endeavour to complete the portrait which they sketch in ignorance and passion; nor can we admire their patriotic distrust of the national feeling, which they seem to think cannot be made sufficiently adverse to a defeated and degraded monarch, without heaping on his head imputations of a nature only to be gathered in converse with the basest of human beings. For us it is sufficient that he was ambitious, and a hater of liberty; and, by all that we can collect from this work, and from other sources of information, we doubt whether his disposition was in the smallest degree altered, in this respect, by his year of mortification. Like many others, corrupted by high station, he seems always to have been willing to extend the promise of freedom on the peril of the moment; but never to have been satisfied of its actual advantage to the people, or of its being compatible with the existence of a powerful government. In all the conversations which he held with the eminent persons then labouring to extort from him concessions to the people, he is said to have manifested a total insensibility on this point. And in the council of state, held to discuss the subject of confiscation, he was so irritated at the attempt to deprive the crown of this power, that he exclaimed, ‘*Je vois bien ce que vous voulez, Messieurs; mais cela ne sera pas. Il faut encore le bras, le vieux bras de l’Empereur!—et vous le sentirez.*’

Neither had his misfortunes destroyed that entire confidence in himself, nor that belief in the superior intelligence which guided him, and made it impossible for him to share his power. His insensibility to reproach can only be accounted for by this favourite belief, which, indeed, appears at all times to have relieved his conscience from the torment of self-accusation. It is reported, and, we believe, with perfect truth, that when the suicide of Berthier was related to him by one of his ministers, he replied, ‘See the power of conscience! Berthier left France with his family, and all his fortune; but he had betrayed *me*, and he could not survive it,—while I have never for one night been deprived of sleep!’

By far the most interesting and important part of this book, is the account given of the last of the three periods into which we divided it, in the commencement of this article; and it would, we presume, be difficult to obtain a more accurate, detailed, and impartial narration of the unparalleled crisis

which took place after the return of Bonaparte to Paris, than is given by this anonymous writer, who seems, indeed, to be eminently qualified, by his general accomplishments, the opportunities he enjoyed, and the time he has since had to correct his first impressions, to settle our belief as to the *leading events* of that memorable period. We have already stated, that there are many matters of opinion upon which we entirely disagree with him; and although we give him credit for a most faithful relation of all the outward acts of the French authorities during this struggle, we must be allowed to differ with him in the confidence with which it would rather seem that certain characters had inspired him. We own, that several of those persons, to whom our author inclines to attribute virtues of a higher order, appear to us to have been feeble or treacherous; nor can we join with him, in attributing great merit to Lanjuinais, the president of an assembly, which is so well described in the following passage, that we cannot refuse to insert it.

‘ Thus the king, amongst the other benefits which must make his name dear to Frenchmen, may join that of having brought to a close the labours of a representation as moderate, as enlightened, and as truly national, as it is possible to assemble in France; a representation less tinctured, perhaps, than might be expected, with the faults incident to popular bodies,—and developing, each day, in circumstances of unparalleled difficulty and danger, qualities both of the head and heart, which will reflect honour on their labours, and, however unsuccessful, will not be wholly lost; for they will serve as an incitement and example for those whose future efforts shall meet with a more deserved and a better fate. The king himself, as well as his nation, must be considered infinitely their debtor, as the resolution of the secret committee, on the 22d of June, compelled Napoleon to abdicate, and saved his capital, if not his crown. It redounds, however, to their glory, that none of them made any merit of this action, as if performed in his favour, or from any other motive than that of saving their country from extremities. The royalists would not have had the requisite courage, which, in France, is to be found only amongst the friends of freedom. These partisans insult them with surviving their functions, and ridicule M. Manuel’s quotation from Mirabeau, with a spite which shows how happy they would have been to witness the extirpation of the patriots. Their spirit has been already sufficiently displayed. They did not die on their curule chairs, it is true; but personal exposure is rendered respectable and useful by the time in which it is employed. The senators of Rome who were massacred by Brennus had a very different fate with posterity from those who were whipped naked in the squares by the German Otho, yet the

courage of both and their cause were the same. The representatives would not have been shot, but sent to jail." Vol. II. p. 168.

We believe a more accurate investigation would have informed the writer of these letters, that great suspicion attaches to the character of Lanjuinais, for having adjourned the assembly on the 7th of July, contrary to the remonstrances of many of its members; and by those who had formerly most confidence in his fidelity, it is generally believed that he was informed of the determination to obstruct their reassembling. But the chief point upon which we would warn our readers against the excessive charity of this acute writer, is the character of Fouché, duke of Otranto, *the real sovereign of France during that eventful time*, and to whom he gives credit for many more virtues than, upon a fair examination of the facts, we can ever think him entitled to. His repeated reflections on this subject, indeed, and the very prominent figure which the personage in question makes in this extraordinary crisis, have induced us to attempt a short sketch of his life and character, taken from a pretty careful observation of his public acts during the manifold changes of the last quarter of a century.

He plunged into the revolution at an early age; and, either from enthusiasm or fear, very soon became attached to the violent party in the convention—assisted it in overturning the Girondine faction—and finally executed, and boasted of having executed, against that party and the royalists at Lyons, cruelties which would have done honour to Robespierre himself, to whose ruin, after the murder of Danton, he especially contributed, on the 9th Thermidor. From that hour, Fouché seems to have sought reconciliation with the moderate party,—but in vain. He was, with the rest of the jacobins, expelled the convention,—his arrest was decreed,—and he escaped only by flight. In his concealment, he published an address to the convention, which, in place of justifying himself, accused that assembly of having authorized and provoked all the violent measures of which he had been the organ.

From that period to the year 1796, he was an object of suspicion as a terrorist. Whenever a jacobin conspiracy was discovered, he uniformly disappeared from the scene, and only reappeared when the attacks of the royalist party drove the directory to seek aid from the jacobins. In every such crisis, he resumed their principles, and sought eagerly for employment, from which he was only excluded by his former bad reputation. In 1797 he was sent on a mission to Italy—reappeared on the 18th of Fructidor, and was proposed for the ministry of the police—but again rejected; and it was not

until the revolution which took place in the directory in 1798, that he obtained that ministry. Syeyes then prevailed through the aid of the jacobins, but immediately became their enemy;—and Fouche, who, as in 1794, hoped to reconcile himself with the nation, gave to his administration a very mild character, although he secretly protected the jacobins, and with difficulty escaped himself from the vengeance of the wily director. Upon the return of Bonaparte, whom Syeyes unwillingly associated to his designs of overturning the directory, Fouche conducted himself with such address, that, although known to be the friend of the jacobins, and himself under the *surveillance* of Thurot his chief secretary, who had orders to arrest him upon the first symptom of treachery, he outrode the storm; and, upon the 18th Brumaire, he remained in office, and without delay attached himself to Bonaparte.

Now, for the first time, his repentance could manifest itself in an effectual manner;—the minister supported his master in organizing a mitigated despotism; and, profiting by the violence of Bonaparte, he obtained for himself the reputation of a protector of all parties, and, in spite of his former crimes, his name became universally popular in France. Nothing, indeed, was so easy as this manœuvre to those who knew Bonaparte. The emperor issued a violent decree—Fouche made the nature of it known before it was promulgated—blamed it in conversation—then only half executed it.—The emperor was angry,—the minister executed it entirely:—But, in the mean time, he was known to have blamed it, and to have retarded its execution. Sometimes, too, the emperor was persuaded, in the interval, to mitigate its severity, so that, even by the delay, Fouche, no doubt, contributed to preserve the lives and fortunes of many of his countrymen.

Bonaparte soon perceived his minister's game;—but the fear of his influence, and the power of his agents, was such, that he did not send him away till the end of three years.—At last the blow was struck.—Fouche quitted his first ministry; and although he had transported one hundred and thirty republicans for a conspiracy, in which he declared they were not concerned, and conducted to the scaffold four Frenchmen for a plot of which he denied the existence,—although he had let many royalists be shot, and had banished many more,—he had universally, on his retirement, the character of being a stanch friend both of the royalists and of the republicans.

The government of his successor, Regnier, was distinguished by the trial of Pichegru and Moreau, and the murder of the duke d'Enghien. In that season of gloom and terror.

Fouche was again longed for; and Napoleon, in spite of his suspicions, found it prudent to replace him.—He continued to practise again his old game—delay—bold and mysterious conversation—blame of his master's plans,—which he nevertheless executed, when resignation was the alternative.

In 1810, Bonaparte suddenly abused him in council; obliged him to accept the government of Rome; then dismissed him from the ministry; sent him from Paris, and arrested him on the road. Fouche threatened discoveries, and escaped into banishment and obscurity, where he remained until the first abdication of the emperor. Fouche at first dreaded the counter-revolution; but seeing M. de Talleyrand in possession of the government, he not only took courage, but aspired to complete his whitewashing, by becoming the minister of Louis XVIII.

His conduct during the eleven months of that reign, was conformable to this project. To the patriots, he insisted on the necessity of a popular ministry. To the princes, with whom he continually intrigued, he promised the consolidation of the monarchy, as he had effected that of Napoleon, and expressed sincere contrition for the death of Louis XVI. To the jacobins, he declared his adherence, and promoted their projects and conspiracies. His conversation was of a piece. He abused the Bourbons—then said they might be saved by making him a minister;—occasionally announced a plot,—which he assured the royalists he endeavoured to prevent for the sake of the king,—and the jacobins to save their heads. A little treachery towards all parties heightened the zest, and proved the authenticity of his communications—and increased the anxiety which was to make his assistance valuable.

When Napoleon landed, Fouche offered himself to the court. The princes negotiated with him; but after the first conference, orders were given to arrest him.—Some have thought, that this arrest was a stratagem, to insure the employment of Fouche by the usurper:—And the conduct of the former to Bonaparte, and the indiscretion of the royalists, who never ceased to count upon him, and to quote the proofs of their intelligence with him, might seem to warrant this notion; but we are more apt to attribute to the habitual distrust and weakness of that family, an act which, after all, could never conceal from Napoleon the constant intrigues of Fouche with the discarded dynasty. It is well known, that he had said to one of the emigrating royalists, '*Sauvez le Monarque—Je reponds de la monarchie.*' This, it is true, may be attributed to the habitual lightness of his conversation, which is so great,

that it is well known that when the duke of Wellington reproached him with having asserted to the chamber, in his message from the government, that the allies insisted on the restoration of the king, and challenged him to prove the truth of the assertion, he replied—‘*Que voulez vous de plus? Le Roi n’est-il pas dans son Palais? C’est tout ce qu’il faut.*’

Bonaparte, dependent and timid as he was at his last return, had no option about employing Carnot and Fouché; and the conduct of the latter from that moment became problematical. On the one hand, he used all means to attach to the imperial government, all those whose popularity gave strength to it. It is equally certain, that if he meditated at that time the overthrow of Napoleon, he did not confide his project to those friends of liberty whom he had rallied round the eagle, although many of them were his intimate friends. On the other hand, he did not fail to revert to his old tactics. In conversation, he blamed and treated with ridicule and contempt the projects of the emperor, whose government, he said, ran great risks. He allowed the royalists to write such libels as no government can permit; and exhorted the republicans to attack, so that his house was the enemy’s camp. He is said to have promoted the war in La Vendée; but of this charge there does not appear sufficient proof. After the battle of Waterloo, Fouché was named president of the government; and was entrusted with the conduct of the negotiations. Whatever doubt may exist as to his intentions before, there can exist none as to his conduct after the abdication of Napoleon. He alone acted; and managed to keep his colleagues in a state of entire subserviency. They feared they might impede his measures by acting without his directions; and his mode of paralyzing their efforts, was to absent himself, whenever measures were likely to be proposed by any other person. It was known he was gone to lord Wellington;—delay was the consequence;—and Fouché gained a day, which was lost to his country! Thus he got over the time, from the 22d June to the 7th July, without giving any explanation to his colleagues, nor to the chambers, nor even to his intimate friends, whose lives were in danger from his impenetrable silence.

As to the negotiations with the allies, he had but one proposition to make—but one remedy for all evils;—‘*Make me minister—I answer for the rest.*’ He stipulated neither for France, nor for her constitution, nor for individuals—one single individual excepted. To him, without a doubt, is owing the return of the Bourbons without any condition whatsoever. Any other man at the head of the provisional government,—

backed by the national representation which was devoted to liberty, and by an army of 70,000 men, with 800 pieces of cannon,—by the national guard well disposed, as their attachment to the tricolour has since proved,—would have saved the liberty of his country even with the present dynasty. But Fouché looked only to himself; and as his first idea in 1794 was to recover the place in society which he had forfeited by his crimes, so his last thought in 1815 was reconciliation with the court which he had so grievously offended. In one word, Fouché having become a rich and important personage, under the auspices of usurped dominion, was desirous to complete his titles after the fashion of legitimacy. Accordingly, he betrayed his country,—abandoned his friends,—signed the warrants for their death, and the lists of their proscription,—and succeeded, as such persons usually do, for a time. But at last he found himself alone in the wilderness he had created. He would then have returned to a better system; but it was too late. His reports are eloquent and able, but they accelerated his downfall. He was the minister of Louis XVIII.; but he had been the judge of Louis XVI.; and he is now wandering over the face of the earth, perhaps less respected than any one of those whom he had, but a few weeks before, delivered to the vengeance of the court.

We have not room to comment upon, or to extract several passages which we had marked of characteristic description, of which the third letter affords an admirable specimen; and which, even in that style, may be advantageously contrasted with certain quaint, glaring, and elaborate performances on the same subject, which have probably been perused, and by this time nearly forgotten, by most of our readers. It is here, indeed, that an exuberant zeal in the cause of political justice, and somewhat of an excessive tendency to argumentative discussion, have diversified the work with dissertations upon congress, the slave trade, and the merits and demerits of individual politicians, to a degree that takes somewhat from the unity of the design, and deprives the work of that character of perfect impartiality which ought always to prevail in an *historical memoir*: but we venture nevertheless to affirm, that these letters afford materials for the future historian, considerably more valuable, both as to accuracy, copiousness, and connection, than any other work of the same description which the unparalleled interest of the subject has yet brought before the public. Perhaps a less conscientious adherence to the form and substance of the communications actually made to his friends at the several dates, might have improved the vo-

lume now submitted to the world at large, by suppressing reasonings important no doubt in themselves, but, as our author must well know, not very likely, however deserving of attention, to guide the conduct of nations, even if the same circumstances were to recur. On the other hand, the scrupulous and intrepid fidelity of the writer in narrating events which refute his own predictions,—his eagerness to speculate, and his willingness to retract,—his admiration converted to blame,—his uniform preference of principles to persons—afford pledges of undeviating truth which we have rarely witnessed, —and abundantly compensate for those defects of arrangement, and that general looseness and diffuseness of style, which, in an author of such powers, can only be accounted for by the fact of his having now published, with little alteration, a series of letters, actually written to his private friends, with the copiousness and carelessness which belongs to such compositions.

The Wanderer in Norway, with other Poems. By Thomas Brown, M. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Second edition. 12mo. 6s.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

THE poem which gives a name to this little volume neither contains a story, nor is descriptive of romantic scenery; but is simply the moral picture of an impassioned mind suffering misery by having yielded to a guilty passion. The delineation, though strong, is far from being ideal, being no other than a portraiture of the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft drawn from her own letters, and the memoir of her life published by her husband. Dr. Brown has converted the history of that unhappy woman to an excellent purpose, by showing the essential importance of those high principles of conduct which no mind, however ardent in its general admiration of virtue, can abandon with impunity, and without the strength of which no powers are strong. Of the other pieces which make up the contents of the book, by far the most animated is that addressed to professor Dugald Stewart, with a copy of Darwin's *Zoonomia*.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

Observations on the application of coal gas to the purposes of illumination. By WILLIAM THOMAS BRANDE, F. R. S. L. and E. Prof. Chem. R. I. &c.

[From the Journal of Science and the Arts.]

THE employment of the gases evolved during the destructive distillation of common pit coal for the illumination of streets and houses, is a subject of such intrinsic and increasing importance, as to render some account of its progress and improvement, a proper subject of discussion in this Journal.

That coal evolves a permanently elastic and inflammable æriform fluid seems first to have been experimentally ascertained by the Rev. Dr. Clayton, and a brief account of his discovery is published in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1739. The following is an extract from his paper. "I got some coal, and distilled it in a retort in an open fire. At first there came over only phlegm, afterwards a black oil, and then likewise a spirit arose, which I could no ways condense; but it forced my lute, or broke my glasses. Once when it had forced my lute, coming close thereto in order to try to repair it, I observed that the spirit which issued out, caught fire at the flame of the candle, and continued burning with violence as it issued out in a stream, which I blew out and lighted again alternately, for several times. I then had a mind to try if I could save any of this spirit, in order to which I took a turbinated receiver, and putting a candle to the pipe of the receiver whilst the spirit arose, I observed that it caught flame, and continued burning at the end of the pipe, though you could not discern what fed the flame. I then blew it out, and lighted it again, several times; after which I fixed a bladder, squeezed and void of air, to the pipe of the receiver. The oil and phlegm descended into the receiver, but the spirit still ascending blew up the bladder. I then filled a good many bladders therewith, and might have filled an inconceivable number more, for the spirit continued to rise for several hours, and filled the bladders almost as fast as a man could have blown them with his mouth: and yet the quantity of coals distilled was considerable.

"I kept this spirit in the bladders a considerable time, and endeavoured several ways to condense it, but in vain. And when I had a mind to divert strangers or friends, I have frequently taken one of these bladders, and pricking a hole therein with a pin, and compressing gently the bladder, near the flame of a can-

die till it once took fire, it would then continue flaming till all the spirit was compressed out of the bladder: which was the more surprising, because no one could discern any difference in the appearance between these bladders, and those which are filled with common air.

“ But then I found that this spirit must be kept in good thick bladders, as in those of an ox or the like; for if I filled calves’ bladders therewith, it would lose its inflammability in twenty-four hours, though the bladders became not relaxed at all.”

But the application of the gas thus generated to the purposes of economical illumination, is of much more recent date, and the merit of introducing it is principally due to Mr. Murdoch, whose observations upon the subject are published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1808. He first tried it in Cornwall, in the year 1792; and afterwards in 1798 established an apparatus upon a more extended scale at Boulton and Watts’ foundry at Birmingham; and it was there that the first public display of gas lights was made in 1802, upon the occasion of the rejoicings for peace. These, however, were but imperfect trials, when compared with that made in 1805 at Messrs. Philips and Lee’s cotton mills at Manchester; and upon the results of which, all subsequent procedures, with regard to gas lighting, may be said to be founded. The whole cotton mill, with many adjacent buildings, were illuminated with coal gas to the exclusion of lamps, candles, and other sources of artificial light. Nearly a thousand burners of different forms were employed; and the light produced was estimated equal to that of 2500 well managed candles of six to the pound.

The most important and curious part of Mr. Murdoch’s statement, relates to the cost of the two modes of lighting (namely, by gas and candles,) per annum. The cost of the coal used to furnish the gas, amounting annually to 110 tons, was 125*l*. Forty tons of coals to heat the retort, 20*l*. and the interest of capital sunk, with due allowances for accidents and repairs, 550*l*. From the joint amount of these items, must be deducted the value of seventy tons of coke, at 1*s*. 4*d*. per cwt. amounting to 93*l*. which reduces the total annual expense to 602*l*.; while that of candles to give the same light, would amount to 2000*l*.

Such was the flattering result of the first trial of gas illumination upon a tolerably extensive scale. In regard to its efficacy, we are informed by Mr. Murdoch, that the peculiar softness and clearness of the light, with its almost unvarying intensity, brought it into great favour with the work people; and it being free from the inconvenience of sparks, and the frequent necessity of snuffing, are circumstances of material importance, as tending to diminish the hazard from fire, to which cotton mills are so much exposed.

AUBREY'S ACCOUNT OF SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

From his manuscripts preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE'S father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore, by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf he would do it in a *high style*, and make a speech. This William being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the play houses, and did act exceedingly well. (Now Ben Jonson was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor.) He began early to make essays in dramatique poetry, which at that time was very lowe, and his playes took well. He was a handsome well shaped man, verie good company, and of a very ready, and pleasant, and smooth witt. The humour of the constable, in *A Midsommer Night Dreame*, he happened to take at Crendon, in Bucks, (I think it was midsommer night that he happened to be there,) which is the road from London to Stratford; and there was living that constable about 1642, when I came first to Oxon. Mr. Jos. Howe is of the parish, and knew him. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men wherever they came. One time, as he was at the taverne at Stratford, Mr. Combes, an old usurer, was to be buried; he makes then this extemporary epitaph upon him:—

'Ten in the hundred the Devill 'allowes,
But Combes will have twelve, he swears and he vowes;
If any one aske who lies in this tombe,
Hoh! quoth the Devill, 'tis my John o'Combe!'

"He was wont to go to his native country once a yeare. I think I have been told that he left neare 300*l.* to a sister. He understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger yeares a school master in the country."

MR. BENJAMIN JOHNSON, POET-LAUREAT.

"I remember when I was a scholar at Trin. Col. Oxon, 1646, I heard Mr. Ralph Bathurst (now dean of Wells) say, that Ben Johnson was a Warwyckshire man. Tis agreed that his father was a minister; and by his epistle D. D. of *Every Man*——— to Mr. Wm. Camden, that he was a Westminster scholar, and that Mr. W. Camden was his schoolmaster. His mother, after his father's death, married a bricklayer; and tis generally sayd, that he wrought some time with his father in lawe, and particularly on the garden wall of Lincolns Inn, next to Chancery lane; and that a knight, a benchor, walking thro', and hearing him repeat some Greeke verses out of Homer, discoursing with him, and finding him to

have a witt extraordinary, gave him some exhibition to maintain him at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was ———; then he went into the Lowe Countreys, and spent some time, not very long, in the armie, not to the disgrace of it, as you may find in his epigrames. Then he came into England, and acted and wrote at the Green Curtaine (but both ill;) a kind of nursery, or obscure playhouse, somewhere in the suburbs (I think towards Shoreditch or Clarkenwell.) Then he undertooke againe to write a play, and did hitt it admirably well; viz. *Every Man* ———, which was his first good one. Sergeant Jo. Hoskins, of Herefordshire, was his *father*. I remember his sonne (Sir Bennet Hoskins, baronet, who was something poetical in his youth) told me, that when he desired to be adopted his sonne, No, said he, 'tis honour enough for me to be your brother: I am your father's sonne, 'twas he that polished me, I doe acknowledge it. He was (or rather had been) of a cleare and fair skin: his habit was very plaine. I have heard Mr. Lacy, the player, say, that he was wont to weare a coate like a coachman's coate, with slitts under the arm-pitts. He would many times excede in drinke: Canarie was his beloved liquor; then he would tumble home to bed, and when he had thoroughly perspired, then to studie. I have seen his studyeing chaire, which was of strawe, such as old women used, and as Aulus Gellius is drawn in. When I was in Oxon, Bishop Skynner (Bp. of Oxford,) who lay at our coll., was wont to say, that he understood an author as well as any man in England. He mentions, in his epigrames, a sonne that he had, and his epitaph. Long since, in King James's time, I have heard my uncle Davers (Danvers) say, who knew him, that he lived without Temple barre, at a combe-maker's shop, about the Eleph^{ts} Castle. In his later time he lived in Westminster, in the house under whiche you passe as you goe out of the Churche yarde into the Old Palace, where he dyed. He lies buried in the north aisle, the path square of stones, the rest is lozenge, opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Ros, with this inscription only on him, in a pavement square of bleu marble, O RARE BEN JONSON; which was donne at the charge of Jack Young, afterwards knighted; who walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cutt it."

The Prudent Judge.

[From the European Magazine.]

A TURKISH merchant, whose affairs called him into foreign countries, deposited a purse of a thousand sequins in the hands of a dervisc, whom he considered as his friend, and prayed to take the charge of that sum for him till his return from a journey he was about to make.

At the expiration of twelve months the merchant returned, claimed his property, and desired the dervise to restore it him:

but he denied strongly his having any sum of the merchant's, and consequently refused delivering him any. The other, shocked at this perfidy, addressed himself immediately to the cady, who told him he had acted very imprudently in trusting his money to a man with whose principles he was totally unacquainted. "It will be a difficult matter," replied the cady, "to compel this wretch to refund the sum, having received it from you without witnesses: but I will see," added he, "what I can do for you. Return to him, speak amicably to him, but do not give him the least intimation that I am acquainted with the affair; and come to me again to-morrow same hour."

The merchant obeyed punctually the cady's orders; but so far from drawing his money from the dervise, he met with nothing but insults from him. During the dispute, one of the cady's slaves arrives, and invites the dervise to come to his master, which he immediately complies with. He is introduced into the handsomest room, received by the cady with great friendship, and even treated as a person of distinguished rank. The cady conversed with him on various subjects, interlarding the discourse, as occasion offered, with encomiums on the knowledge and wisdom of the dervise. When by these means he thought he had gained his confidence, he said to him, "I have sent for you, honest dervise, to give you a proof of my friendship and esteem. An affair of the greatest moment requires my absence for some months; and as I do not trust to my slaves, I want to deposit my treasure into the hands of a man who enjoys, like you, an unblemished reputation. If you can take this charge upon yourself without any prejudice to your occupations, I will send you to-morrow, in the night, my most valuable effects; but as this business requires a profound silence, I shall give orders to my slaves to convey them to you as a present."—A gracious smile instantly covered the dervise's countenance; he returned the cady a thousand thanks for the confidence he reposed in him; and bound himself by the strongest oaths to guard his treasure as the apple of his eye, and departed as contented as if he had already bilked the judge.

The next day the merchant returned to the cady, and informed him of the dervise's obstinacy in refusing to restore him his sequins.—"Return again to him," said the judge to him: "and if he persists in his refusal, threaten to complain of him to me, and it is my opinion you will not be obliged to repeat the threat." The merchant goes back to the dervise, and had no sooner mentioned the cady to him, than he, fearing to lose the treasure he was to have the care of, returned him his purse, telling him, with a smile, "My dear friend, why need you have recourse to the cady? Your money was in perfect safety with me; my refusal was but a joke I put upon you, to see how you would take it." The merchant was prudent enough not to give credit to this jesting, and returned to the cady to thank him for his generous assistance.

Night coming on, the dervise prepared to receive the treasure that had been promised; but it passed without the appearance of any of the cady's slaves, and the night was for him of an insupportable length. As soon as the day appeared, he went to the judge. —“I am come to know why my lord the cady did not send his slaves last night to me?” —“Because,” answered the judge, “I have been apprized from an honest merchant that you are a perfidious wretch, whom justice will one day punish as your villany deserves, if a second complaint of this nature comes to my knowledge.” The dervise made a profound reverence, and departed without proffering the least syllable.

Dangerous Attractions: Suicides: Lakes.

[From the Literary Panorama.]

A Danish Journal offers the following anecdote: “During several months past a number of individuals, especially young men bewildered by ambition, have put themselves to death, by throwing themselves from the Round Tower: and to prevent these misfortunes, it has been found necessary to station sentinels at the place. The same precaution is frequently resorted to in Norway, with regard to a lake in the neighbourhood of Bergen. In a bason extremely deep, surrounded by projecting rocks, the lake spreads its still and motionless water, so effectually concealed from the light of day, that the stars may be discerned in the fluid at noon-day. The birds, conscious of a kind of attractive power resident in this vast gulf, dare not attempt to pass it. Whoever visits it, after having, with great exertions clambered up the barrier of rocks, around it, experiences a most uncontrollable desire to throw himself into his *heaven reversed*. It may be referred to the same kind of delusive feeling which is suffered when in a small boat, crossing a still water, so perfectly transparent that every stone at the bottom may be seen; it seems to invite the passenger to enter; and the passenger feels himself willing to comply. The Norwegians attribute this sensation to the magic power of the nymphs, or *Nixes*, who are still supposed to people every river and lake in the romantic districts of Scandinavia.

POETRY.

MADAME LAVALETTE.

[By Lord Byron.]

LET Edinburgh critics o'erwhelm with their praises
Their Madame de STAEL, and their fam'd L'EPINASSE:
Like a meteor at best, proud Philosophy blazes,
And the fame of a Wit is as brittle as glass:
But cheering's the beam, and unfading the splendour
Of thy torch, Wedded Love! and it never has yet
Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more tender,
Than it sheds on the name of the fair LAVALETTE.

Then fill high the wine-cup, e'en Virtue shall bless it,
And hallow the goblet which foams to her name;
The warm lip of Beauty shall piously press it,
And HYMEN shall honour the pledge to her fame:
To the health of the Woman, who freedom and life too
Has risk'd for her Husband, we'll pay the just debt;
And hail with applauses the Heroine and Wife too,
The constant, the noble, the fair LAVALETTE.

Her foes have awarded, in impotent malice,
To their captive a doom, which all Europe abhors,
And turns from the stairs of the Priest-haunted palace,
While those who replaced them there, blush for their cause:
But, in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd glory
Of dukes, and of Marshals, in darkness hath set,
Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading the story
Of the fond self-devotion of fair LAVALETTE.

For the Analectic Magazine.

INSCRIPTION, PROPOSED, FOR THE MONUMENT OF WASHINGTON.

ART thou a candidate for virtuous fame,
Who gazest on this everlasting name?
Then make the deeds, whose splendours round it glow,
Th' exemplar whence thy virtuous actions flow.
Would'st thou those high sublime achievements learn?
To History's proudest, brightest volumes turn.
Whate'er of goodness God to man imparts—
Whate'er of greatness dwells in human hearts—
And all of wisdom that exalts the mind,
In Washington harmoniously combined.
He waked to life on Freedom's chosen shore,
And early caught her flame and drank her lore.
When thundering o'er the Ocean's gloomy waves,
Oppression came to make Columbians slaves;
He grasp'd the sword, and rising in his might,
Called on her sons and marched to glorious fight.
Back roll'd th' invading blast, and Victory's peal
Proclaimed the power that edged his flaming steel:
Then was employed his unambitious mind
To quell the feuds the conflict left behind—
And, as in battle, he, in council great,
Became the guardian of the rising state.
His country is the page of his renown,
And bliss eternal his rewarding crown.—

D. B.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A Journal of a Young Man of Massachusetts, late a surgeon on board of an American privateer, who was captured by the British, &c. Written by himself. Boston. Rowe and Hooper. 1816.

This journal bears on every page the stamp of its genuineness. No bookmaking tricks, and indeed few arts of any kind, have been employed in its composition. It contains the author's relation of his adventures and opinions from the day when he stepped on board a privateer, "with no other idea than that of a pleasant cruize and making a fortune," until his return to his native country, after having been captured at sea, and suffered much in several British prisons.—His description of the laws, usages, intrigues, and *state of society* in these abodes of wretchedness, forms by far the most amusing portion of his work.—The Crown Prince prison-ship, at Chatham, contained, he informs us, "a pretty well organized community. We were allowed to establish among ourselves an internal police for our own comfort and self-government. And here we adhered to the forms of our own adored constitution; for in place of making a king, dukes, and lords, we elected a president and twelve counsellors, who, having executive as well as legislative powers, we called *committee men*. But instead of four years, they were to hold their offices but four weeks: at the end of which a new set were chosen, by the general votes of all the prisoners."—

"We used to have our stated, as well as occasional courts. Beside a bench of judges, we had our orators, and expounders of our laws. It was amusing and interesting to see a sailor, in his round short jacket, addressing the committee, or bench of judges, with a phiz as serious, and with lies as specious as any of our common lawyers in Massachusetts. They would argue, turn and twist, evade, retreat, back out, renew the attack, and dispute every inch of the ground, or rather the deck, with an address that astonished me." p. 54.

Among other things, the pernicious tendency of gaming attracted the attention of the legislative body. "We accordingly," says the author, "took a vote, agreeably to the custom of our country, and it was found to be the will of the majority to prohibit the practice of it. We began with the roulette table, or, as our men called them, 'wheels of fortune.' After no small opposition from the French officers, we succeeded in putting them down; but we could not succeed so easily against the billiard tables.—The owners of 'the wheels of fortune' were, perhaps, envied. They made money and lived better than the rest, and the same remark was made of the owners of the billiard tables. In the course of debate they were tauntingly called the *privileged order*, and rising from one degree of odious epithet to another, I could not help laughing, on hearing one angry orator pronounce this scheme of screwing money out of the pockets of the artless, and then laughing at their

poverty and distress, to be down right FEDERALISM. Now it should be known that a *Federalist* and *Federalism*, are the most odious ideas that can be raised up in the minds of every American prisoner in this river. A law was, therefore, proposed, to fine any American prisoner, who should call another a *Federalist*." p. 88.

But the most curious part of the prison history is the account of the usurpation of *king Dick* over the negroes confined at Dartmoor. "These blacks," we are told, "have a ruler among them whom they call *king Dick*. He is by far the largest, and I suspect the strongest man in the prison. He is six feet five inches in height, and proportionably large. This black Hercules commands respect, and his subjects tremble in his presence. He goes the rounds every day, and visits every birth to see if they are all kept clean. When he goes the rounds, he puts on a large bear-skin cap, and carries in his hand a huge club. If any of his men are dirty, drunken, or grossly negligent, he threatens them with a beating, and if they are saucy they are sure to receive one. They have several times conspired against him, and attempted to dethrone him; but he has always conquered the rebels."—"Besides his majesty *king Dick*, these black prisoners have among them a priest, who preaches every Sunday. He can read, and he gives good advice to his brethren; and his prayers are very much in the strain of what we have been used to hear at home. In the course of his education, he has learnt, it is said, to know the nature of crimes and punishments; for, it is said, that while on board the Crown Prince, prison-ship, at Chatham, he received a dozen lashes for stealing some clothing."—"It is curious to observe the natural alliance between *king Dick* and this priest. *Dick* honours and protects him, while the priest inculcates respect and obedience to this *Richard the 4th*. Here we see the union of church and state in miniature. Who told this negro that to maintain his influence, he must rally round the huge club of the strongest and most powerful man in this black gang of sinners? And who told *king Dick* that his nervous arm and massy club, were insufficient without the aid of the preacher of terror? Neither of them had read or heard of Machiavel." p. 166.

This keen, prying, good-humoured, warm-hearted New-England-man entertains his readers in various parts of his book with abundance of his notions on religion, jurisprudence, politics, and philosophy, and on the national characteristics of several countries. There are many of his remarks on these topics which, from their pleasantry, singularity, or shrewdness, we should be glad to extract, if this article were not already extended as far as our limits will conveniently allow.

Proposals have been published at Charleston, South Carolina, for re-printing by subscription the Poems of the late Gavin Turnbull, with an additional canto to his Bard, and other original poems; together with his Lectures, moral, classical and satirical. For the benefit of his widow.

That Mr. Turnbull was a genuine poet, is acknowledged by all persons of taste who have perused his works. Indeed the honourable mention made of him by Dr. Currie, in his biography of the celebrated Burns, and the opinion entertained of his writings in Britain as well as America, put his literary merit, as well as his reputation, beyond all doubt, and give him a distinguished station among the minstrels of Scotland,—now as illustrious for her poets as her philosophers. When, too, it is considered that the proposed publication is intended not only as a means to pay a just tribute to departed genius, and wreath the monumental urn of our bard—for he belongs to us as well as to his native country—with a garland of his own weaving, but also to rescue from indigence an aged widow, the partner of his hapless destiny, we feel sanguine in the hope that the appeal now made to an enlightened public for their patronage will be answered in a manner worthy of their wonted liberality and beneficence:

The work will be comprised in 300 large duodecimo pages. It will be handsomely printed on a clear paper with an elegant type, and delivered to subscribers in neat sheep binding at two dollars. A list of the patrons of this work will be annexed to it.

In the review with which we were favoured of Latour's Historical Memoir, translated from the manuscript copy in French, by H. P. Nugent, esq. of New-Orleans, our learned correspondent omitted to say any thing concerning the merit of the translator. We think it right, however, to declare that if the original of that animated and elegant work does credit to the author as a soldier, a citizen, and a writer, the translation does complete justice to the original.

The ingenious editor of a daily newspaper, published in a neighbouring state, compliments his poetical correspondents by giving to the department of his journal appropriated to their productions the name of *Limbo*; a name by which Milton designates the paradise of fools.

We learn that Mr. John H. Eaton, a gentleman said to possess competent learning, talents, industry, and means of information, has undertaken to complete the life of general Jackson, and the history of the war in the south; the work which was commenced and left unfinished by the late major John Read.

Gerund-grinding can now no longer be considered as a mere figure of speech: a person lately advertised in this city to teach grammar by means of a machine.

The ingenuity of the old world in scientific contrivances seems to keep pace with ours. It is stated in a late London paper, that a Polish Jew, named Abraham Stern, has invented an arithmetical machine, which solves all problems in the four rules of arithmetic, in whole numbers and fractions, quicker than can be done upon

paper. When the machine is set, it performs the operation and gives notice when it is done by ringing a bell!

It is in contemplation, we are informed, to establish an office in this city for correcting the press. The very erroneous manner in which several works are printed in the United States is indeed shameful, and demands loudly some correction or other. It would almost seem as if many of our books were printed, as watches are made up in Birmingham, for sale, but not for use.

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND FINE ARTS.

THE first number of a new and valuable periodical work, emanating from the Royal London Institution, and entitled the *Quarterly Journal of Science and the Arts*, has been lately published. "It is proposed," say the editors, "that the present journal shall appear only four times a year; and in this period of activity in science and literature, it may be presumed that a sufficiency of useful information respecting the sciences and the arts of life may be collected, to give interest and importance to a quarterly publication. The circumstances of the times likewise are favourable; the great commonwealth of Europe is recovering its ancient social relations; and it may be hoped that those energies of the human mind which have so long been employed in the operations of war, will be turned to the arts of peace, and that enterprise and emulation will principally be directed to objects connected with the happiness of society."

From late British publications.

The *Philosophy of Nature; or the Influence of Scenery on the Mind and Heart*. 2 vols.—These elegant volumes exhibit an uncommon variety of reading turned to the most profitable account in the formation of a correct judgment and the improvement of a fine taste. The author is enthusiastic in his admiration of landscape scenery, whether soft or romantic, and his numerous sketches of the beauties of nature in different parts of the world are drawn with uncommon neatness and felicity of expression. But the peculiar excellence and indeed originality of the work consists in the striking analogy which it presents between the sublimities of the external creation and the intellectual dignity of man. Every object on the globe, grand or minute, the mountain and the rock, the forest and the flower, become instrumental to the improvement of moral feeling and the expansion of the understanding. Where so much excellence abounds it would be unreasonable to find fault with any trifling defects; but as we hope to see many successive editions of this valuable and most instructive performance, we think its utility would be increased by compression. This might be done satisfactorily by condensing several of the characters,

particularly of the painters, and by cutting off numerous quotations, some of which are tedious, others irrelevant, and not a few too common for such a book, and the class of readers with whom it cannot fail to be a favourite.

The Congress of Vienna. By M. de Pradt. Translated from the French.—The author of this work has had abundant opportunities to become acquainted with the politics of modern Europe by virtue of his connection with Bonaparte, whom he represented in a diplomatic capacity at Warsaw. But though it cannot be denied that M. de Pradt is an acute observer of men, and sufficiently read in the history of most courts, to render his opinions and remarks in some degree worthy of notice, there is at the same time, throughout all his works, such an insufferable spirit of vanity in speaking of himself as to disgust every reader of sensibility. This man who was an abbé and an archbishop of the constitutional order, became a very ready tool of the imperial government; but when that was overthrown by the allies, his most reverend excellency took the merit of that event to himself, for it seems by his account the emperor said after his fall, “One man less and I should have been master of the world!” Now, who could this one man be? the reader will naturally ask, anticipating most probably that it could be no other than the duke of Wellington. No such thing, my honest friend, for this important person was no other than M. de Pradt, who says, “*Cet homme c’est moi*,” “That man is myself;” which he proves by telling us he mismanaged his embassy in Poland, and thereby contributed to Napoleon’s failure in Russia. Such is the enlightened and liberal statesman who has in this volume presumed to give his decisive opinion on the present and future state of every country in Europe.

Of a recent discovery of some important remains of the works of the Roman classics, in the Ambrosian library at Milan, the public have been informed in former numbers of this magazine. The greater part of them have been there just printed at the royal press. They consist of three orations of Cicero, with a commentary on them, and of four other orations; of eight orations of Summachus, and of almost the entire works of Fronto.

The interesting Grecian sculptures, discovered in the temple of Apollo, in Phygalia, by Mr. Cockerell and other artists, and which, as we have already announced, have been bought by the British government, have arrived in London, and are deposited in the British museum. They contain an hundred figures in *alto-relievo*, above two feet high, forming two complete subjects of combats, viz. between the *Centaurs* and *Lapithæ*, and between the *Amazons* and *Helleneans*. They are believed to be the only examples extant of entire subjects of the admirable school of Phidias. The energy and force displayed in the action of the figures is wonderful, and the variety and unity in the composition show

how far the arts must have been carried in the refined age of Pericles.

Mr. Ricardo has published an able pamphlet, on the means of providing an economical and secure currency. His proposal is, that, to prevent the rise of paper above the value of bullion, the bank should be obliged to deliver uncoined gold at the mint standard and price, in exchange for their notes, instead of the delivery of guineas; and that they should be also obliged to give their paper in exchange for standard gold at the price of 3*l.* 17*s.* per ounce. The quantity demanded or sold not to be less than twenty ounces. Mr. Ricardo shows the effect this would have in keeping the value of notes and of bullion equal.

A work, in the true Swiftian style, has lately challenged extensive curiosity, under the title of *Gulzara, Princess of Persia*; but which, in truth, relates to personages much nearer home. We understand the author is a respectable gentleman, well known in the literary circles of the metropolis.

The coal-gas company have lately increased the gaseous product, yielded by coal, by distilling a second time the tar which is obtained during the first distillation.

Dr. Tatham, rector of Lincoln college, Oxford, has published a very sensible pamphlet on the state of the currency of the country generally, which merits general perusal. He proposes the establishment of a superior government bank.

The seventh and eighth volumes of Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*, commenced by the late Mr. Henry Redhead Yorke, the publication of which from a variety of unforeseen circumstances has been delayed so long, are now at the press and in a state of great forwardness, and it is fully expected that both the volumes, which will complete this interesting national work, will be ready for publication early in the ensuing summer.

The lives of Dr. Pocock, bishop Pearce, bishop Newton, and Mr. Skelton, taken from the editions of their works, are printing in two octavo volumes.

Museum Criticum; or, *Cambridge Classical Researches*, No. VI. will contain, among other matter, the following articles: *Letters and Papers relating to the Egyptian Inscription of Rosetta.*—*Account of the dramatic representations of the Greeks.*—*J. J. Scaligeri Epistolæ quædam Selectæ.*—*Stesichori Fragmenta.*—*Remarks on the versification of Homer.*—*On the population of Athens.*—*Review of Dr. Malthy's Thesaurus Græcæ Poeseos.*—*Review of Willet's edition of Galeni Adhortatio ad Artes, &c.*

Speedily will be published, by Mr. Taylor, a *Treatise on Landscape*, comprising a series of interesting studies on fifty

plates, from original drawings, or selected from the best masters, in regular process from the first outlines to the finished subject. To be completed in four numbers, royal 8vo. price 3s. each.

Also, a Treatise on Architecture, including its history, progress, peculiar styles of different nations, the orders, their characteristics, with a great variety of interesting information relating to this art; illustrated by a series of fifty plates, including plans, elevations, sections, views, &c. of the most remarkable buildings, ancient and modern. To be completed in four numbers, royal 8vo. price 3s. each.

The fourth volume of the *Antiquities of Athens*, &c. by Stuart and Revett, imperial folio, containing 88 plates of the architectural antiquities at Pola; the sculpture of the celebrated temple of Minerva, at Athens, by Phidias, &c. besides 15 vignettes; edited by Mr. Joseph Woods, is now completed at the press, and will be delivered to the subscribers in the course of this month.

An elegant work in large 4to. with many coloured plates, by Mr. Repton, under the title of *Fragments on Landscape-Gardening and Architecture*, as connected with rural scenery, is nearly completed.

Mr. Laing, architect, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, in imperial folio, *Plans, Elevations, and Sections of Buildings*, public and private, including plans and details of the new custom-house, at London. The engraving of the plate is in great forwardness.

At press, a *System of Mechanical Philosophy*, by the late John Robison, LL. D. professor of natural philosophy in the University, and secretary to the royal society of Edinburgh. With notes and illustrations, comprising the most recent discoveries in the physical sciences. By David Brewster, LL. D. F. R. S. E. In four vols. 8vo. with numerous plates.

Mr. William Jones, late acting surgeon at Serampore, will soon publish a *Collection of Facts and Opinions relative to Widows burning themselves with the dead bodies of their Husbands, and to other destructive customs prevalent in British India*.

Preparing for publication, the *Works of Ben Jonson*, complete; carefully collated with the earliest editions, and corrected; illustrated with notes, critical and explanatory. To which is prefixed an original *Life of the Author*. By William Gifford, esq. Handsomely printed by Bulmer, in 8vo.

The Antiquary, a novel, by the author of *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, will appear in April.

The number of works on various subjects that has appeared in France during the year 1815, is 674. Our readers may recollect, that formerly it approached, or even exceeded 1000.

cities; and the contributors to it, are requested, to forward their respective articles as early as the 1st. of October,—accompanied, if they please, with a separate note containing the names of the authors, together with directions as to the manner in which they choose to receive the compensation. The proprietor pledges himself that the seals of such notes shall not be broken, if the communication itself be rejected; and that the name of no writer shall be disclosed, if on his part he request it to be kept a secret.

I. The Quarterly Journal will appear regularly on the first days of January, April, July, and October.

II. Each Number will contain about 250 pages, 8vo. neatly printed.

III. The Annual Subscription will be Six Dollars—payable on the receipt of the third number, on the 1st of July.

(Persons, however, with whom the Publisher is unacquainted will be required to pay in advance, or give satisfactory reference.)

IV. The price of single numbers will be 175 cents, payable on delivery; and Subscribers will be at liberty to withdraw their names when they please, on paying at this rate for such numbers as they may have received,—otherwise they will be considered as having subscribed for a year.

* * SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED *by the Agents for the Analectic Magazine.*

THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE will be continued as usual. The exclusion, however, of all long articles will admit of a *greater variety* of others, and the Literary Intelligence will be more copious than heretofore. It is designed, in short, to present our countrymen, by means of these two works, with a complete Magazine of miscellaneous reading;—the Monthly Publication containing a various treasure of the lighter articles of periodical literature, while the Quarterly affords a less multifarious fund of its more substantial productions.

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V. **WIDOWS.** If a husband, five years older than his wife, pays 100 dollars when he is 40 years of age, it will entitle her, if she outlives him, to receive 32 dollars annually; if his age was 50, she would draw 38 dollars; and if 60, near 45 dollars a-year during her life.

Further particulars may be obtained at the office, or by letter, (post paid) addressed to

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AUGUST, 1816.

ORIGINAL.

NOTICE OF WALTER SCOTT.

ACCOMPANYING the present number of the *Analectic Magazine*, we exhibit to our readers the likeness of the popular personage whose name stands at the head of this article. Mr. Scott is said to be a robust, broad-shouldered,—rather a bony, than a fleshy man. His hair and complexion are light; his face is round and full; but, with the exception of a somewhat luminous parti-coloured eye, his countenance exhibits, upon the whole, an expression of stupidity, rather than of genius. In all these particulars (so far as they can be traced with the pencil) our portrait is faithful,—much more faithful, we are assured, than that which has been prefixed to some of his works republished in this country. We may take this occasion to remark, however, that all well-executed likenesses are apt to give too flattering a representation of the human face. The steady, unalterable look of the painting leads us to expect a character of penetration and thoughtfulness in the original; and the most light and frivolous persons are in this way not unfrequently represented with a dignity which is the invariable occasion of disappointment and surprise.

We have said more of the portrait than, we fear, we can say of the original. Few lives, which are so illustrious, have been so much neglected as that of Walter Scott. As he is almost con-

stantly before us in some interesting character or other, we have neither time nor disposition to investigate his history: the British periodical magazines,—seldom deficient in their biographical duties,—are lamentably barren on this most popular topic; and there is not a publication within our knowledge which contains any thing like a satisfactory biography of Mr. Scott. What little *we* know of him shall be most freely communicated,—with this preliminary remark, however, that the life of a prolific author can be little more than a history of his several publications.

Walter Scott was born of obscure parents (1769) in Lothian, in Scotland. A lameness in his leg exempted him from the common laborious lot of his brothers; and, as he had nothing to supply the place of occupation, he resorted to the company, and became the darling of old men and shepherds; who dandled him on their knees, and told him legendary stories of the Scottish borderers. A taste for such tales, thus early acquired, led him, at a subsequent period, to consult the manuscripts of the border antiquary: he searched with indefatigable eagerness for every ballad and stanza of the ancient bards;* his thorough knowledge of such kind of poetry inspired him with confidence to attempt some imitations; and in 1802 he published a volume, to which he gave the curious title of *Scottish Minstrelsy*,—consisting of old ballads retouched and amended, together with some original compositions by himself and a Mr. Leyden. The local narrative, the rude metre, and the uncouth diction of these pieces are not sufficiently counterbalanced by the vigour and simplicity of the thoughts to make them the subjects of very general perusal; and the Minstrelsy of the Scottish border has ceased perhaps to be much sought after, except by those who are willing to purchase their pleasure at the expense of consulting a glossary. The interruption occasioned by this tedious process always impairs, and not unfrequently destroys the effect of the best poetry:—a kind of composition, we should remember, which ought to bear along the mind in a stream of uninterrupted thought. No man ever relished Virgil while he was learning the Latin tongue; and no man can hope to receive

* He is now publishing, in sixteen parts, a voluminous and elaborate work upon the Border Antiquities of England and Scotland.

much pleasure" from Scottish poetry, while he is obliged to divide his attention between the ballad and the dictionary.

Yet this collection of minstrelsy was by no means destitute of popularity. Among Mr. Scott's own countrymen, who understood the language, and felt an interest in the stories, it unquestionably enjoyed a very extensive circulation: and in England, as well as in America, the strength and pathos of the conceptions forced their way into perusal through every obstacle of measure and diction.—We cannot be expected to enter into a detailed criticism of the several ballads which compose the volume. If any single pieces are supereminent to the rest, perhaps the Lament of the Queen's Marie and Helen of Kirconnell Lee* may claim that distinction.—The contributions of Mr. Scott, and of his friend, Mr. Leyden, possess much poetical excellence: but the language continually betrays the recency of their origin; and we believe it is utterly impracticable to exclude from imitations of ancient poetry the unequivocal characteristics of modern phraseology.

With all these difficulties in the way, it was hardly to be expected that the Scottish Minstrelsy would be universally admired. Yet, as Mr. Scott had devoted a part of more than thirty years to the history of the border clans, an attachment to the subject was radicated too deeply in his mind to be shaken by the partial ill-success of a first essay; and in 1805 he attempted a still more arduous flight, in the production of an original epic romance. In the Lay of the Last Minstrel, it was Mr. Scott's professed object to combine the rudeness and simplicity of the ancient ballad with the polish and refinement of modern poetry; and accordingly the poem is put into the mouth of an old bard, who may be supposed to have survived the Revolution, and to have realized the experience of the Pylian sage:—

Two ages o'er his native land had reigned,
And now the example of the third remained.

The success of this poem was beyond anticipation. It was extolled by the critics, reprinted by the booksellers, and read by every

* This ballad was often published before its appearance in the Minstrelsy; and we have lately seen it in some of the most respectable British periodical works, as an original production of a Mr. John Myne.

body. From the reputation of a humble compiler, Mr. Scott rose suddenly to the eminence of an original poet,—not in the too common acceptation of that word, as being able to complete a volume of what is poetry to the eye merely,—but as possessing that nameless quality which can extract the essence of things from its concomitants, and make the representation stronger than the reality.*

The praise bestowed upon the Lay was not certainly on account of its story,—which, for an epic poem, is deficient in some of the most important requisites of excellence. The progress of the narrative is too much obstructed by the events of the three first cantos; and when it has once got a going, it runs on more than one whole canto beyond the legitimate catastrophe. Yet the visit of Delorane to the ‘holy pile of Melrose’ gives occasion to so many splendid specimens of poetic excellence, that we should be sorry to see it sacrificed to the propriety of the narrative. We believe the same indulgence cannot extend to the conclusion of the fifth, and the whole of the sixth canto. When the hero is killed, or is betrothed, the story should be at an end; and the poet always transgresses the canons of criticism, if he conducts his readers through the joyous carousals of a marriage, or the lugubrious ceremonies of a funeral.

Yet Mr. Scott steps in between our pen and his poem with a palliation which ought not to be altogether disregarded. He tells us that his object was not so much to produce a continuous, regular story, as to exhibit the characteristic manners of his actors,—to portray the pastoral, yet warlike habits of the Scottish borders; whose proud and chivalric notions were constantly prompting them to reciprocal depredation, and who thought they had made a singular escape if their dwellings were not burned to the ground at least once a year.† Whether he might not have interwoven all his materials on these subjects into one regular and complete nar-

* Johnson in the lives of Waller and Pope.

† See the lamentation of Tinlinn in canto iv.—

They crossed the Liddle at curfew hour,
And burned my little lonely tower;
The fiend receive their souls therefor!
It had not been burned this year or more.

rative, he alone perhaps is the proper person to judge; for ourselves, we see very little difference between his own case and that of every other epic writer; and nothing but the assurance of losing some of his best poetry would reconcile us to a repetition of his irregularities.

Mr. Scott has also bespoken our indulgence for the machinery of the poem; but we think he had better spared himself the trouble of an excuse. Supernatural agency is never required, and will never be tolerated, except when the action cannot be performed by human hands. The estray of the boy in the forest, the interview of Lord Henry with Lady Margaret, and the theft of sir William's armour,—might all have been effectuated without the help of the goblin-page, or the consultation of Michael Scott's cybeline book. The page is a malicious intruder into good company; and the most he does is to exclaim, 'lost! lost! lost!' at the beginning of the poem, and 'found! found! found!' at the end.

There are a few other personages in this poem who are objectionable for their names more than for their characters. Mr. Scott has never delighted in those smooth 'names which' (says Dryden) 'seem made for poetry,'—

"As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles."

On the contrary, he seems to take pleasure in conquering a stubborn, unpoetical name, and in making it lie easy in his lines. For his success in most instances he is at least entitled to indulgence; but it is not all the drilling in the world that can subdue to smoothness such names as Arthur-Fire-the-braes, and Archibald-Bell-the-cat.—If some native American should write a poem on the wars of our own borderers, and should encumber his lines with the Indian names of Split-log, Walk-in-the-water, and a dozen more which we could mention,—how speedily would the European critics be impaling him upon the point of their pens!

The Lay is sung in the dissolute numbers of the old ballad metre,—though Mr. Scott has introduced and concluded each canto with a more regular and measured verse. These exquisite, though scanty effusions were the earnest of still more copious and excellent productions. It is amusing to trace the progress of Mr. Scott from incipient imitation to final originality. He first appears

as a humble editor and imitator of old ballads: he next comes forth a little bolder, in a work of his own conception,—written, however, in the old Scottish measure, with here and there a modest departure of originality; but it was not till his third exhibition, that he ventured boldly to quit the beaten track of the ballad, and to strike out a path of composition which was entirely and peculiarly his own. *Marmion* appeared in 1808.

There are some faults common to the *Lay* and *Marmion*. So long had Mr. Scott been engaged in the contemplation of Scottish antiquities, that he attached extraordinary importance to every trivial circumstance which might illustrate the character of the borderers; and accordingly his narrative is too often made tedious by heavy and cumbrous descriptions of objects and events which can be interesting only to a national antiquary like himself. If he stumble upon an incident which suggests ideas about an old knight, or an old castle, or an old any thing, he never fails to pursue the devious association till he bewilders his readers and himself: again, while we are going on in our journey, with an unsuspecting resignation to the conduct of the poet,—the ground suddenly gives way beneath our feet, and we are obliged to grope through whole stanzas, in some episodical parenthesis. Nothing is more fatiguing than this mode of conducting a story; and were not Mr. Scott's barren details occasionally relieved by the most striking contrasts of exuberant poetic excellence, we almost believe we should throw aside his book before we had penetrated to the third canto. Divested of all extraneous description, the story of *Marmion* might have been told in twenty or thirty stanzas; and although we have perused the poem so often as to learn some of the best passages by heart, we are yet at a loss to know how Mr. Scott has contrived to protract it through six cantos, of more than three hundred lines each. It is difficult to pronounce a general opinion upon the merits of *Marmion*: perhaps there never was a poem which exhibited such a marked inequality of composition: we could select parts which would disgrace any poet; yet we would fearlessly compare the last canto with the descriptions of any writer who ever undertook to paint the scenery of battle.

It would be unpardonable to dismiss *Marmion* without remarking the artifice and improbability of almost all the incidents

as well as the tameness, or atrocity, of almost all the characters of the poem. A romantic writer is always permitted to bring about some very important event by some very extraordinary good luck: the infrequency of such occasions takes away the improbability of the device; and we often overlook the insignificance of the means, to contemplate the magnitude of the end. But when the whole contexture of a narrative,—the most trivial, as well as the most important parts,—can only be held together by a succession of the merest chances in the world, we begin to lose all faith in the story, and all patience with the teller. There is scarcely an incident, from the introductory line to “the last words of Marmion,” which does not take place either by accidental necessity,—or by no necessity at all.

We believe no body has ever been extravagantly pleased with the characters of this poem. We never could reconcile ourselves with Marmion: and although Mr. Scott has taken every pains to make him repent his abuse of Clarence, and his conspiracy against De Wilton; yet he still trembles before us as a seducer and a forger: nor can all his bravery at Flodden prevent us from believing that he rushed into battle more to escape the war of his own breast, than to fight for the interests of his king. Clarence is no better. With all the privileges of the sex on her side, we cannot help despising the wretch who could conspire the death of one innocent person by forgery, and of another by poison. Such meanness can neither be excused by the vehemence, nor redeemed by the fidelity of affection; and although Mr. Scott has made our hairs stand erect with a description of her dismal apartment,—yet we hear her shrieks with not much emotion when we are compelled to remember that she half merits her treatment.—As to Clara de Clare, she has so very little to do in the events of the poem, that perhaps her character is hardly worth noticing. Harry Blount and Fitz Eustace are much more important personages in every part of the story: and we have often sought relief from the guilty company of Marmion in the innocent, vivacious, and good-natured society of these humble retainers.

We have reserved De Wilton for a separate consideration,—because, as our remarks upon him are equally applicable to all the *real* heroes of Mr. Scott’s poems, we wished to spare our rea-

ders the fatigue, and ourselves the trouble of continual repetitions in the subsequent part of this article. Immemorial usage has made it the common law of criticism, that the hero of every fictitious story should be,—not only the chief actor through all the preliminary incidents,—but the person whose fortune is mainly effected by the final catastrophe of the piece. According to this definition, Mr. Scott has not a single hero in all his numerous progeny of epics. Marmion is certainly the most important person in almost all the events of the poem which we have just been considering; yet the humble palmer is, in the end, the only character who can justly be said to be its hero; and the name of DE WILTON is most unpoetically superceded in the title by that of MARMION. Whether this *division of labour* enables Mr. Scott to manufacture poetry with so much more facility than his epic predecessors, we dare not assume the responsibility of determining;—but that it destroys just half of the effect which would be produced by suffering every hero to achieve his own fortune, is a fact which every reader is competent to verify.

When we approach the Lady of the Lake, we perceive the same fault which forms the capital deformity of Marmion. The person who is the hero at the catastrophe has scarcely any part at all in the preliminary action: Fitz-James and Roderick do their very best,—nay, shed their own blood,—to work out the good fortune of ‘the Graeme;’ and at last, even the old Douglas is obliged to hazard his outlawed life in order to effectuate a match between two subordinate characters of the poem,—to fling the golden chain around the neck of Malcolm, and lay the clasp on the hand of Ellen. This criticism is not avoided by saying that the title, as well as the event of the poem, evinces a design to describe the fortunes of a heroine; for we should still be justified in answering that the Lady of the Lake is not, in point of importance, higher than the fourth character of the story.

With little variation, the same remarks must be extended to Rokeby. Bertram is not the ultimate hero,—though he does all the most important business of the poem. Wilfrid appears in the early part of the story; but we soon begin to discover that he is no hero. Redmond chases Bertram through the bushes, and through the third canto with eager heroism enough, we admit; but he

could do nothing without the intermediation of his most deadly foe; and he would have lost his own head, as well as the hand of Matilda, if Risingham had not appeared just in season to alter and complete the catastrophe of the poem.

The last great poem of Mr. Scott is certainly misnamed *The Lord of the Isles*. Bruce is in all respects the true hero of the tale; and the loves of Ronald and Edith form an unwieldy underplot to the great epic action of the poem. *The Lord of the Isles* is, to be sure, much oftener on the stage, and is more instrumental in effectuating the catastrophe than his prototype—the Graeme: but he shrinks into a subaltern of Bruce's at the beginning of the story; and must even employ the intermediation of the king to do all his courting,—the business which, more than any other, is appropriate to himself alone.

So much we deemed it necessary to say of a reigning fault in all the productions of Mr. Scott. We shall now resume the more particular consideration of his remaining poems.—Only two years after the appearance of *Marmion*—in 1810—Mr. Scott published *The Lady of the Lake*: a poem which is more uniform and polished in its diction,—more connected and probable in its story,—more busy and complete with incident,—more enlivened and variegated with character,—than either of its predecessors. At every step in his progress to originality, Mr. Scott seems to have left behind him some of the offensive peculiarities of the old ballad poetry,—retaining, at the same time, all that was attractive, enhanced by the vigour of his own genius, as well as by the advantage of appearing without alloy. When we first read the *Lady of the Lake*, we did not hesitate to extol it above both the *Lay* and *Marmion*: a number of successive perusals only operated to confirm our judgment; but lest some accidental circumstance of humour might have produced our preference, we have again perused the poem, with the rest of his works, for the purpose of composing this article, and we find our stubborn predilection still holding its ground,—even against the subsequent claims of *Rokeby* and *The Lord of the Isles*. In his own way, Mr. Scott has decidedly surpassed every one of his cotemporaries:—

———*Mil majus generatur ipso,
Nec riget quidquam simile aut secundum.*

But he that soars above competition seldom fails to slacken his efforts: an absence of motive takes away the vigour of exertion; and we think there is plainly discernable in the progress of Mr. Scott, a regular ascent from the Lay of the Last Minstrel to *The Lady of the Lake*,—and as regular a declination from *The Lady of the Lake* to *The Lord of the Isles*. He has followed the same track which was so often trod before him: applause has made him confident; confidence has made him careless; and the same faults, which were originally the effects of ignorance, become finally the result of relaxation. Yet, as Mr. Scott started from excellence, he can never sink to mediocrity; and however much we may place *The Lord of the Isles* below *The Lady of the Lake*, it must still be far above all other productions which aspire to the same species of eminence.

But let not decided preference be mistaken for indiscriminate admiration. We have before noticed the great defect in the story of Mr. Scott's chief work; and we will only add here, that nothing but the example of Achilles can at all excuse the absence of Malcolm Graeme from almost the beginning quite to the end of the poem.—A great many incidents of the narrative are linked together by improbability: but no part of the poem is so artificially composed as the whole canto of the combat. We are disposed to grant that the king of Scotland might withdraw himself from court without causing much disturbance; that he might grope his way to Ellen's sequestered grot without any very great difficulty; and that a maniac might accidentally be in his path, just in a lucid interval of reason, to warn him of his danger: but when we are told that Roderick slept alone, at the distance of almost a day's travel from his clan, and that the 'combat' took place just at the lucky spot where James had left his attendants, we begin to feel as if we were imposed upon, and are out of all humour with the writer, who expects our credulity to swallow such improbabilities.

The most important characters of the poem are drawn with the greatest skill and discrimination. James and Roderick are the personages in contrast; and we think the latter is made the most interesting of the two.—Mr. Scott has abused Malcolm Graeme in more than one instance. We know that the chase is a symbol of war; and we know also that Malcolm was never in a situation to

practice in the field of battle the skill which he had acquired in sylvan warfare; yet there are certain qualities in the character of a hunter which are little calculated to exalt that of a hero: much humbler persons than the Graeme are accustomed to value themselves upon knowing every pass through the forest "by lake or mountain;" and surely it sounds like a schoolboy's boast to say,—

"*Right up Ben-Lommond he could press,*" &c.

We know of nothing so busy as the chase of Mr. Scott,—except it be, what, for the sake of the antithesis, we may call *The Trip of Virgil*; and the thought has more than once occurred to us, that some of the chief incidents in the latter suggested a few corresponding ones in the former. *Æneas* starts from Sicily, and James from Stirling,—the one with his companions on shipboard, —the other with his followers on horseback; both are separated from their attendants; are wrecked, and find themselves in a solitary, unknown land; both resolve to wander in quest of its inhabitants; both are unexpectedly confronted by a huntress; and both are conducted by their new-found guides to a place where they least expected to see the remnants of ancient grandeur,—one exclaiming,—

Quis jam locus—————

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!

En Priamus: sunt hîc etiam sua præmia ludi!

the other,

Why is it at each turn I trace,

Some memory of that exiled race!

Can I not view a highland brand,

But it must match the Douglass' hand!

The descriptions of *Venus* and *Ellen*, as they appear respectively to *Æneas* and James, have both been marked with admiration; and we shall here transcribe them side by side, chiefly in order to notice an error in taste which is common to Mr. Scott and most of his poetical cotemporaries.

————— *humeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum*

————— *dederatque comam diffundere ventis;*

Nuda genu, nodoque sinus collecta fluentes.

The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain,
With head up-raised and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art.

Now, as far as the word *apart*, this very animated description is intelligible to the most unlettered reader; because it is a faithful copy of an original which nature has furnished to every human being who has lived in society: but when Mr. Scott undertakes to illustrate the picture by a ‘monument of Grecian art,’ his meaning is only accessible to those who have visited the cabinet of the antiquary, or have seen the plates of the engraver; and he commits a fault analogous to that of the authors of the *Ancient Universal History*, who endeavour to give their readers an idea of the hillocks around the Dead Sea by likening them to those “places in England where there have been lime-kilns:” places which, to three fourths of their readers, are equally unknown with those of which they are attempting the description.—There is, besides this, another very cogent objection to such kind of similies. It is well known that almost all the monuments of Grecian art are taken from the descriptions of Homer; and even if, therefore, they were so scattered over the land as to be familiar to all readers, a comparison with them must aspire only to a third-hand delineation of nature.—We might easily protract quotations under this head from almost all the popular writers of this century; but our limits are too circumscribed; and we must hasten to the close of this article with a cursory review of Mr. Scott’s two remaining poems.

His muse did not suffer her admirers to remain long without another proof of her fecundity. *Rokeby* was published in 1812. This is one of those works which grow interesting by acquaintance; and which, to be relished at all, must be read two or three times at least. There are some detached passages which complete their effect at the first reading; but the poem, considered as a whole, will never develop all its beauties till reperusals have rendered it familiar. The reason of this peculiarity is by no means difficult of explanation. The whole sympathetic effect of a catastrophe depends very obviously upon the relations in which the several actors stand towards each other; this knowledge, again, depends

quite as obviously upon the simplicity with which the incidents are successively connected together; and we need scarcely add, that the fewness of the characters contributes greatly to the simplification of the story. It is unnecessary, we suppose, to tell our readers how and where this observation is intended to apply. Had Rokeby, like Blackstone, been accompanied by a table of relationship, a superficial inspection of its squares, and octagons, and circles, all tied together in very definite beau-knots, would have spared us the trouble of reading the poem more than twice in order to comprehend the narrative: we should then have literally realised the description of another great poet,—*seca regentes filo vestigia*: but by the omission of this necessary appendage we are left to the alternative of utter ignorance, or endless reperusal; and we very much doubt whether one in ten of Mr. Scott's admirers has ever thoroughly understood the ties which connect the characters of his fourth great epic.

We are of opinion, too, that Mr. Scott's genius is by no means calculated to manage a complicated plot. Nothing can be more meagre, and ill held together, than the generality of his fables: yet with his masterly delineation of character, and his picturesque description of scenery, he contrives to make us forget the improbability of his stories: he hurries us along from one incident to another with a rapidity which leaves no space for reflection; and it is not till we have laid aside the book, that we are capable of investigating with a critical eye the several parts of the ground over which we find ourselves unaccountably snatched. All this must be done very slowly where he is to manage so much apparatus as we find in the story of Rokeby; and this circumstance, added to a little negligence, is quite sufficient to account for the comparative unpopularity of the poem.

The tremendous Bertram is one of Mr. Scott's very best drawn characters. The colossal stature of his body, and the gigantic depravity of his mind, have never been equalled, except in the heroes of the sublimer poets; and nothing, we think, can more plainly evince the versatility of Mr. Scott's descriptive talent than his success in sketching a personage so very different from the ordinary class of his characters. A very common fault is committed in enlisting our sympathy on the side of the villain, when stretched upon the floor at the commencement of the last canto; and perhaps

almost every reader is apt to take his part at the end, where he is pinned to the ground by the odds of twenty to one, just after he had performed the only laudable action of his life. The description of his death, and of his bursting through the conflagration at Rokeby, are among Mr. Scott's most happy efforts.

The last great production we shall have occasion to notice, was published in 1815, three years after the appearance of *Rokeby*. Here Mr. Scott has departed a little from the ordinary track of his poetry; and, by attempting to sustain a graver and more heroic tone than seems to be well-suited to his genius, has made *The Lord of the Isles* sink, in point of interest, beneath every one of his preceding works. The incidents are not unnaturally held together; and, indeed, peculiar pains seem to have been taken to assign a good reason for every thing that happens: but partly by inattention, partly by the intrinsic difficulty of the subject, and more than all by the detail of irrelevant circumstances, the poem is rendered heavy and tedious; and we are sometimes obliged to toil through several stanzas of barren circumlocution, without a single spot of good poetry to cheer us on the way. We are much too often drawn into an episode to view some old castle, which is described with all the technical minuteness of an engineer; and, excepting one or two initiatory lines in each stanza, the whole voyage in *Canto IV.* is very little more interesting than Homer's catalogue of ships.

The two Bruces are admirably delineated: but the good and evil qualities of Ronald, the nominal hero of the poem, so effectually neutralize each other, that he can hardly be said to possess 'any character at all.' He is by far too fickle, both in his loyalty and in his love. He abandons the cause of Bruce when it is desperate, and resumes it again as soon as it becomes hopeful: he breaks his faith with the Maid of Lorn to gain the hand of king Robert's sister, and reverts to his Edith when Isabel is withdrawn: but we could even forgive him every thing else, had he not sneaked into the favour of Bruce (in the fourth canto) by a mean prevarication about the scorn with which his profered hand had been repulsed. He must have known that the coldness of Lorn was merely the reciprocation of his own indifference; and his attempt to escape censure by showing his enemy all to blame, is the

despicable subterfuge of every guilty conscience. At first view this judgment may seem to be severe; yet it grows righteous as we approach the abused, but unnatural Edith.—With all our knowledge of the inconsistencies which meet in human nature, we cannot believe that the high and haughty maid of the first canto should sink down into the dejected and helpless page of the fifth—be bandied about, crying and sobbing, through the greater part of the poem; and at last reappear in a complete resuscitation of all her charms. The improbability would be still more glaring, had not De Wilton led the way for Edith of Lorn.

We have now completed a general, and somewhat superficial review of Mr. Scott's chief poetical works. Of his other poems, some are too short for particular criticism, and some, that are longer, ought not to be disturbed in their progress to oblivion. We have likewise neglected to speak of Mr. Scott as an editor, and as an original writer in prose; in both of which characters his success has been loudly praised and liberally rewarded. As we are speaking of rewards, it may be well to mention, that from *Marmion* to *Rokeby*, Mr. Scott's increasing reputation was marked by an arithmetical progression in the price of his three poems: he received 1000 guineas for the first; 2000 for the second, and 3000 for the third.

We are now prepared to give what we conceive to be the character of Mr. Scott as a poet. He is a bold, rather than an original writer. He employs no new fables,—no new incidents,—no new characters: every thing in his poems is merely a repetition of what his readers have heard a thousand times before; yet if it be as much a mark of genius to make 'familiar things new' as to make 'new things familiar,' we must place him very near the first rank of our greatest poetical authors. In almost every stanza of his works he has contracted a debt to some of his predecessors; but the boldness with which he plucks, and the ease with which he adjusts a borrowed plume, takes away half the demerit of his semi-plagiarism; while the aptness of his appropriations, and the improvement which they seldom fail to receive from his own hands, very nearly abstract the other half, and leave Mr. Scott almost an original poet. In him we have, at all events, a notable example of what education and industry can accomplish upon a

mind which from nature did not perhaps receive any **very** strong characteristics of a poetical cast; and we are by no means sure that the readers of poetry are not wholly indebted to an accidental lame leg for five voluminous productions, which will continue to be read as long as taste shall sympathize with genius.

The best constructed story is no mark of poetical talents: in this requisite, accordingly, our readers need not be told by this time, we almost always find Mr. Scott deficient: yet for delineation of character and description of scenery, we hardly know where to look for a superior; and perhaps the number and variety of his productions would entitle him to a place among the very first of poets—were we not compelled to reflect that too much of his reputation, like that of many other individuals, is supported more by borrowed opulence than by original funds. If any part of his poetry is exempt from this allegation, it is the construction of his measure. He had to contend against all the prejudices of long established possession in his persevering endeavours to prove that the octosyllabic verse is strong enough to sustain the weight of epic matter. Seldom indeed does he attempt, and he always fails in the attempt, to assume the gravity of heroic composition: the verse of eight feet seems to be appropriate only to descriptions of a lively character; and Mr. Scott regularly succeeds best in those parts of his poetry which are busy with shifting scenery and rapid motion. In the parade of battle he is necessitated to march with something of Epic dignity; and on such occasions we find him proceeding with a solemnity which always appears unnatural, and not unfrequently ridiculous. We have remarked a great many times, that an adverb or a preposition repeated (as it is in the French) before each of several successive common substantives, often adds both to the dignity and to the clearness of language; but when the same process is observed in regard to proper names, which, as mere tokens of personality, cannot be supposed to possess any difference of meaning, and, of course, to need any emphasis of specification—there is something so affectedly stiff in the composition that we can hardly restrain our laughter—even in the midst of a fight. We allude now to such lines as these,

“Where Huntly and where Home?

“With Huntly and with Home &c. passim.

In some instances, Mr. Scott has carried this affectation so far, as to render his language not only ludicrous, but absolutely nonsensical;—as in the second line of the following couplet, from the Lay of the Last Minstrel—where a separating preposition is prefixed to each of the individuals who are its objects:

“ For now arose disputed claim

“ *’Twixt* Harden and *’twixt* Thirlestaine.”

Perhaps, we cannot better express our opinion of Mr. Scott, than by contrasting him with his rival in popularity, the unfortunate lord Byron. Of the personal character respectively sustained by these two poets, we have the same means of judging which are possessed by all their readers:—We know them by their works; and from these it is plain, without the aid of antithesis, that they are fundamentally different sorts of men, both in the conception and in the expression of their thoughts—in the choice as well as in the treatment of their subjects. Gloomy and misanthropic, Byron seems to receive a kind of piratical pleasure in the company of those who hate all the rest of the world, and wage indiscriminate warfare upon friends as well as foes.—Scott loves his species; he feels the influence, while he acknowledges the authority of moral principle, and of civil government; and would be one of the first to wield the sword or the pen in exterminating the corsairs of the world. Their heroes differ from each other as the magistrate differs from the delinquent—as Hercules differs from his monster. The Turks and Algerines would arrange themselves under the banners of Byron:—Scott would enlist the whole human race besides.

Nor do the characters of the two poets approach any nearer a parallelism when we come to the subject of description. Byron finishes an outline with a few bold, but careless strokes; and while his portraits are almost always original, they are not unfrequently extravagant:—Scott is by no means timid or cautious: his hand is free and easy; but he seems to have disciplined it into such thorough obedience, that, like the Parisian Manes, he can strike out a complete circle with a flourish of his pencil; and although he may sometimes delineate an unnatural feature, yet never perhaps did he produce an entire monster. When Byron

has described a sketch, he leaves it to be filled up by the imagination of his readers:—Scott anticipates the whole of this labour: “nescit manum de tabula tollere;” and never takes his hand from the canvass while a single feature remains untouched. Byron sculptures a bust and leaves the rest of the body in the rudeness and imperfection of the native marble:—Scott fashions every limb, shapes every muscle, traces every artery; and leaves not a hair of the head to be either extracted or supplied.

* * We do not much regret that the above was written before we had an opportunity of seeing an English book, entitled “A Dictionary of the Living Authors of Great Britain and Ireland,” besides a great many other things in the title-page, which are belied in the contents. In the language of the editors themselves we were not “forgetful that a Dictionary of this class cannot be *too* copious in its facts;” and accordingly we turned to the biography of Mr. Scott, with an expectation of finding some interesting matter which might enrich our own meagre article; when we were disappointed and provoked by the following barren notice of his life and writings:—

Walter Scott, Esq. one of the Clerks of the court of session, and deputy sheriff for the shire of Selkirk, is the son of Walter Scott, Esq. a counsellor, by Elizabeth, daughter of David Rutherford, Esq. also an eminent practitioner of the same profession at Edinburg. The mother of Mr. Scott died in 1789; and some of her poems have been printed. She was intimate with Allan Ramsay, Blackloe and Burns; so that genius in this respect seems to have been hereditary. Mr. Scott, who has been lame from his birth, was educated at the High School of Edinburg under Dr. Adam, and next at the University, under professor Stewart. After going through the forms of an office with an eminent writer to the signet, he was called to the Scotch bar, and through his alliance to the Buccleugh family, obtained the situation of one of the principal clerks to the court of session. His first literary performance was a translation of Goethe’s German play, entitled “Goetz of Berlinchingen,” published in 1799; but this did not gain the translator any reputation. As an original writer, however, he has obtained a distinction above most of his cotemporaries, having the merit of adapting the old ballad style of composition to

the higher range of poetry. As an instance of the popularity of Mr. Scott's works, we subjoin a statement of the comparative sale of *Rokeby* and the *Lady of the Lake*, in nearly four months, as submitted by the publishers.—Sold of the *Lady of the Lake*, from June 2d to September 22d, 1810,

2000 quarto at 2l. 2s.	7.4200
6000 octavo at 12s.	7.3600
8000	7.7800

Sold of *Rokeby* in three months (January 14th to April 14th, 1813)

3000 quarto at 2l. 2s. (less 120 remaining)	7.6048
5000 octavo at 14s.	7.3500
8000	7.9548

His works are, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 3 vols. 8vo. 1802, 5th edit. 1812; *Sir Tristram*, a metrical romance of the 13th century, by Thomas of Ercildown, royal 8vo. 1804, 2d edit. 1806; *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 4to. 1805, 8vo. 1808, 13th edit. 8vo. 1812; *Ballads and Lyrical Pieces*, 8vo. 1806; *Poetical Works*, 8vo. 5 vols. 1806; *Marmion*, a tale of Flodden Field, 4to. 1808, and in 8vo several editions; *The Works of John Dryden*, with a life of the author and notes, 18 vols. 8vo. 1808; *Descriptions and Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 4to. 1808; *Lord Somers's Collection of Tracts*, a new edition, 12 vols. 4to. 1809, 1812; *Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers*, 2 vols. 4to. 1810; *Poetical Works of Anna Seward*, 3 vols. 8vo. 1810; *The Lady of the Lake*, 4to, 1810; *The Vision of Don Roderick*, a Poem, 8vo. 1811; *Rokeby*, a Poem, 4to, 1813, 5th edit. 8vo. *The Works of Jonathan Swift*, 19 vols. 8vo. 1814; *The Lord of the Isles*, a Poem, 4to. 1814; *The Border Antiquities of England and Scotland*, with Descriptions and Illustrations, 4to. 1814.

AN ESSAY ON THE SKEPTICISM OF THE LEARNED.

For the Analectic Magazine.

“INCREDULITY is the wit of fools.”—So says sir WALTER RALEIGH; and, really, when we consider how easy it is to doubt, and how difficult it is to prove, incredulity becomes a species of wisdom which every body may acquire. True it is, that the skepticism of HUME went so far, as not only to doubt every thing, but actually to doubt whether he doubted; but it was not his incredulity alone that ranked him among the first of philosophers. If he had not possessed learning, and penetration; singular calmness of inquiry, and matchless felicity in that quality of the mind which is termed generalization—in fine, if he not been a first rate *reasoner*, he might have doubted till dooms-day, without gaining a single disciple. But the generality of men seem to think, there is a much cheaper road to the honours of philosophy—and that they have only to shake the head, and affect to disbelieve what in truth they have never taken the trouble to examine, in order to obtain the appellation of learned incredulity.

DESCARTES, it is said, once took it into his head to doubt his own existence;—but at last very gravely resolved the difficulty by this syllogism: “I think, *therefore* I exist.” A very satisfactory demonstration, no doubt! Another philosopher would have placed thought as the *effect*, rather than the *cause* of existence. But Descartes was very well satisfied with the contrary process of reasoning, as it led to the important convictions that he was a real and bona fide being. Every body, however, does not enter into inquiries of this or a similar nature with the same candour and earnestness as Descartes; and, indeed, there are many who never begin to listen to demonstration, without first stoutly *determining*, like MOLIERE’S doctor, “not to be convinced.”—If, peradventure, the reader of this essay, has not yet made the above wise resolution—I shall respectfully submit to his judgment a few facts, and some remarks upon them, to convince him on what frail grounds HUMAN KNOWLEDGE IS BUILT, and how much easier it is to *deny* than to *inquire*. Although what I urge may have the appearance of paradox, the evidences I bring to support my positions, will stand upon their own intrinsic worth, or must be beaten back by better testimony.

COLUTHOS LYCOPOLITUS was a very animated poet, and together with PINDAR, HESIOD, and PLUTARCH, forms an exception to the maxim that Bœotian air was breathed only by dunces. It is also not unworthy of notice, that while the rest of the Greeks were so ill-natured as to call Bœotia the land of stupidity, they were so singularly inconsistent as to make one of its mountains, *Helicon*, the abode of the Muses, and consecrated to these nine ladies many of its fountains and rivers!—The COLUTHOS above mentioned, is the author of a beautiful little poem, entitled the “Rape of Helen”—on which title sir EDWARD SHERBURNE makes the following “not unpleasant” remark: “The word *rape* must not be taken in the common acceptation of the expression; for Paris was too courtly to offer, and Helen too *kind-hearted* to suffer such a violence.” Now, the inference I would draw from this annotation of the learned sir Edward, is, that neither Coluthos nor HOMER would have immortalized this beauty and her gallant, *if such personages had never existed*. I grant, that if every jot of the ILIAD be fiction—the story as it is blazoned by the deathless bard, would nevertheless have secured its descent to the latest posterity; and if HOMER was convicted of taking his materials from the exhaustless stores of his own invention, rather than from historical fact, we could only class him with PROMETHEUS, who stole his fire from Heaven—and apply to him the epithet so beautifully applied to SPENCER—“that celestial thief!”

But, are we to believe the Iliad one entire fiction, because Mr. BRYANT says so? ’Tis true, this gentleman possesses peculiar attainments, and his classical learning is almost without an equal;—he has written a book* for the express purpose of showing (not that the embellishments and machinery of the Iliad are merely *poetical*—which indeed we all know) but that “no such city of Phrygia, as Troy, *ever existed*; and (consequently) no such expedition was undertaken against it!”—What shall we say to this? Must we now be taught, that what we considered as built upon historical basis, and which was indebted to *that belief* for its principal charm, is nothing but a vision—the brilliant but lying invention of an ingenious Greek? Must the pleasures and impressions of our boyish days, which time and reflection have matured to conviction, be in a moment snatched away? Strange incredulity of

* Dissert. on the Trojan war, &c. &c.

learning! The Greeks long before the time of Homer,* were in possession of the principal facts concerning the siege of Troy. They preserved these as matters relating to their own history—and from *their* traditions did Homer gather the materials he has wrought with such exquisite skill—making his subject not only a national story, but a picture of human nature. And now, *only twenty-eight hundred years after the Iliad was written*, comes forward Mr. BRYANT, that Colossus of erudition, and tells us—there is no such thing.

For myself, I have always believed the siege of Troy by the Greeks, to be as fundamentally true, as the siege of Rhodes by ALEXANDER. I have contemplated Hector and Achilles, and Eneas, and Diomed—not indeed as matches for the immortal gods, but to have been as real and ‘legitimate’ heroes, as Buonaparte and Wellington in Europe, or our M‘Comb and Carolinian Jackson, in America.

But the incredibility of the learned stops not here. Were the question *only* made with respect to the Trojan war, the evil would have some limits. This is an isolated fact, of high antiquity, and not necessarily involving in its authenticity, the authenticity of any other historical event. It may indeed, as a *precedent*, give room and authority for further innovations. But it could not with its fate drag down the immortality of the Greek name, nor obliterate those splendid achievements which have emblazoned the roll of fame.

An American writer† has very boldly started a new theory about the original peopling of the earth; but candidly says his demonstration of the subject is “by a process of reasoning *not hitherto advanced*.” This confession might reasonably preclude any remark, were it not a notorious fact, that although our cosmographers have disagreed upon every thing else, all of them (who have any pretensions to philosophy) have agreed that the *old world* was never peopled by the *new*. Dr. Mitchell, however, has his “learned skepticism” upon the subject; and ingeniously leaving out of consideration the *moral* as well as *natural* phenomena that start up on all sides against his theory, determines the fact, that our enlightened Indians were the ancestors of the Asiatics!

* G. Wakefield—preface and annot. on Homer.

† Professor Mitchell, in a letter to De Witt Clinton.

Now, had the professor calmly considered the following facts, the chances are that the world would not have been amused with his hypothesis.—1st. Several physical evidences are still in existence, and were more completely so when America was first discovered, that the northern continent was, not many centuries ago, almost entirely covered with water—not exactly the natural element of mankind. 2d. If the learned world were again to bring into fashion the exploded notions of lord BACON's "Prime" and "physical retrogradation"—it would still be rather absurd to suppose, that while the children of the Americans, wandering from their native homes, had reached the summit of perfection in science and civilization, the *fathers* were, with their paint, their nakedness, their bows and arrows, *standing still*, as nature first formed them, in savage aboriginality. This indeed would not have been a *moral* retrogradation; it would have been something stranger. It has been generally agreed that the *oldest* nations have been the first civilized; and we are led rather to believe that a few tribes of wandering Tartars had peopled North America, than that a few tribes of wandering and ignorant Americans had laid the settlements of the great Asiatic states. 3d. It is the opinion of certain learned rabbins, that when the Deity first created man, he formed an Adam and Eve for every climate under the sun; and, when we consider how difficult it must have been for the descendants of a single human pair to have settled in the most inhospitable climes—to have seated themselves upon solitary rocks, in the midst of ruthless seas, which navigation, even in this era of science, dare not approach—we must candidly allow, that the hypothesis of the rabbins would solve all difficulties upon the subject. Dr. Mitchell, however, has venturously thrown himself into the crowd of theorists, and trusts, apparently, more to ingenuity than to judgment.

How many travellers have been charged with falsehood until successive writers have confirmed their narratives. *Wallace* and *Byron* were considered as extravagant fabulists, when they told the world of the enormous size and prodigious strength of the Patagonians.* Philosophers began to talk about the mountains these people stood upon;—of the reflection and refraction of light;—of the laws of optics and perspectives; and speculations to that purpose. But when *Cooke*† confirmed the relation, the public were

* Voyage Round the World.

† First voyage.

somewhat startled, and even the "learned skeptics" allowed that the Patagonians were a large-boned set of fellows, and then began to speculate whether they might not have descended from the gigantic Germans whom *Tacitus* describes.

Hernandez and *D'Acosta* discovered, in South America, human bones and skulls of an amazing size. What were the *cubic contents* of the latter, we might easily guess. *Clavigero** asserts that it is an old tradition among the Mexicans, that their country "was first inhabited by giants." Mausoleums are still to be seen, where their skeletons are deposited. I know, that a learned and ingenious memorial was printed in France, (under the reign of that great encourager of physical science, *Napoleon Bonaparte*,) to show that these were the bones of some large amphibious animal. But I think it more probable—since there are pigmies in Lapland—that there should have been giants in America, than that any people should be so moon-struck as to build tombs for sea-horses.

What can appear more incredible than the accounts we receive of the AMAZONS of antiquity? Their very name has been given them from α , non,—and $\mu\alpha\zeta\omicron\varsigma$ the breast: for, we are told, they burnt or cut off one of their breasts, in order to draw the bow with greater facility and strength. What confirmation does their existence not derive, from the Amazons of America, who have given their name to the greatest river in the world! Thus, then, we have a nation of women—of female warriors and politicians! Ladies who may discuss the issue of a campaign themselves are engaged to fight; and the consequences of a treaty themselves are to form!—Yet, of the existence of the Amazons of South America, Dr. JOHNSON tells us† that CONDAMINE has collected and preserved various memorials; and of those of Caucasus the testimony, though old, is still more extensive and strong. QUINT. CURTIUS states, that Thalestris, queen of the Amazons, visited ALEXANDER, and "desired to have posterity by him." This patriotic and modest request, the historian adds with great gravity—"obliged Alexander to make a longer stay in the place." The ladies will not believe in the confident boldness of this virago, and yet have no "skepticism."

* History of Mexico, lib. i.

† Idler.



CHRONICLE.

SYNOPSIS OF NAVAL ACTIONS,

DURING THE LATE WAR, BETWEEN BRITISH AND AMERICAN
VESSELS.

(Continued, from our June number, from the British Naval Chronicle.)

“ ON the 14th of August following, a sloop action between us and the Americans yielded a similar result to the last. The force of the Pelican I take from that of the heaviest of our brig sloops, and the number of men she had in the action, from captain Maples’ letter. The force of the Argus in guns, I also obtain from the same source, and her killed and wounded from other accounts of the action, subsequently published. No American official account has yet appeared in print.

PELICAN.

(Rating 18, mounting the same,) And, perhaps, a boat gun.

Broadside.

3 32lb. carronades,	256lbs.
1 6lb. long gun,	6
	262lbs.

Men and boys, 116.

Measurement, about 380 tons.

ARGUS.

(Rating 16, mounting 20 guns.)

Broadside.

9 24lb. carronades,	216lbs.
1 12lb. long gun,	12
	228lbs.

Men of the usual quality, 136.

Measurement, about (English) 385 tons.

Superiority on the British side.

In weight of metal, as eight to seven:

Superiority on the American side.

In number of men, as six to five.

In size of vessel, equal.

“ The captain of the *Argus* was a great favourite, and had his vessel fitted out in every respect as a fighting ship. His crew had iron skull caps to defend their heads in boarding, and were so tall and stout that they were ashamed at being compared with their conquerors, who were certainly, in appearance, a very indifferent ship’s company. No great loss was sustained on either side in this action. Ours was seven killed and wounded; of the Americans, one account says forty, another, probably the most correct, twenty-three.

“ Among the occurrences of this year, we must not forget the chase of the *President*, late American frigate, in company with the *Scourge* privateer, of ten guns, and one hundred and twenty men, for three days and nights, (light all the while) off the North Cape, by the *Alexandria*, a twelve pounder thirty-two, and the *Spitfire* sloop; of (united) actually less than two-thirds the force pursued. It was reasonable to doubt this at first; but the concurrent testimony has since confirmed it. The commodore’s journal of his cruise has this item:—‘ July 19th, was chased from our cruising ground off North Cape, by a line of battle ship and a frigate; from the lightness of the wind, and several shiftings of it in their favour, the chase was prolonged to eighty-six hours.’ In another place he admits the *Scourge* was in company. This is a very sore subject to American naval officers. During this cruise, the commodore captured H. B. M. schooner *Highflyer*, of five guns, late tender to admiral Warren. That is the only circumstance that can account for the term *brilliant* being applied by the government papers to this, the commodore’s five months’ cruise. On lake Ontario we captured and destroyed the American national schooners *Julia*, *Ontario*, *Hamilton*, and *Scourge*, and on the ocean the *Shannon*. The *Morgiana*, of twenty-two guns and fifty men, was taken by the *Barossa* frigate; she was formerly a British whaler, taken and commissioned by captain Porter, and appears in the American navy list as a regular man of war. We this year sustained a se-

were but not disgraceful loss on lake Erie, as well as of the Dominica schooner, and Boxer gun brig, of which affairs I shall proceed to a statement of the latter action. It took place on the following month, but the exact day is not recollected. Our brig had two officers and some men absent; the Enterprize aware of that circumstance, put to sea with the avowed purpose of attacking her, therefore was fully prepared for battle. No British official account of the action has appeared. After many gross misstatements in the American papers, the following estimate of the force on both sides was deemed tolerably correct:

BOXER.		ENTERPRIZE.	
(Rating 14 guns, mounting the same.)		(Rating 14, mounting 16 guns.)	
<i>Broadside.</i>		<i>Broadside.</i>	
6 18lb. carronades,	108lbs.	7 18lb. carronades.	126lbs.
1 6lb. long gun,	6	1 9lb. long gun,	9
	114lbs.		135lbs.
Men and boys, 64.		Men, "picked, as usual," 130.	
Measurement, 180 tons.		Measurement (English) 220 tons.	

Superiority on the American side.

In weight of metal, as six to five.

In number of men, as two to one.

In size of vessel, as eleven to nine.

"The death of captain Blyth, in the very onset of the engagement; the loss of the main top-mast, almost immediately afterwards; and the want of officers, fully competent, perhaps, to second the wish of their fallen chief, were untoward circumstances, even had the number opposed to them been less than double the Boxer's crew. Yet did the gallant little band make good use of their guns for the enemy; they killed and wounded fourteen, losing of themselves, in killed and wounded, notwithstanding the vast disproportion we have noticed, only twenty-one. It will not surely be too much to say, that forty more men, and a skilful officer, would have changed the result of this battle. Of all vessels in his majesty's navy, never was there so despicable a class as the ten, twelve, and fourteen gun brigs. They in general sail like colliers, and in actual force are an undermatch for most of the privateers that fit out from America. They are ever likely to be-

come the grave, not only of the lives, but the reputation of valuable officers and men; and I hope to see them all, ere long, forever erased from the list of "British king's ships."

"Now comes a new era, and I trust it will prove a single one in American naval chronology—a victory in squadron! The 10th of September, 1813, saw this event happen: an event, nevertheless, that reflected no dishonour on British seamen, but exhibited additional proofs of their devotedness to the good old cause of their king and country. At the very commencement of the highly interesting letter of commodore Barclay, detailing this unfortunate action, will be found the following words: "So perfectly destitute of provisions was the port (Detroit,) that there was not a day's flour in store, and the crews of the squadron under my command, were on half allowance of many things, and when that was done there was no more." In another place he says, "No intelligence of seamen having arrived, I sailed on the 9th instant, fully expecting to meet the enemy next morning, as they had been seen among the islands; nor was I mistaken." Again he says, after recounting the loss of the battle, "Manned as the squadron was with not more than fifty British seamen, the rest a mixed crew of Canadians and soldiers, and who were totally unacquainted with such service, rendered the loss of officers more sensibly felt." It clearly appears then, that thus "deplorably manned," and with crews half famished into the bargain, the British squadron was obliged to put to sea and risk a battle with the squadron of the enemy. What that squadron consisted of I will show presently. Many weeks before the action took place, the American newspapers informed us that one hundred, and again, one hundred and fifty, and so on, of "prime seamen," had left the ships of war in Boston and New York, to join the fleet on lake Erie. Besides these, which we may estimate at three hundred and fifty at least, there were soldiers, riflemen, and volunteers of every description, flocking on board from the neighbourhood. There is no getting at the number of men wholly engaged on either side in this battle, but I have no doubt but in point of seamen only, they exceeded us full as six to one; and perhaps in the aggregate number of each squadron, as four to one. The armament of the ships, both British and American, I am enabled to give correctly, as well from captain Barclay's offi-

cial account, as from American statements published *previous* to the action. In number, our ships amounted to six, theirs to nine. Without naming or interfering with the ships on either side, I here present the broadside weights of metal of the two squadrons, reckoning all guns on *pivots*, and odd or shifting guns, as belonging to the broadside.

BRITISH.		AMERICAN.	
<i>Broadside of squadron.</i>		<i>Broadside of squadron.</i>	
Long guns, 1 24lb.	24lbs.	Long guns, 3 32lb.	96lbs.
1 18	18	5 24	120
5 12	60	6 12	72
3 9	72	Carronades, 21 32	672
3 6	18		
2 4	8		960lbs.
1 2	2		
Carronades, 8 24	192		
6 12	72		
	466lbs.		

Superiority on the American side.

In weight of metal, full as two to one.

"Here was a mighty difference in force, yet was not the battle gained without a struggle, and a hard one too. We were peculiarly unfortunate in the loss of officers, every one commanding vessels, and their seconds, were either killed or wounded. Notwithstanding this *two to one* victory,* our loss in killed and wounded scarcely exceeded the enemy's.

"It was on our side, one hundred and thirty-five, on the American, one hundred and twenty-four, and would have been still greater on their part, but for the complete success of a *ruse de guerre*, or, in common parlance, a Yankee trick, practised on board the commodore's flag-ship, the *Lawrence*. This was no other than lowering down the colours to obtain quarter, and rehoisting them at a convenient opportunity, to resume the fight! So much for

* A massy service of plate has been formally presented to commodore Perry by the citizens of Boston, expressing, on the inscription, a victory obtained over "a very superior force!"—Surely the Americans deserve a patent for lying.

American honour! After this *unexpected* victory, the American commodore, believing himself (what he is among his countrymen called,) a *second Nelson*, begins his official letter with Almighty God, &c. similar to the heading of that written by the immortal hero himself, after the battle of the Nile; and so surprised was he at the small number of prisoners he took, that in a second letter, close upon the heels of the first, he informed his government that the British loss was "tenfold" that of his own. Much blame was certainly due *somewhere*, but not to commodore Barclay; for his squadron being forced to sea in search of food, and for his not having forwarded to him sailors to man his ships. Commodore Perry chuckles greatly on his good fortune, as well he may; and he often declares, that for many days while his two large brigs were building, *one hundred* men might have destroyed them in an hour. He adds, also, that it took him nearly a whole day to warp these brigs out of the harbour, without even ballast in them (a bar across the entrance,) and that a very small force sent against him at that time, would have made an indifferent day of the 10th of September."

Continuation of the Remarks on "the Synopsis of Naval Actions, fought between the British and American ships of war," in the British Naval Chronicle.

THE next action to be investigated, is that between the *Argus* and *Pelican*, which resulted in the capture of the former, and the death of her commander. Whatever credit the writer of the *Synopsis* may take for this victory, we freely give him. We admit that the *Argus* was taken by a British sloop of war, whose force was not materially greater than her; and whoever admits this, is pretty well qualified for a belief in miracles, whenever they shall come properly authenticated. It is one of those rare accidents which sometimes occur in the course of worldly events, and which, defying all calculation, and being in direct contradiction, not only to the usual course of events but to the ordinary effects of known and acknowledged causes, are set down by the worldly as resulting from chance, by the orthodox, as the effect of a miracle.

We will not stain the memory of gallant, but unsuccessful men, by stating in extenuation of defeat, that they were unskilful,

negligent, and physically inferior to their opponents. Both reasoning and sentiment deter us from this paltry and ungenerous mode of propping up the national honour, by dishonouring the defenders of the nation, as if the honour of the nation was not compounded of the spirit, gallantry, and intellect of individuals. The perpetual recurrence of the writer of the Synopsis to this mode of defence, which consists in dishonouring the character of British officers and seamen unfortunate in their defeats—still more unfortunate in an inferiority which they cannot help—and yet more unfortunate in having such an apologist as this writer—weakens the cause he has undertaken to uphold, and is therefore a proof of his own weakness; it is also a proof of his want of generosity, since it is insulting the feelings of the unfortunate, by placing their misfortunes to the account of their own deficiencies. In order to bolster up this victory, and make as much of it as possible, the British officer states, that “the captain of the *Argus* was a great favourite;” and so he was—and had he not so been, we would not, for the paltry purpose of excusing a defeat, wound the immortal part—the reputation—of a gallant officer, whose body perished with the wounds he received in defence of national rights—we might almost say, of the universal rights of man.

The next item in the Synopsis, is the fabulous account of a celebrated chase of the *President* frigate, achieved by a small British frigate and sloop of war, in the North Sea. What renders this achievement still more prodigious is, that the *President* was then in company with the American privateer, the *Scourge*, of ten guns and one hundred and twenty men! We presume this story is brought forward as an offset against one a little better authenticated than the foregoing: we mean the unaccountable *neglect* of the captain of the *Plantagenet* 74, in not coming to an engagement with this same frigate *President*, who offered her battle off Sandy Hook, under the idea of her being a frigate. This overture was declined, and, as the captain of the *Plantagenet*, on his trial for this at Bermuda, alleged, in consequence of the mutinous state of his crew, some hundreds of whom were then actually in irons—notwithstanding the extreme loyalty of British sailors, and the exemplary firmness with which they resist the attempts of the Americans to “seduce” them from their allegiance! This affair was attempted

to be got over, by substituting the Loire frigate for the Plantagenet; but that it was the Plantagenet, we are authorised to affirm, not only from the trial of her commanding officer, but from the express admission of an officer of marines then in the squadron cruising off New York, and now a consul in one of our ports. The absurd and ridiculous story of this North Sea chase, is, we conclude, brought forward by the British officer as a sort of salvo for this, and its falsity is sufficiently apparent from the fact, that the line of battle ship was once nearly within gun shot of the President, and only missed coming up with her, by the most unskillful management. It was plainly and distinctly perceived that she was a double-decker, a circumstance which might possibly be questioned, were our officers as much in the habit of being frightened into magnifying as our cousins of England; but that not being the case, they could not, possibly have mistaken a small frigate for a seventy-four, at the distance she approached at one period of the chase.

This story is inserted in the Synopsis, we presume, with a still further object. The writer is just on the point of coming to the affair of the Boxer, and what was far more embarrassing, the victory of lake Erie. Something was necessary to be done by way of flourish before he ventured to introduce these bloody dramas. As an additional argument, if any be wanting as to the falsity of this story, it is within the recollection of all, that at the time the President was on this cruise, the English newspapers teemed with accounts of the exertions of the admiralty to capture that vessel. At one time it was said, that one-and-twenty vessels had been despatched in various directions in pursuit of her, and it is worthy of special remark, that in no instance was there a less force than two frigates together:—they hunted like hounds, in couples; and no frigate and sloop of war were suffered to be alone together in any sea, where they were likely to encounter this terrible “bunch of pine boards.”

In order to garnish this excellent story of the North Sea chase, and put his reader in good heart for the sound drubbings he is about to receive, our “British officer,” parades the capture of the schooners Julia, Ontario, Hamilton, and Scourge, on lake Ontario, and of the Shannon privateer, and Morgiana, a prize

taken by captain Porter in the South seas. The said schooners mounted from one to two guns; the Shannon we know nothing about, she not being a national vessel; and the Morgiana was a prize-vessel, mounting six or eight guns, instead of twenty-two, as related by this accurate and arithmetical writer. Now there is a great deal of art in this method of making the most of a miserable exhibition. It is a pity, however, it is not original. We remember when boys to have been at a miserable puppet-show, where Punch and his wife played at fisticuffs, and knocked each other down, till the audience having in vain wished for something else, began to grumble very audibly. The poor fellow was at last obliged to sneak out from behind his old blanket that served as a skreen.—“*That’s all, gentlemen and ladies,*” said he, “*but here’s an alligator nine feet long.*” This ingenious attempt to eke out his exhibition with a stuffed alligator, highly tickled the spectators, and the puppet-show-man got off with whole bones. It is likely the “British officer” might have heard this story when he was “on the American station.”

In noticing the affair of the Boxer and Enterprize, which he at length ventures to introduce, after the “stuffed alligator nine feet long,” he states the superiority in favour of the Enterprize, as six to five in weight of metal—two to one in the number of men—eleven to nine in tonnage. Among other disqualifying circumstances, he also notices the absence of two officers, and a number of men from the Boxer. Who or what the officers were, and where they had gone, or what were the number of the sailors thus absent, and the cause of their absence he does not state. It is therefore probable, they were not absent at all, but that this is a “mean invention of the enemy” to weaken his force for the purpose of excusing a defeat. Indeed his whole information, with regard to this affair, seems to be extremely vague and inconclusive, since he cannot tell even when it happened, only that it took place some time in the month following—“the exact day not being recollected.” We will assist his memory—it was on the 1st of September, 1813. We have some right to conclude, that his information on other points connected with this action, is equally defective, since he himself states, that no official account of it had been published. We will endeavour to assist him also in these particulars.

It is a matter of not much consequence, whether the *Enterprize* went out expressly to meet the *Boxer* or not. Ships of war in time of actual hostilities, we presume, expect to meet some enemy or other, and consequently are, or ought to be, prepared for such encounters. Our object in stating counter-facts to this assertion of the writer of the Synopsis, is merely to show with what slight temptations he deviates from the truth, and that consequently, where he is biassed by strong interests, no reliance *ought* to be placed on his assertions, when they are contradicted by men yet unconvicted of misrepresentation. By the official account of the action, it appears that the *Enterprize* sailed from *Portsmouth* the first of September; that in consequence of having received information of some enemy's privateer being on the coast, she steered to the eastward, and on the 5th of September, fell in with and captured the *Boxer* off *Portland*. Such is the simple statement, and as it is difficult to conceive any motive for disguise on the part of the surviving commanding officer of the *Enterprize*, it is decisive against the authority of an anonymous writer, whose total ignorance of his profession would incline us to question his claim to the character of a British naval officer, did we not know that even they are *sometimes* a little, a *very* little ignorant, and whose total disregard of facts appears in almost every statement.

Now, the *Boxer* was cruising off an enemy's coast, and that was a reason for her to be prepared for battle. Her commander, there is little doubt, knew perfectly well that he was in the neighbourhood of an enemy's vessel, of force equal to that of his own; and this was another reason to be completely prepared for battle. His confidence in himself was such, that he sought the engagement, and though this may be politely ascribed by the "British naval officer" to the intemperate and uncalculating gallantry of British sailors, *we* at least know that British sailors are not more intemperate, except in their cups, than other people; neither are they more apt to encounter a superior enemy, if they can avoid it without disgrace:—they never obeyed an order from the admiral, with such wonderful alacrity, as that for running away from the American frigates, and bore the disgrace of submitting to such orders with most exemplary philosophy. By way of bravado, the captain of the *Boxer* caused the colours to be nailed to the mast;

so that when she was beaten she hailed the *Enterprize*, and said she had surrendered, "*but that the colours being nailed to the mast could not be got down.*" Such a thing has never been done by our officers, and we hope never will be. Should the time ever come when a regard for their own honour and that of their profession—and a devotion to the cause of their country, do not furnish ample inducements to do their duty—nay, *more* than their duty—it will not be the nailing the colours to the mast that will sustain the reputation of the American flag. In truth, it is a silly practice, and seems to indicate that a man doubts either his own fortitude, or that of his associates. It is like tying up the legs for fear they should run away in the heat of the battle. It is a barbarous practice, too, because it exposes the men to be killed by the enemy after all resistance has ceased, since it is the hauling down of a flag which is the only acknowledged signal of submission in the day-time.

The writer of the Synopsis states the number of men on board the *Enterprize*, at one hundred and thirty, "all picked men, as usual;" while the whole number on board the *Boxer*, men and boys, was only sixty-four. Setting aside the improbability that a vessel of war should be cruising off an enemy's coast in time of actual hostilities, with so great a deficiency of men as is here stated, we have the authority of the officers of the *Enterprize* in saying, that this number is under-rated nearly one half. Lieutenant M'Call, the surviving senior officer of that vessel, states, that not being able to procure a muster roll of the *Boxer's* crew, he could not precisely ascertain the number of killed and wounded, "but from information received from the officers of that vessel, it appeared there were between twenty and thirty-five killed, and fourteen wounded." The fact is, that the number stated by the writer of the Synopsis, as constituting the original crew of the *Boxer*, is the number of the surviving crew, after she was taken. Captain Hull states, in a letter to commodore Bainbridge, that he visited the *Boxer*, and "counted upwards of ninety hammocks in her nettings, with beds in them, besides several beds without hammocks;" and that besides her own crew, she had several of the *Rattler's* men on board. The *Enterprize* rates at twelve guns, but carried sixteen; and her officers and crew, according to her

muster-roll, amounted to one hundred and two. She is an old vessel, and of a light built. The Boxer is a strong new vessel, rated at twelve guns, but carrying, at that time, eighteen, and her crew, from every circumstance that can be collected, amounted to one hundred and four. But to put the whole matter at rest at once and forever, we will quote an extract from the decision of a court martial, consisting of post captains, held on board his B M. ship Surprise, at Bermuda, on the surviving officers and crew of the Boxer. "Having heard," say they, "lieutenant M'Creery's official letter and narrative of the action, and strictly examined the said lieutenant, and the surviving officers and company produced to the court, and carefully investigated all the particulars attending the capture of his majesty's brig Boxer, by the United States' vessel of war Enterprize; and having maturely and deliberately weighed and considered the whole, and every part thereof, the court is of opinion, that the capture of his majesty's brig Boxer, by the United States' vessel of war Enterprize, is to be attributed to a superiority of the enemy's force, principally in the number of men, *as well as to a greater degree of skill in the direction of her fire, and the destructive effects of her first broad-side.*" After this admission, it would seem that the British naval officer might have saved himself the trouble of accounting for the result of the action, but really, he seems so smitten with the charms of rhodomontade, that he pursues it sometimes *con amore*.

In this affair, both of the commanders were killed. They were both young men of great promise; both were mortally wounded in the early part of the action; both were carried to the grave in the same procession; and they both lay buried side by side in the church yard at Portland. We are not acquainted with the particulars of captain Blythe's dying moments, but those of Burrows were dignified by a degree of heroism which ought not to be forgotten. Though mortally wounded, he remained on deck until he received the sword of his opponent, which he grasped with enthusiasm, and exclaimed "I am satisfied—I die contented." It may be said that this mode of dying is not original, inasmuch as many heroes have expired almost with the same words, and in the same manner. It may be so. But he who in the last agonies of expiring nature—in the very act of being

divorced forever, from every thing dear to his affections, and every object beautiful in the glorious works of the Creator, is sufficiently master of his mind even to *imitate* a hero, must be himself actuated by the soul of a hero. It is not alone those who act on a great scale, and wield the force of great empires, that are exclusively entitled to the admiration of the world, when they chance to die heroically. Their rank and station imposes absolutely upon them the responsibility of dying well—and he who has been all his life striving for the admiration of mankind, must be weak indeed if he fail in the last great act of his life. The surviving officers of the Boxer erected a neat monument to the memory of their deceased commander; but the grave of Burrows remained without any other distinction than that conferred by his courage, and the manner in which he died, until a gentleman of New York* directed a monument to be erected, which, while it records the worth of the deceased, stands equally a memorial of the munificence of him who caused it to be placed there.

The unlucky British officer, whose destiny seems to have marked him out as a special instrument for destroying the remaining reputation of the British navy, concludes his account of this affair with a most ludicrous phillipic against the particular class of vessels to which the Boxer belonged. He affirms that they are utterly “despicable;”—that “they sail like colliers—are not a match for an American privateer, and are likely to be the graves not only of the lives, but the reputations of valuable officers and men.” It is a pity to laugh at a man in such extremity as this, but one can’t help it, though it may be a little indecorous. We are irresistibly reminded of a testy school boy, who having *stubbed* his toe against a stone, turns round and vents his spleen against the poor stone, instead of blaming his own want of foresight and calculation, the true cause of his disaster. Having scolded the ten, twelve, and fourteen gun brigs roundly, because they can’t beat the Americans, he proceeds: “Now comes,” he says, “a new era, and I trust it will prove a single one in American naval chronology—a victory in squadron!” alluding to Perry’s victory of the 10th September, 1813, on Lake Erie. It appears that he had not, at the time of writing this, heard of just such

* Mr. Davis.

another victory gained on Lake Champlain, or he would have assuredly suppressed the note of admiration at the end of this pretty sentence.

The first cause he assigns for this new and original disaster of his majesty's arms, is that the sailors were very hungry, and that the ships were not only half starved, but also half manned. Yet in this situation commodore Barclay most imprudently, according to the very letter quoted as authority for the foregoing assertions, "sailed on the 9th, fully expecting to meet the enemy next morning, as they had been seen among the islands." Is this probable? Or if it be true, was there ever a more fool hardy expedition than this undertaken either on land or on water? Perhaps however the commodore recollected that the most extraordinary victory the English ever gained, was that in France, at Agincourt, if we mistake not, where they fought the better for being hungry, and calculated upon a like result in this case. In addition to this, the number of vessels, according to the authority of the officer, was as six to nine, and the weight of metal as two to one in favour of the Americans. These facts he says are taken from American statements published *before* the action. *Where* they were published, or how long before the action—or what alterations in the relative force had taken place in the interim, he does not say, and we will now supply these omissions in the most material points.

The British officer is correct in the respective numbers of each squadron, but entirely and wilfully wrong in their number of guns and weight of metal. From the official statement of commodore Perry, the following comparative result is obtained, viz. that the enemy's squadron carried sixty-three guns, and the American fifty-four. The whole number of guns mounted on *seven* of the *nine* vessels constituting the American force, was *fourteen*—the other two vessels carried twenty guns each. The whole number of men in the American squadron amounted to three hundred and fifty, and the number of prisoners alone, captured in the British fleet was three hundred and twenty, almost equal to the whole number of Americans to whom they were opposed. Yet in the face of these facts, derived from sources not to be questioned, and without adducing any authority whatever for his assertions, the writer of the Synopsis has the deplorable fool hardihood

to state as the result of *his* calculations that the number of Americans engaged in this conflict was as *four* to *one* to that of the English, and the weight of metal as *two* to *one*. This really outdoes his former attempts, bold as they were. But such is the history of misrepresentation every where. It begins with caution, but gradually acquires strength and confidence as it advances, and at length fearlessly overleaps the boundaries both of decency and probability. Thus we find the "British naval officer" immediately after this, asserting without producing any authority whatever, that notwithstanding this superiority of two to one and four to one, the loss of the Americans was only eleven men less than that of the British, when it is stated on undoubted estimates to have been sixty-one, instead of eleven. He then proceeds to complain bitterly of commodore Perry's quitting his ship the *Lawrence* to go on board the *Niagara*. This he calls a "Yankee trick," and in order to make something of a good story of it, couples it with the assertion that the *Lawrence* struck her flag, while commodore Perry was leaving her, and hoisted it again, when he had got safely away. It is difficult to remark on such unblushing falsehoods, with the temper worthy of one writing in the support of truth. There is a miserable weakness, coupled with a weak and ineffectual malignity, the product of a fractious and disappointed arrogance, that renders them almost unworthy of notice.

On what ground does he make this despicable assertion? Has commodore Barclay ever sanctioned this charge?—Or if the charge had been true, would he, as he did, ever have toasted commodore Perry at a public dinner, given him at Tenebonne, in Canada, as "*Commodore Perry, the gallant and generous enemy?*" Nay, moreover, has any British officer, honourable or without honour, ever publicly charged commodore Perry with this departure from the modes of honourable warfare? Nay, still further, has any newspaper or publication whatever, even hinted at such a thing? No—it was left for this "British officer on the American station" to convert the most brilliant personal act of the whole war, into a charge fatal to the honour of him who performed it. Shame on the despicable and malignant hostility, that descends to such paltry falsehoods to stain the fame of those it cannot conquer! This may be a revenge worthy of Britons, but it would disgrace any nation

except one from whom none can expect either candour or justice, unless they become subservient to her views of uncircumscribed ambition, or insatiable vengeance.

We will quote two or three other passages of the preceding part of the Synopsis, and then conclude for the present number, tired as we are of exposing, and, as we suspect, our readers will be of seeing the exposure, of a chain of weak and petty misrepresentations, linked together by the aid of still weaker reasonings and conclusions. To our own countrymen, this exposure is unnecessary;—for those who are not already satisfied, must be happily elevated above the influence of fact and argument. But there is a possibility, and we cannot help cherishing the hope, that chance may place these numbers before the eyes of some of the people of England, and that from them they will learn how the “British officer on the American station” has imposed on their ignorance, and sported with their credulity. This is the only chance they have of coming at the truth, since it is now a pretty notorious fact to the rest of the world, that this commodity is very little cultivated in the British publications of the present time. In Spain, when they were beaten, they laid it to the charge of the cowardly Spaniards; and if they gained a victory, modestly took all the credit to themselves. Even Walter Scott, whose reputation, whether deserved or not, ought to have placed him above this national infirmity, has lately written a poem on the battle of Waterloo, in which the Prussian army, which, to say no more, had at least an equal share in the victory, is introduced and dismissed in one single line, and there, only appear chasing the enemy whom the British had routed! But this subject will perhaps again come before us.

The writer of the Synopsis proceeds to remark, on this action, as follows:—“After the unexpected victory, the American commodore, believing himself (what he is among his countrymen called) a second Nelson, begins his official letter with Almighty God, &c. similar to the heading of that written by the immortal hero himself, after the battle of the Nile; and so surprised was he at the small number of prisoners he took, that in a second letter, close upon the heels of the first, he informed his government that the British loss was *tenfold* that of his own.”

Here is another pleasant specimen of home-bred arrogance, which, instead of receiving it as a compliment, that the gallant young officer, who had just beaten the very sailors with whom lord Nelson beat the French and Spaniards, and annihilated a British squadron—and who, in so doing, had freed his countrymen, along an extensive frontier, from the invasion of hordes of savages, and paved the way for the conquest of a province, larger than all England, should *condescend* to imitate lord Nelson—actually converts it into a proof of his presumption! Really it seems impossible to please some people, and since they are so difficult to please, we think the Americans will be perfectly right in not attempting it any more. If we are patient under injuries, they contemn us—if we resent them, they abuse us—if we surpass them, they stoutly deny it—and if we imitate them, they call it sometimes a want of original genius, sometimes a proof of presumption. It is difficult to deal with a people so singularly perverse; to be friends with them long seems to be utterly impossible; and if, on any occasion, they are chastised into a momentary respect, their old habits return upon them with an irresistible impetuosity, and those who take the trouble to correct them, have at last only their labour for their pains.

If commodore Perry really had Nelson in his eye when he wrote this obnoxious letter, we think it was paying his lordship a high compliment. There is no very material objection to our officers imitating him in the laconic style of his letters, provided they refrain from following his example in other matters not quite so unexceptionable. There is, however, hardly any hope of their ever equalling him in the brilliancy of his achievements, as they have no lady Hamilton to inspire and direct them in the pursuit of glory:—still less is there any hope of any of them ever arriving at the singular honour of having their dead bodies exposed, as spectacles like beasts and monsters, at the price of a shilling a head.

We have looked over the commodore's official letters detailing the particulars of this action, and in none of them can we find the assertion ascribed to him by the writer of the Synopsis, that "the British loss was *tenfold* that of his own." From this, and other suspicious circumstances that have lately come under our observation, we are strongly inclined to suspect, that our official

letters are not always published *verbatim* in England. If the writer ever saw it in a letter of commodore Perry, it was an interpolation: if he did not, he is guilty of dishonourably imputing to another words of his own invention, and charging him with a falsehood of which he himself is the author. Such being the case, we must be permitted to doubt very seriously, whether we Americans merit the compliment bestowed upon us by the British officer in the concluding note, to that part of the Synopsis which we have just given to the reader. As the English writers have denied us a claim to the invention of steam-boats, and various other important matters, we will not deny them (to use the elegant words of the British officer,) "*the patent for lying*," which, with such unexpected liberality, he concedes to us. High as the power of intellect may have carried the people of that country in arts, science, and literature, there is, perhaps, nothing in which they so much excel, as in *original invention*, that great characteristic of genius. Whether this power be exercised either in the invention of tales and fables, for the amusement of mankind, or the construction of libels for the purpose of deceiving them, it is still a proof of genius; and the less foundation there is for such libels, the greater the power of original invention, of course. Whoever will take the trouble of reading the Synopsis, and various other British publications of like nature, will, whatever may be his partiality to his own country, be thoroughly satisfied, that the British claim to the "*Patent*" is altogether incontestible.

(To be continued.)

SELECT REVIEWS.

On the late Persecution of the Protestants in the South of France. By Helen Maria Williams. 8vo. pp. 62. Price 3s. 6d.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

OUR countrywoman in Paris, has availed herself of an advertisement in the English Journals, containing the words—"H. M. Williams's Confession," to introduce to the British public a Letter on the late Persecutions of the Reformed in France. Whether anxiety to perfect her exculpation, zeal for the Protestant interest, or any other feeling of a more ordinary and business-like nature, dictated the correspondence, we presume not to determine; but this letter forms a bulky pamphlet, of 62 pages, of very large bold type; and besides a great deal more of extraneous matter, one whole quarter, that is from p. 16 to p. 32, consists of the tale of other times, and anecdotes of the sufferings of Protestants in the *good* days of Louis 15th, &c. &c.

The Letter is however highly important, from the circumstance of its being written by a distinguished Protestant in Paris, who must have had access to the best informed persons in the Protestant Communion, and also to many respectable fugitives from the various scenes of desolation. And it is still more important, as it is written by a devoted admirer and a voluntary panegyrist of the Bourbon family, under whose reign these unhappy events have taken place. The *Times*, the *Courier*, and even the *Christian Observer*, may surely venture to quote this Pamphlet, as pure and high authority.—Does Miss Williams, then, with the last publication, style the tragedies of the South, "*PRETENDED persecutions?*" or, with the others, describe them as the mere factious struggles of Jacobins and Bonapartists?

The following extracts will furnish our readers with the means of forming a just decision on this point:

‘The persecutors of the nineteenth century have not entered into the niceties of religious belief; they have not, in the indulgent spirit of their predecessors under Louis XIV, proposed the alternative of "*La messe ou la mort*;"—"repent, or perish; become

Catholics, or we kill you;" they have proceeded at once to execution; their victims were marked, and they have plundered and murdered as their fury directed, wherever they found *Protestant* property, or persons professing the *Protestant* faith.'

'From whatever cause this violence has proceeded, the Protestants *alone* have been the victims. Were it a local insurrection against property or lives, such as sometimes has desolated parts of France during the revolution, the assailants would not have been so discriminate in their choice. It is on Protestants *only* that their rage has fallen: and the selection of the professors of this faith appears to them an unequivocal proof, that it was an organized religious persecution. We were for a long time incredulous; and, what added to our incredulity on this subject, was, that this persecution should have taken place while the country was in possession of the Protestant powers of Europe, by either of which it might instantly have been crushed.

'The silence and inaction of these Protestant powers, led to the disbelief of such violence arising from such a cause; but diplomacy is observant of etiquette, and interference with the internal government might have been deemed a humiliation of royal authority. The foreign troops were also too much occupied in skirmishes, and sieges, and in re-forming the museum, to heed disturbances in the departments: no French army existed.

'What then were the crimes which have drawn down on the heads of those respectable Calvinists, the persecution of which they have been of late the victims? Crimes! their foulest enemies bring none to their charge. One leading cause of this persecution dates from far: it is a renovation of that old spirit of *fanaticism*, which once infected even the court; and which, driven from the powerful and the great, now sought for refuge in the lowest of the multitude.'

In comparing the former and the present state of the Protestants, with that from which they have lately been reduced, Miss Williams does homage to the revolution, the abuses of which she will not be supposed to advocate.

'Amidst all the various phases, (she remarks) of the French revolution, the star of religious liberty had moved calmly in its majestic orbit, and cheered despairing humanity with a ray of celestial radiance. Amidst the violations of every other principle, the domain of conscience appeared to be consecrated ground, where tyranny feared to tread.'

'The revolution took place, fraught with all happy omens for the Protestants. They cast their eyes back on the iron bondage of the past, on the edicts of the last hundred years against their fathers, and blessed the dawn of religious liberty. Yet during the constituent assembly, how many hesitations, exceptions, and discussions took place on the subject of the Protestants! It was with

some difficulty, notwithstanding the proud promulgation of equal rights, and equal laws, that they obtained the privilege of being tolerated. Rabaut St. Ethienne fought against the Abbé Maury, under the shield of Mirabeau, who exclaimed, "that he knew nothing more intolerable than toleration."

'The Protestants were now tolerated in the public exercise of their worship, and enjoyed their civic rights, but they received no portion of what was allotted to the ministers of religion by the government; to whom, on the contrary, they paid an annual tribute for the hire of the churches in which they officiated. Their state was that of temporary tranquillity—but it was not confirmed repose.' p. 33.

And, finally, alluding to the reign of Bonaparte, she makes this full and candid declaration.

'Whatever might have been the advantages to the pope, the church, or Bonaparte, from this compact, the Protestants completely gained their cause. It was no longer the persecuted, or the tolerated sect. They were at once enthroned in rights equal to those of the Catholic church, and became alike the objects of imperial favour.' p. 37.

But no sooner does our letter-writer come down to the period of the restoration, than she adopts the language of apology; and is even compelled to acknowledge, that a sad reverse has been experienced.

'The royal family of France (she says) returned. By some oversight in the king's charter there was mention of a state religion, and the Protestants were consequently obliged to sink back to toleration.

'The charter had been less favourable with respect to their religious rights than the concordat; but they were justly satisfied in believing, that their religion could never have been safer under a ruler, indifferent to every system of faith, than under the protection of a pious and philosophical prince. Secure in the virtues of the monarch, and the lights and philosophy of the present times, they little dreamt that they should ever become again the objects of religious persecution.'

'It might have been hoped that the conduct which the Protestants had observed since that glorious epocha which confirmed to them their religious rights, would have disarmed the most rigorous of their foes. They had showed no exultation in the victory they had obtained; their joy had been confined to their own bosoms, or breathed in secret thanksgivings. The blessings of the revolution had not been perverted by them to any private advantage; they had not been forward to solicit the honours, but had always cheerfully borne their share in the burdens and charges of the state.

‘ But no conduct, however void of offence, can disarm the malignant passions. The tranquillity enjoyed by France during a few months after the first return of the king, presented no means to the fanatics of gratifying their rage, except by menaces.

‘ We were then far indeed from any conjecture that the disastrous event of the landing of Bonaparte on the coast of Provence was so near. He glided rapidly by the southern provinces, and established himself at Lyons. His presence affected the Protestants in *no other manner* than as it affected all other Frenchmen.

‘ Amidst the most important changes in the state, many partial disorders took place in various parts of France. Partial insurrections were formed, and various outrages committed at Marseilles, Montpellier, Toulouse, Avignon; and the disorders of Nismes were long believed at Paris to have the same source, and to be no other than the last convulsion of political contests.

‘ But it was at length recognized that, when the troubles which had prevailed in other provinces were hushed into peace, the department of the Gard was still the scene of violence and horror. It was found that some evil of a darker hue, and more portentous meaning than the desultory warfare of political parties, hung over the devoted city of Nismes. A fanatical multitude, breathing traditionary hatred, was let loose:—the cry of “ Down with the Hugonists!” resounded through the streets. Massacre and pillage prevailed; but Protestants *alone* were the victims. The national guard of Nismes, composed of its most respectable citizens, had been *dissolved*, and a new enrolment of *six times the number* had taken place, and in which many of the fanatics had found admission. Here, and here only, by some cruel fatality, the national guard betrayed its trust, and abandoned its noble function of protecting its fellow-citizens. In vain the unhappy Protestants invoked its aid; no arm was stretched out to shelter, or to save them!—their property was devastated without resistance, and their murderers were undisturbed.’

After such testimony, it is unnecessary to offer any arguments; we shall therefore conclude by an extract, which, though sufficiently bombastic, will prove that Miss Williams differs as much from the *apologists of persecution* in this country, on the character and conduct of the dissenting ministers, as on the nature of those evils which they have laboured to arrest:

‘ The high-toned and generous resolves, proceeding from the three denominations assembled in London, and which were re-echoed by all other denominations, were not unheard in France. This intervention was the calm commanding voice of a great people lifted up against persecutors, and claiming kindred with the persecuted. Its sound in Paris was noble and persuasive; and it glided over the South like that sacred harmony of the heavenly host, which spoke to the watch of shepherds “ of peace and of good-will.”’

Leaves. 8vo. pp. 184.

[From the *Eclectic Review*.]

'In seeking an appropriate title for these little poems' says the author, 'I have feared to imply too much; I have called them *Leaves*.' But what leaves are they? rose-leaves, of faint but undeceiving fragrance, fit for a lady's dainty apparel; or bay leaves, or myrtle leaves, such as may form an ever-green chaplet for the bard? Or are they such leaves as nobler trees in the exuberance of their strength put forth in honour of the spring, and shed with the changing season to the passing breeze,—leaves whose only value was their freshness, and which we tread upon in soberer age, and moralize on their decay. Our author has taken for the motto on his title page,

' ——— leaves that strow the brooks
In *Vall' ombrosa*.' Milton.

They are leaves that have fallen, we suppose, in the silence of contemplative solitude.

The volume consists, in fact, of a series of poems, of very unequal merit; some of them are imitations from the Italian; others reminded us of Gessner's Idyls: none of them display any considerable degree of energy of mind, or originality, but they are for the most part highly elegant and pleasing. They are such productions as would never confer distinction on their author's name, but yet they afford no reason for concealing it. 'Children' are the subjects of most of them. 'Beauty,' 'Attachment,' 'Sensibility,' 'Evening,' are the titles of others. The author scarcely attempts any thing of a higher character. They are what the title designates them,—*leaves*. We select the following as no unfavourable specimen:

' THE CHILD LOVE, AND GENIUS.

' It chanced in lonely vale afar,
By woods, and purple evening shaded,
While o'er it hung the Idalian star,
That Love, with tiny pomp, paraded.

' "And mine the scene, and mine the hour!"—
He said, and flung his bow beside him;
But as it fell it crushed the flower,—
His own dear flower when joys betide him!

' Then sorrowing wept the wayward child,
His pride was gone, his star declining!
When Genius o'er him cheering smiled,
And lent his lyre,—with amaranth twining

' He touched, and triumphed at the tones;
 (Though but to sooth had Genius meant it;)
 And soon its mightier power he owns,
 And oh! the heightening grace he lent it!

' Wondrous the charm! its plaintive sound
 Through all the heart's recesses roving;
 While beamed its strings in light around,
 And loveliest visions o'er it moving.

' The boy with rapture viewed the lyre,
 As on its chords his touch reposes;
 Yet, childish still, with fond desire,
 Would change its amaranth for roses.

' Then Genius loud exclaimed—"Forbear!
 Nor from my lyre its own wreaths sever!—
 But, wiselier, twine thy flowrets there,
 To bloom with mine, and bloom for ever!"' pp. 37—39.

The volume is not entirely free from a species of affectation which may be styled the pedantry of taste: and it displays, perhaps, more reading than thought. The *Cottage Girl*, p. 17, might have been omitted with advantage. The following poem, too, is liable to objection on the score of being either a very improbable or a very ill-told story. We must confess, that we do not quite understand, whether our author designed to represent the child as an interesting *infant suicide*, or to convey the idea, that he mistook the unconscious wave for 'emerald groves' and a heaven of beauty, and fell by the sea shore, a victim to the calèture!

The Russian Prisoner of War among the French. By Moritz Von Kotzebue, lieutenant on the general staff of the imperial Russian army, knight of the order of St. Wladimir. 8vo. 9s.

[From the *New Monthly Magazine*.]

THIS authentic and artless relation of a Russian officer, who belonged to the corps of Wittgenstein, in Poland, but was taken prisoner on the 10th of August, 1812, and sent to France, cannot fail to excite interest, when it is known to have been edited by the celebrated dramatist. But independent of the curiosity which that circumstance is calculated to produce, the work itself, as giving a faithful picture of the French character and manners, will be found entitled to attention and respect. Many amusing anecdotes are here related, and a vein of impartiality pervades the whole narrative.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE rapidly improving taste for literature and science, and the consequent efforts to cultivate them in our country, are among the most gratifying indications of its general advancement in whatever can give strength, felicity, and true glory to a nation. An evidence of that taste and those efforts is afforded by the increase of our literary and philosophical societies. These establishments, arising from the love of learning, become themselves a new cause for promoting it, and increase the source from which they spring. They answer besides several other useful and agreeable purposes. They offer refined relaxation to professional men: they provide congenial company and interesting conversation for persons who are devoted to study; and they enable those who aspire to advance the sciences and extend the bounds of human knowledge, to conduct their inquiries with greater facility and make their experiments upon a larger scale. The National Institute of France and the London Institution, are illustrious examples of what may be accomplished by means of such establishments. From the rich materials for observation which those societies provided, and the clusters of genius they collected together, have emanated some of the noblest inventions and discoveries, which have ever benefited or delighted the world: inventions which enable man to subdue, restrain, or render subservient to his own use, the most dangerous and apparently the most uncontrollable powers of nature: discoveries which develop and explain the wonderful mechanism of the movements of the celestial bodies; discoveries at which even their authors look back with astonishment, and the contemplation of which almost induces ordinary men to doubt of their own mortality, and claim kindred with a divine nature. We should not be surprised that such institutions have been made the object of foolish ridicule; nor should we be deterred from the attempt to emulate them because their proceedings are sometimes aped and burlesqued by ignorant and presuming people, who having nothing else to do, give themselves some scientific nickname,

and meet to talk of the weather, and make ludicrously solemn faces at each other.

We have been led to these reflections by the re-perusal of Mr. Elliott's admirable address to the Philosophical Society of South Carolina. It was briefly noticed in our number for February last, (p. 187) but we are persuaded that most of our readers will be gratified to have it entire; for although it was delivered so long ago as the month of August, 1814, we apprehend it is yet but little known beyond the state in which it was first published. The correct, enlarged, and liberal scientific views; the practical good sense, the unaffected modesty, (not always a characteristic of philosophers,) and the excellent style of writing which it exhibits, do honour not only to the author, but to the society in which he presides, and the community by which it is patronised.

It would, we think, be desirable that all the addresses and other communications made to such societies should be first printed in separate pamphlets; from which selections should be made in due time of such as were worthy of being preserved in their proceedings. A printed paper is more easily examined, and more justly appreciated than the best written manuscript. Public opinion would aid those who were entrusted to make the selections, and friendly criticism might enable the authors of the chosen productions to correct and improve them. The records of these societies might thus be kept clear from rubbish; an article of which a very large proportion has been sometimes admitted into the works of very learned bodies. We should regret exceedingly to find any thing of this kind bound up along with Mr. Elliott's discourse: If the Society of South Carolina will exclude from their philosophical compilations, whatever is not worthy of being placed beside that production, they may not indeed publish often, but their volumes will rank among the most distinguished records of science.

An address to the Literary and Philosophical Society of South Carolina: by Stephen Elliott, Esq. President of the Society.

GENTLEMEN.—In obedience to the appointment of the society, I rise to address you; and little as I may have merited the honour you have conferred upon me, I should feel still more unworthy if I permitted the calls of business, or private avocations, to

excuse me from the performance of any duty you may impose upon me, however imperfectly the execution may answer your expectations or my own wishes.

In associating to prosecute and encourage literary and philosophical pursuits, you have given a testimony of your respect for science, and of your desire to render an important service to your country; of your wish to promote researches which give dignity to individual reputation, and are *eminently* calculated to advance public welfare, to multiply national resources, and to elevate national character. In the prosecution of this design let us add zeal to knowledge, and perseverance to enterprize.

In the early dawn of science in modern Europe, literary and scientific societies began to flourish, and with the increasing day they have continued to multiply. Men of science have every where been eager to encourage their formation; nations have sometimes considered them an ornament and a benefit. Their uses are important and diversified. Not designed to form theories, to establish or support particular systems, either in science or in art; it has been their more humble province to collect the scattered and fading rays of philosophic light, to record detached and isolated facts, to encourage the pursuit and investigation of truth, to give to science popularity, to draw the human mind, if possible, from the trivial and often unworthy inquiries of momentary interest or passion, and to afford the friends and cultivators of literature and philosophy some point of union and of concert. It is not easy, now, to determine how much these associations have aided the improvement of civilized society, or added by their labours and researches to the mass of human knowledge. Their task has been to collect the stone, the mortar, and the block, with which the future architect may rear his edifice, and like the workmen of the quarry, although their individual labours may be unnoticed or hidden in the finished structure, yet, have they, nevertheless, essentially contributed to its solidity or magnificence.

In Europe, where the pursuit of science has long been a cherished and a fashionable occupation, and where the number of literary and scientific men has become so great as almost to crowd and jostle on the road, societies have been formed to promote the study of each distinct branch of knowledge: but with us it has been deemed advisable to unite in one society all who should be willing to associate in our labours; while by arranging our members into different classes, and assigning to each class distinct and determinate objects, each individual will find himself co-operating with associates, having common views and occupations.

On this occasion it will not, perhaps, be an inappropriate theme, to recal to your remembrance, and to present to public view, the great objects of our association, and after passing briefly in review the arrangements of the society, after faintly delineating their extent and magnitude, to offer some general observations on their

ultimate importance and value. I feel that this sketch will be drawn with a weak and unsteady hand. To few has it been given to view the extended field of science with strong and distinct vision, to portray each separate compartment in colours at once luminous and true; nor will time permit me to do more than merely to point out the extent and importance of our pursuits, their influence on individual character, and on national prosperity.

The objects to which the society has deemed it advisable to direct the attention of its members, have been distributed into the following classes:

I. MATHEMATICS AND MECHANICAL PHILOSOPHY.

The mathematics form one of the great foundations of science; in their first elements an attainment of indispensable necessity to society, in their higher branches distinguished for the sublimity of their views, and the extent and utility of their application. This science is peculiarly the science of truth, no doubt hangs upon its processes, no uncertainty attends its result. Whatever relates to number, to proportion, to magnitude, it exclusively comprehends. All the branches of mechanical philosophy, mechanics, optics, hydrodynamics, astronomy, are but illustrations of its principles in the wonderful diversity in which they are applicable to matter when in motion or at rest.

Armed with its intelligence, man reduces to system the extended movements of the universe, reduces to order the erratic marches of the planets, brings to measurement their distances, their magnitude, their density, their velocity; explains their apparent irregularities and eccentricities, calculates and determines the all-pervading power of gravitation, numbers the stars in the firmament, and metes out the limits of the constellation.

The mathematics give to geography its precision, and of course all its value; they point out to the mariner his track on the pathless ocean, to the traveller his road through the untrodden wilderness, to the miner his rout in his subterranean journey. Many of the arts of civil life, architecture, civil, naval and hydraulic, fortification, surveying, navigation, depend exclusively on their assistance, and most of the machinery that gives to man such stupendous power is formed and guided by their principles. Without their aid, society itself, like some neglected column, or tower, like Palmyra or Babylon, would moulder into ruin.

In the investigation of mathematical and geometrical truths, some of the most profound and sublime efforts of the human intellect have been displayed. Yet, after all that has been accomplished, this science is not exhausted; even in that field which has been explored by the great minds of a Euclid, an Archimedes, a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Leibnitz, a Newton, a Euler, a La Place, there remain many hidden truths. Discoveries still due to genius, merited rewards for labour. And in the application of mathema-

tics to the pursuits and occupations of man, to mechanics, to machinery, to the arts, the limits are perhaps interminable.

II. CHEMISTRY, INCLUDING ELECTRICITY, GALVANISM AND MINERALOGY.

No science is so intimately connected with the pursuits of man, or mingles so extensively with his occupations, as chemistry. It embraces the whole range of created nature, it comprehends in its researches, all substances animate or inanimate: it explores their elementary principles, it unfolds their combinations, it traces their affinities, it ascertains the result of new associations, new combinations. In every employment we feel its influence or want its aid. Most of our arts and manufactures have their foundations in the principles of chemistry, or are guided and enlightened in their progress by chemical researches. In our food, in our medicine, in our clothes, in the decorations of our houses, we trace its operations. The processes of the dyer, the painter, the glazier, the glass maker, the potter, the tanner, the distiller, the brewer, the baker, are purely chemical; and metallurgy, which extracts the metals from their earths and ores, and gives to man these instruments of power, exhibits one of the triumphs of chemistry. Gunpowder, which has made so great a revolution in military science, and changed the whole artillery of war, is a chemical compound. The power of steam is generated, guided and governed by chemical processes, while the application of its gigantic force is left to mechanical arrangement.

Chemistry ascertains the nature and properties of those airs or gases, which exist in the atmosphere, and perhaps pervade all nature; it analyses the composition of the atmosphere and endeavours to elucidate its changes. Hence those modifications of the air, which constitute the science of meteorology, the result of combinations of the gaseous fluids, varied probably by electric and magnetic influence, become objects of chemical inquiry.

Electricity, from its influence on the atmosphere, from the impossibility of reducing its laws to mathematical calculation, and from its general effects on chemical analysis and combination has been referred to this class. With it has also necessarily been connected galvanism. This wonderful modification of electricity, whose very existence is a late discovery, and whose prodigious effects have been but recently made known, has now become one of the most powerful re-agents of chemistry. No discovery in very recent days has opened so new and extensive a field of experiment, as the voltaic, or galvanic battery, nor one which has excited more general or anxious inquiry. It had long been doubted whether the earths and alkalis, as known to us, were simple elementary substances. While some were thought to have affinities to the acids, others were supposed to consist either of elements still more simple and which had not yet been detected, or to be the oxyds of unknown metals. Galvanism has partly

realized these conjectures. It has already proved that the alkalis are metallic oxyds. It now promises to decompose many of the earths, to render more accurate the knowledge we possess of elementary substances, perhaps to discover new elements. With every increase of agents, science will possess new powers, and may exhibit new combinations, new actions, new results.

Mineralogy has also been referred to chemistry, because, in the last resort the composition and value of all fossils must be determined by chemical analysis. This science, for a long time neglected and abandoned to ignorance and prejudice, has within a short time obtained the popularity and attention it so justly merits. While chemistry has been engaged in analysing and ascertaining the component substances of different minerals, men of system have endeavoured to arrange them in natural associations, and to discriminate them by fixed and certain characters. The systems before the age of Linnæus scarcely merit attention, and his arrangement of the mineral kingdom, though exhibiting some marks of his profound and discriminating mind, never acquired the celebrity, which his systems of the vegetable and animal kingdoms have so justly obtained. Yet he merits praise for having directed the attention of mineralogists to the crystallization of minerals. Bergman and Wallerius added something to the science; and Cronstedt had the merit of first exhibiting a system, formed on uniform, if not truly correct principles. His classification of minerals is strictly chemical, and although superseded or neglected in the extensive discoveries of later years, is still entitled to attentive consideration. Two more recent systems now occupy and divide public opinion.

Undoubtedly one of the most ingenious and profound systems, which has ever been offered to the attention of the world, is the mineralogy of the Abbe Haüy. Availing himself of the lights which had been thrown on the science of crystallography by Linnæus, by Bergman, but principally by Romé de Lisle, he has formed a theory more accurate and more extensively applicable to crystallized mineral substances than any of his predecessors. Ascertaining by the mechanical division of different crystals, that each distinct species is composed of homogeneous particles, or as he terms them, integral molleculæ, he endeavoured by a profound combination of mechanical and mathematical skill, to discover the primitive form of each species, whether that form resembled the integral molleculæ, or, whether by a combination of those molleculæ it assumed a new figure, and then determined by mathematical calculation the ratio of increment or of decrement, by which these primitive forms could be made to assume each variety of crystallized figure, which in fact it did exhibit, or could possibly exhibit. Adopting then the integral molleculæ, or primitive form, as the type of each species, he arranged around the primitive species, each modification of the crystal, as distinct varieties. As every step in this process was determined by mathematical prin-

ciples, no theory, as far as it extends, can be more completely scientific. It has, however, some defects; in the first place, of several species, unquestionably distinct, the integral molecule, and primitive form, appear to be the same, or if nature has really made a distinction, it is too minute for human investigation.—This shakes the very foundation of the system, which is built on the idea that each distinct species of mineral has a 'primitive form, peculiar to itself. In the second place a great proportion of fossil substances are presented to us in rude amorphous masses or fragments, exhibiting no trace of crystallization. As it is impossible therefore to detect, the integral molecules of such substances, they cannot be arranged under the system of Haüy. It may also be doubted, singular as the objection may appear, whether this system is not too scientific to become a popular one. For it not only required profound mathematical knowledge, a knowledge very distinct from mineralogy, to discover the principles of this theory, but it will require much, even to understand it, at least sufficiently to ascertain new species, or to refer new varieties to their proper station around some known primitive form.—It has, however, rendered more extensive and more accurate our knowledge of crystallography, and has enlarged the bounds of science.

Widely different is the system of Werner. Founded entirely on external characters, on colour, figure, lustre, transparency, fracture, weight, and modes of crystallization, it is avowedly popular and practical, being established on those qualities most obvious to the senses, and most easily retained by the memory. Its leading principle is to associate in natural groups, or families, such minerals as nature appears by their external characters to have allied, unmindful of their component substances, as determined by chemical analysis. It would indeed appear that some of the pupils of Werner, with perhaps Werner himself, doubt the accuracy of those analyses which separate substances that seem to be naturally allied. While this system is liable to the objection of departing widely from chemical arrangement, of associating in some instances fossils whose component parts are materially dissimilar, and of separating others that appear in the hands of the chemist to be nearly allied, it has the merit of being strictly mineralogical. Its descriptions and characters are drawn from the obvious features of minerals themselves, and not from the collateral lights of chemistry and the mathematics. It uses these sciences, but they do not constitute its foundation: and it is but justice to remark, that the school of Werner is said to have produced the best practical mineralogists in Europe.

After all, however these systems are but conjectural and tentative: and as we are still obliged to refer every new substance to the laboratory of the chemist, before we can know its constituent parts, or its value in the arts, or in commerce, mineralogy, however we may arrange our cabinets, or marshal our specimens, must remain a branch of this "Universal science."

III. ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

Zoology, even if you except from it man, the first link in the chain of terrestrial beings, and the most worthy of our investigation, has still many claims to our attention. The relation which the more perfect species of animals bear in their structure and physiology to man, has thrown light upon many of the obscure functions of the human frame, and renders comparative anatomy an object of interesting research; while the imperceptible grades by which animals descend on the scale of being; the variations in their organization; the loss of some functions and powers, the acquisition of others; their peculiar conformation, whether adapted to fly, to run, to swim, to creep; their increasing simplicity of structure, and gradual diminution of vital power, until the animal, by insensible transition appears to be lost in the vegetable, open a field and afford objects for observation no less amusing than instructive: neither in an economical view is this study less important. The multiplied relations of man to the animal kingdom, his extensive dependence on it for food, for clothing, for service, for health, and even for amusement, would seem to require from him a well directed attention to their organization, their habits, and economy. How valuable to man would be the domestication of other animals, that in new capacities, or with different powers, should render him as much service as the horse, the ox, or the sheep. From the other orders of the animal kingdom (besides the mammalia) we derive now many articles that supply the wants and add to the conveniences of civilized life, and an increased knowledge of their history and habits would enlarge the amount of their present services, and diminish many of the evils we suffer from them: even Entomology, the most neglected and depreciated branch of natural history, presents many views of peculiar interest to man. To say nothing of the silk worm, an insect so important to luxury, and such a source of wealth to many countries; of the various species of lytta, so valuable as vesicatories to medicine; of the cochineal and lac insects, (*coccus cacti et lacca*) so prized for their costly and brilliant dyes; of the bee, so interesting from its industry and wonderful economy, as well as from its productions. Insects, from their numbers, their diversity of habits and of food, their size, are almost perpetual objects of amusement or annoyance, of profit or of injury. Their annoyance, and their injuries, we feel more sensibly than their benefits: perhaps they are more real; they are certainly more obvious. For, although we are fortunately exempt from the desolating march of the locust, we suffer from the ravages of other insects. The injury which the cotton has sustained from the larva of a moth, is well known; the tobacco requires much care to protect it from the larva of a sphinx; and every species of grain is liable to attacks from insects at some period of its growth. In our gardens they are more destructive than in our fields, and in our orchards still more pernicious than in our gardens; and perhaps I may, with accuracy,

assert, that if we could prevent the depredations of one insect, the curculio, which in its larva state, preys upon our drupaceous fruit, the peach, the nectarine, the plum, the cherry, in all of their varieties, we need envy no country its orchards, but might exhibit on our tables, at little or no cost, as great a variety, and as finely flavoured fruit as any climate with which we are acquainted can produce. It is only by a thorough acquaintance with the natural history of insects, that we can hope effectually to lessen their numbers, or to restrain their ravages; and although we should not be able, altogether to prevent their injuries, for they sometimes seem to walk abroad as one of the scourges of Providence; yet it is only from enlightened efforts that we have a right to expect an alleviation. Industry, with knowledge, will diminish many of the evils which ignorance and indolence must certainly aggravate.

From the vegetable kingdom, it is probable, that every species of organized animated being, either immediately or mediately derive their subsistence. In the terrestrial animals this fact is obvious, for the carnivorous ultimately depend on the graminivorous or granivorous for food. And among the inhabitants of the ocean, the same analogy probably prevails, and the minute insects, which, in the first degree support the superior tribes, draw their nourishment from the aquatic plants which border every river, or the marine algæ which so abundantly inhabit many parts of the ocean. From the vegetable kingdom are derived nearly all of those articles, which are employed to palliate or cure the diseases, and to alleviate the sufferings to which the human frame is liable. What volumes have been written on the dietetic and medicinal virtues of plants; and although much that has been written might without injury be consigned to oblivion, much remains to be written before a correct or complete knowledge of their qualities can be obtained. Improvement in this has kept pace with improvement in other departments of science, since experiment, and an inquiry into facts, have superseded idle speculations, and fantastic theories. From the vegetable kingdom we derive much of our clothing, many of our dyes, and many of the materials of our manufactures. Can a knowledge of substances, so intimately connected with our wants and infirmities be uninteresting and useless? Can a knowledge of substances occupying so large a space in the works of creation be unworthy our attainment? It is not a mere terminology that we should pursue in this science. The structure, habits, and affinities of plants should be objects of our research. Agriculture and gardening are but branches of philosophic botany, and all rational expectation of improvement in these most important departments must be founded on a substantial and accurate knowledge of the principles of vegetation, of the physiology of plants, and of the causes which, in different climates, or in different soils, promote or retard their growth, and their productiveness.

Systematic botany gives order to our knowledge, enables us to ascertain and arrange the different species of plants, which actu-

ally exist on the earth, to know with certainty those, which in different, or distant countries, have been found useful to man, and brings to view, although as yet imperfectly, the great natural associations which exist in the vegetable kingdom.

To the most common observer, the affinities in certain families of plants must be obvious. The gramineæ, the cyperaceæ, the cruciataæ, the labiataæ, the leguminosæ, the umbelliferæ, the different divisions of the Linnæan Syngenesiæ, the apocyneæ, the orchidææ, and many others, have resemblances so striking, that they have always attracted the attention of the most superficial investigators of nature. In many plants, however, these affinities, or connecting links, become remote or uncertain. Some of the ablest botanists in the world, are now endeavouring to complete the knowledge, and establish the system of natural orders. Should they succeed in this great enterprize, should they be able to distribute, by characters, which however slight, shall be certain, however obscure, shall be permanent, all the vegetable kingdom into families, having one common structure, one common habit, and which, even when scattered over distant climes, shall possess common qualities, adapted to similar uses: science, will then, have rendered to man one of the most important services, which perhaps, science can bestow. Yet, it is much to be apprehended, from the difficulty which has attended this inquiry, from the exceptions which seem to arise, even among species of the same genus, that this result is unattainable; that nature never permits us to generalize, but at the expense of truth. That all real knowledge is a knowledge of individuals, acquired by patient research, and repeated experiment, although in these researches, we may undoubtedly be aided, by the knowledge of kindred species, which we may already have obtained.

In an accurate and extended view, the science of natural history includes almost every object of human pursuit; but in its general acceptation it is confined to the three great divisions of zoology, botany, and mineralogy. Besides the extensive relations which this science bears to man, besides its multiplied uses, permit me to recommend it to the attention of men of wealth and leisure, if only on the more humble ground of occupation and amusement. While it gives employment to the understanding, and habits of accurate and attentive observation, it does not require the deep and long abstractions of mathematical inquiries, nor the laborious exertions, or manual dexterity, of chemical experiments. It is every where present. It meets you in air, on the earth, and on the water: It can be brought into the closet, or surround you at the fire side. In the examination of natural substances, you meet with every beauty that arises from colour, every delight that springs from fragrance, every grace that depends on form, mingled with that pleasure, which is derived from the contemplation of endless, inexhaustible variety. If to the eye of taste, the lawn, the grove, the stream, the mountain, the ocean, the inanimate bosom of nature,

afford unsated pleasure, what must be the increase, when science gives to every object that surrounds you, intelligence and life.—When the very earth, on which you tread becomes animate, when every rock, every plant, every insect presents to your view an organization so wonderful, so varied, so complex; an adaptation of means to ends, so simple, so diversified, so extensive, so perfect, that the wisdom of man shrinks abashed at the comparison. Nor is it to present existences that our observations are confined. The mind will sometimes delight to retrace the march of ages, to review the great formations of the universe: to examine of earth the revolutions, the convulsions, that have formed and deranged its structure—of its inhabitants, the creation, the dissolution, the continual reproduction. To admire that harmony, which, while it has taught each being instinctively to pursue the primary objects of its creation, has rendered them all subservient to secondary purposes.

We find every where life, intelligence and order. We feel ourselves surrounded by monuments of immeasurable power, of incomprehensible wisdom, of illimitable goodness. We survey and examine them, until knowledge is lost in astonishment, until wonder yields to adoration. We exclaim with the psalmist “Great and wonderful are thy works Lord God Almighty, in wisdom hast thou made them all.”

To facilitate the study of natural history, we should endeavour to form a museum, where we may collect specimens of all the objects which nature exhibits to our view. It should be particularly our aim, to elucidate the natural history of our own country, and to obtain specimens of our native productions. If the funds of our infant society are too limited for such an establishment on an extended scale, we may at least lay the foundations, and leave the superstructure to our successors. In many departments of natural history, as mineralogy, botany, conchology, entomology, the specimens, until our collections become considerable, would not occupy much room, and can be preserved with a little attention. The animals of larger size and of more difficult preservation, may be added, as means and opportunity permit. How interesting would it be, to behold in one assemblage the rich treasures of nature. To view the quadrupeds, the birds, the fish, the insects, the shells, the vegetables, the minerals, of the most remote shores, the wildest deserts, the most inhospitable climes; the productions of every land and every sea congregated together; arranged according to natural associations, or artificial characters; or grouped by geographical relations. Than such a collection, we can imagine nothing more delightful to the eye, nothing more gratifying to the understanding. With these objects may be connected the works of man; works calculated to illustrate the manners, customs, arts, the wants and improvements of different ages, or to explain the geography, chronology, history or mythology of ancient and modern days. Coins, medals, cameos, intaglios, sculp-

ture, statuary, painting, arms, manufactures, will all increase the value of such a collection; and a library adapted to our pursuits, and selected and designed to pour the lights of science over the fabric of nature, would complete the establishment.

The study of natural history has been, for many years, the occupation of my leisure moments; it is a merited tribute to say that it has lightened for me many a heavy, and smoothed many a rugged hour; that beguiled by its charms, I have found no road rough or difficult, no journey tedious, no country desolate or barren. In solitude never solitary, in a desert never without employment. I have found it a relief from the languour of idleness, the pressure of business, or the unavoidable calamities of life.

IV. ANATOMY, SURGERY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND MEDICINE.

Of these sciences, man has always appeared duly to estimate the value. The tortures of pain, the apprehensions of death, have led him, in all stages of society, to fly to art for relief, to yield himself submissively to real or pretended skill, and in ages of ignorance, to worship, almost with divine honours, the masters and principles of the "healing art." Guided by the star of science, anatomy and surgery have progressed with rapid step, and have fully partaken of the splendour of modern improvement. Whatever the most enlightened eye could scrutinize and detect, whatever the most dexterous arm could execute, may be found in their annals, monuments of their skill and matchless excellence. But the progress of medicine has been more questionable. There appear to be limits which we are not permitted to pass, secrets we are not allowed to explore. The principle of life is still unknown, and that mysterious power, varying with every temperament, modified by every peculiar organization, seems to give to disease, in each individual constitution, a distinct form. Hence it has been difficult to give to medicine system; to form theories, illustrating the causes, symptoms and termination of each disease; when disease itself, affected not only by physical, but by moral associations, exhibits as many anomalous aspects, as human character, or human feelings. Hence, perhaps, in no pursuit, has successful practice depended more on personal sagacity, on the faculty of considering disease, not in the abstract, but as combined in every case with individual constitution, temper, and habits. Theory after theory, has been swept away. The dogmatics, the empirics, the eclectics are forgotten; the principles of mechanics and of chemistry, the doctrines of vibration, of irritability, of excitability, have all been insufficient to explain the phenomena of disease:—and medicine still offers a wreath of unfading verdure to him, who shall be able to trace the hidden springs of life, to mark their development, their expansion, their decay; who shall explore the latent sources of disease, shall arrange its associations, shall explain its modifications, shall counteract its efforts, and arrest its progress. We mean not, with lord Bacon to say, that the labours

bestowed on medicine, have been all in circle rather than in progression. In physiology, in the *materia medica*, in the treatment of many diseases, there has doubtless been great improvement; but the foundations of the science are still unstable. The systems that have reduced medicine to one single principle, or practice, to one dominant doctrine, have proved but splendid quackeries. Of the diseases, which two thousand years ago, proved the scourges of our race, how few have been subdued; and of the countless generations of man, how few are there, even excluding those that perish by violence or accident, who die from the natural decay of the organs of life, who, having performed all their functions and fulfilled all their duties, fall like autumnal leaves in the fulness of days and of maturity.

V. AGRICULTURE, AND RURAL ECONOMY.

To the connexion between agriculture, and the physiology and philosophy of plants, I have already alluded. The fundamental principles of this art are every where the same; but we find in the practical details, a thousand variations. A difference of climate, of temperature, of exposure; a predominance of heat, of cold, of moisture, of dryness, all tend to produce new modes of culture, to require new objects of cultivation. In all countries the leading features of agriculture, the preparation of the soil, the application of manures, the rotation of crops are similar; but in practice we find every plant possessing a peculiar habit, and requiring an appropriate culture. In a new country, like ours, where in the climate, the soil, the articles of cultivation, and more especially in the cultivators themselves, we differ widely from those nations, from whom we have been accustomed to derive our information, it is peculiarly important to record our own practice and experience. Nor is it successful experiment only, that we ought to relate. It is often as useful to perpetuate our failures, as our successes; to buoy the shoals and reefs of an extended coast, as to mark the channels. From the want of a written record, much of the knowledge of our fathers has already been forgotten: and there are many points, belonging not only to the main, but to the collateral branches of this subject, on which we want information. The embankment and recovery of our extensive marshes; the draining of our deep swamps; the conversion of our sandy pine barrens into pasturage, if not into tillage; the improvement of our present modes of culture; the introduction of new objects of cultivation; the rotation of crops most suitable to our agriculture; the melioration of our stock; the permanent enclosure of our lands, the foundation of all good farming; the formation of meadows; and the general improvement of our rural economy, are all objects of important inquiry. The tardiness with which, in an enlightened age, new modes or articles of cultivation are introduced into different countries, appears to a reflecting mind, a subject of real astonishment. This

state was settled a hundred and thirty years before the cotton plant was cultivated as a crop. We are now wondering at the success of the sugar cane. We raise no silk, yet some recent experiments have left, on my mind, no doubt of the perfect adaptation of our climate to the silk worm. Many of the cerealia and leguminous plants of Asia, Africa, and the south of Europe, have never yet been cultivated on our plantations: many varieties of fruit, even of those raised in Europe, are unknown in our gardens. How important would it be to a young country, to have, even at the expense of government, a real experimental farm, where the leading object should be, not so much to improve the actual cultivation of the plants, now forming the common crops of the country. This may, perhaps, be safely left to individual exertion; as to ascertain and introduce every plant useful for food, for medicine, or in the arts, which could be raised in our country in the open air; and to endeavour to naturalize those, which at first appear too delicate to support the variations of our climate.

VI. COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES, AND INTERNAL NAVIGATION.

On the importance of these subjects, it is unnecessary to dilate. Of commerce, this bond which connects all nations, this animating principle which vivifies every region that it touches, which gives plenty to the barren rock, and abundance to the sandy desert, I shall only remark, that although its practice and arrangements are always most advantageously left to the enterprize of the merchant; yet, while from the researches, and discoveries of science, from the skill of the artist, and from the labours of the agriculturist, commerce derives its materials and powers of action; there are many things in its principles, many in its details, much of its information, and much of its exertion that merit a record.

Manufactures require much attention; and from the state of society in our country, much judgment to select and promote those peculiarly adapted to our situation. The power and wealth of a great empire may change, or even reverse the natural order of manufactures; may nurse them in hot beds, may furnish them with artificial warmth, may rear them to premature perfection, may supply the calls of luxury, or administer to the splendid wants of magnificence, before the necessary arts of social life have gained an establishment. But with us they must rise by their own strength, by their adaptation to our wants and our resources; to our materials, and to our labour. It is wise in every nation to diversify the pursuits of its citizens, to multiply the links that connect them to each other, to render them as independent, as possible, of foreign nations, to enable them to supply their mutual wants by mutual exchanges. Deplorable would be the situation of that country, where the citizens pursuing but a few great objects of culture or of art, and depending for the supply of every other want on foreign resources; depending for the exchange of their own industry on foreign commerce; should find these channels intercepted

by war, or internal regulations; they would then have to purchase, at exorbitant prices, every article of common necessity, and have nothing to offer in exchange, but those productions, of which every neighbour has already a superfluity.

The improvement of our internal navigation is one of those great objects in which every citizen must feel some interest, and from which every individual would derive some personal advantage.—By facilitating the intercourse between the distant portions of our country, by lessening the expense and risk of transportation, the articles of consumption, whether of necessity, of convenience, or of luxury, which they severally furnish, will be more easily attainable; and many productions which now, from the want of a market, command no price, and obtain no attention, would then become sources of profit to individuals, and of benefit to the country.—The principles on which these improvements ought to be conducted, afford at all times a subject of important inquiry. The first efforts in the progress of society, are, of course, directed to clear away the obstructions which naturally, or artificially, occur in the streams which can be rendered navigable. The exertions of improved and opulent communities are employed, to intersect a country, in every possible direction, by navigable canals; overcoming, by science and labour, the obstacles of nature. In these enterprizes, some of the highest and most surprising efforts of human power and ingenuity have been displayed. To accomplish these objects, man raises the valley, levels the hill, diverts the stream, perforates the mountain; he leads the river in unaccustomed channels, and the bird of the air views the white sail of commerce usurping her accustomed haunts.

Few countries are capable of such extensive improvements in internal navigation as our own. Forming, from the mountains to the ocean, an almost regularly inclined plain, it is in the power of art to divert our streams from their very sources, to pour them into canals, to distribute and direct them at pleasure, and to supply them with water, not only sufficient for their own consumption, but to form innumerable mill seats, where power can be regulated by system, free from the evils, either of want or superfluity. When compared with rivers, at least above the progress of the tides, canals, from their security from accident, from the directness of their course, from their exemption from the influence of currents or of winds, and from the certainty with which voyages on them can be made, have great advantages. Hence, they have always been favourite enterprizes in all countries, where the wealth and population have permitted their establishment.

VII. HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, AND ANTIQUITIES.

HISTORY and geography now form so important and necessary a part of liberal education, that they want no illustration, and require no eulogium. While history teaches, by experience, the most unerring, though perhaps the least regarded, of all precep-

tors, the highest and most important truths; while she delineates by actions, not by professions or opinions, the unvarying tenor and principles of human conduct; while she raises a consoling or a warning voice, and reflects, from the past, a gay or a gloomy light, over the prospects of the future; chronology and geography give to her lessons lucid order and comprehensive instruction. While complete systems of these, or of their kindred branches of topography and antiquities, come not within the limits of our association, there are many scattered fragments, many detached facts, many local illustrations, that distinctly meet our views. Many of the facts attending the early settlement of our country, are daily perishing. Much of the knowledge we now possess, and are forgetting, will be interesting to posterity. Of the location and ancient traditions of the aborigines of this country, we have no accurate memorials. Of their original arts and manufactures, we have few or no specimens. In the topography of our country we are miserably deficient, in our geography very incorrect. We have no maps of our country on which we can place any reliance; no surveys, except of our sea coast, which have any pretensions to accuracy. The illustrations, or researches of men of science, on any of these subjects, we shall cheerfully record.

VIII. BELLES LETTRES, LANGUAGES ANCIENT AND MODERN, AND EDUCATION PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

WHILE the severer sciences promote the improvement and power of society, poetry, oratory, and polite literature, improve and adorn the individual. They form the charm and embellishment of social intercourse, they refine, correct, and polish the understanding; they add gayety or energy to thought, brilliancy and life to language; they give to their possessors that influence in society, which vanity and ambition covet; and in moments of national danger, or national enthusiasm, they sometimes exercise over the moral world, an awful and unbounded power. They form, at once, the fulcrum and lever of Archimedes. But these are personal talents, and in a great degree unconnected with the state of society, whose progress they neither accelerate nor retard; for they occasionally flash through the gloomy slumber of the intellectual world, and while they leave behind no permanent reflection, dazzle the more from the contrast of surrounding night. In free governments, they will always be studied; eloquence in particular, the great instrument of power, with emulation and zeal. But their principles, their nature, and their objects, deserve a careful and enlightened investigation.

Language, the peculiar faculty of man, the organ by which he acquires, and by which he communicates all his knowledge, merits distinguished attention. It should be cultivated with assiduous care, it should be refined and improved with unremitting labour. As all modern languages are composed of the wrecks and fragments of other languages, assimilated and aggregated in ages of

ignorance, they partake of the rudeness and imperfection of their native materials, and cannot be fashioned to that standard of excellence, which even our imperfect knowledge could model: yet, to this point, our labours should tend. We should endeavour to render language, simple in its principles, varied in its combinations, definite in its meaning, harmonious in its arrangement, energetic in its structure. It should afford to every expression a distinct idea; to every idea an appropriate expression.

Languages are said to be keys of knowledge. An extensive acquaintance with them renders common what is local, gives to the present the improvements of the past, unfolds in short, the wisdom and instruction of all ages and nations. Let us obtain them; but let us not, however, suppose that languages themselves, are the great objects of our pursuit. They are means, not ends; they are the casket, not the jewel; they are the instruments of the workman, not the work itself: yet they merit a place in all systems of education, from their intrinsic usefulness; from the facility with which they can be acquired, at an age in which the memory is more active than the judgment; and from the probability that, in their acquisition, young persons will be obliged to study critically and profoundly the best models of composition which we possess; the finest memorials which genius and taste have left of their existence. They deserve also to be studied, because the principles of most languages are so nearly similar, that the knowledge of one aids the acquisition of others; because it is probable that no modern tongue can be philosophically investigated or thoroughly understood, without the lights which other languages will reflect upon it; and because the acquisition of languages, an acquisition which may be obtained at an age when the understanding is incapable of high exertions, affords so many gratifications in future life, that no one who possesses the advantage appears ever to regret the time or labour which was bestowed on its attainment.

In a republic, education should become a national concern. In no other form of government is it so important that instruction should be universally diffused, that it should enlighten the deceptive mists and overwhelming shadows of ignorance, that it should correct the false views and oblique paths of prejudice, that it should remove the errors of superstition, and, above all, that it should teach the inseparable connexion of liberty and virtue. Education should be early, that its impressions may be permanent; it should be profound, that its impressions may be true; it should embrace the improvements of each passing hour, that we may keep pace with our rivals in peace and war; it should be national, that our first feelings and sensations may be the love of our country.

A complete system of national education is one of the great desiderata of our age.

IX. FINE ARTS.

THE fine arts, painting, engraving, sculpture, architecture, music, multiply the pleasures and enjoyments of life, and give to society some of its choicest embellishments: but it is not for amusement, solely, that they should be cultivated. They are capable of nobler exertions; they should be directed to better purposes. Painting and sculpture address themselves directly and powerfully to the senses; they can appeal to the strongest impulses of the heart. Speaking a universal language, alike intelligible to ignorance and wisdom, their influence is extensive, and their effects important. They should be taught to exhibit examples of virtue—of fortitude—of justice. They should rise above the sordid or criminal pursuits of man. They should assume the tone of a master, not proffer the adulation of a slave. Their abuses should be most cautiously restrained; for, when they become the panders of vice or voluptuousness, they realise the fictions of the Upas, and diffuse, wherever they extend, a pestilential poison.

Most of the fine arts advance regularly with the progress of civilization; others, like painting, frequently possess more energy and sublimity in the infancy of society; at that period when the feelings are but little softened or controlled by the refinements of social life, in the age of impassioned poetry, and amidst the daily exhibitions of sublime virtue and atrocious guilt. As, however, these arts are in general, not only the companions of highly refined society, but require the fostering aid of wealth to bring them to maturity, we can scarcely hope, in our day and country, to see specimens of their high powers: yet of these, as of every other art or science, the fundamental principles may be studied, and should be understood. If we cannot enrich the painter or engraver, or give to the architect an enlarged theatre for his talents, we should endeavour to apply the principles of art to all objects to which they are applicable. To give to our feelings, to our taste, to our judgment, correctness.

SUCH, gentlemen, are the objects embraced by our association, such the field presented for our researches. In this wide range of literature and science, there is no human civilized being, whatever may be his condition, his profession, his avocations, his pursuits, who has not some interest. Science would give new skill and value to the labours of the mechanic, new resources to the enterprise of the man of business, new dignity to the leisure of the man of wealth, new enjoyments to the man of pleasure, new powers to the man of exertion: and yet how many are there, who turning from some of the paths of science, with aversion and horror, as too difficult, too laborious to be trodden, and considering others as too insignificant, or too obscure, to be worth exploring; who finding every useful acquirement above or beneath their capa-

cities, pass their lives in ignorance or vice, hiding most carefully the talent which has been committed to their trust; neglecting the duties they owe to society, and to their country; and debasing those faculties, by which alone they are honourably distinguished in the works of creation. In created nature, man alone deserts his high station, man alone betrays his dignity and rank. In the tribes of irrational animals, each individual fills his allotted space, distinguished perhaps from his fellows by trifling grades of swiftness or of strength; but between that height to which man may soar, and that valley of moral and intellectual degradation to which he may descend, immeasurable is the space.

Yet great as may be the influence of science on personal character, its effects on society are still more powerful and determinate. It was the observation of one of the wisest men of modern ages, it was an aphorism of lord Bacon, that knowledge is power. No axiom is more generally true in its individual, none more certainly true in its national application. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. How wonderful the difference between the poor, naked, wandering savage, trembling before the elements, which in terror he adores, depending on his solitary, unaided exertions, for food, for arms, for raiment, for shelter; and the civilized man, who, strong in the science and resources of society, rides over the ocean, even on the wings of the tempest; disarms the lightning of its power; ascends the airy canopy of heaven; penetrates into the profound caverns of the earth; arms himself with the power of the elements; makes fire, and air, and earth, and water, his ministering servants; and standing, as it were, on the confines of nature, seems, as by a magic talisman, to give energy and life to the brute elements of matter.

It is not from the simple products of the earth, or from the crude materials with which a country may abound, that her power and resources must arise. The most productive regions have frequently been the most weak and dependant. The blessings of nature may be blighted by the ignorance or folly of man. A nation must seek for wealth and power, by encouraging that active and profound knowledge, which ascertaining the principles, the proportions, the combinations, the affinities of the mineral; the habits, the productions, the qualities, the uses of the vegetable; and the manners, the instincts, the properties, whether noxious or useful, of the animal kingdoms, can give to every substance, which it possesses, or can obtain, every appropriate use; can procure for them their ultimate value; can convert them, at will, into instruments of pleasure, of riches, of grandeur, or of power.

No people have ever yet attained this high point of national improvement, none, perhaps, will ever attain it; but exactly in proportion to the progress of its improvements, compared to its extent and local situation, will be the relative station, which each country will occupy in the scale of nations. How important then does it become to give to the pursuits of science every encou-

ragement which they require and can receive. That we endeavour to stimulate the rising generation, by example, by commendation, by the prospect of literary reputation, to labours and inquiries, which may add still more to national than to individual benefit. He who makes an important discovery in art or science, frequently adds to the wealth and reputation of his country. He who elevates its literary character becomes its benefactor.

It is not easy to determine how far each science contributes to the general mass, or to estimate its relative value. Forming one **RADIANT CIRCLE** they mutually *support*, they mutually enlighten each other. The proud **FABRIC** of **MODERN SCIENCE** is composed of materials extracted from every quarry, and has been constructed by the labours of hundreds and of thousands co-operating in one common design. Every ascertained fact, every new discovery in any department, adds to the general mass of knowledge, and enlarges the circle of human observation and improvement. No inquiry should be abandoned as abstruse and uninteresting, none rejected as obscure or insignificant. No tribute should be withheld as too humble or unimportant. The mighty streams that gladden the earth, and diffuse wealth and enjoyment along their extended borders, are formed by the union of small and unnoticed springs. It is not the magnitude of the fountain head, but the number of tributary streams that determine their size and their importance. Some branches of knowledge, from the sublimity of their views, from the certainty of their results, or from their extensive application to all the occupations of life, may have the higher claims to our notice; but those which only serve to polish or to decorate, merit also attention. We should no more wish to deface the Corinthian capital of science, than to sap its deep foundations.

To you, gentlemen, who have formed this association, it will be superfluous to extend these reflections. You have borne your testimony to the importance of its views; it will remain with you, by exertion, to give reality to expectation. We are component parts of a nation rising into importance and power. We find ourselves surrounded by rivals, jealous of their rights, powerful in their resources, strong in arms, yet perhaps depending less on the simple operation of physical force, than on the combined influence of commerce, arts, and science. To contend with these nations successfully, we must be, in all things, their equals. We must give knowledge to enthusiasm, means to enterprize, and skill to courage. We find our naval and military reputation rising with the dangers and difficulties that surround us; the energy of freedom will ultimately surmount the errors of negligence or folly! but our literary character is still unknown, or unacknowledged. Amidst the convulsions of the civilized world, we have beheld nations contending as strenuously in letters, as in arms; extending to their citizens the Laurel and the Bay with equal

enthusiasm. Shall we feel no impulse of national emulation? Shall we not profit by their great examples? Shall we witness, in the splendid career of science, their successes, and their triumphs, and make no effort to give to our country, on the page of literary history, a "habitation and a name." In the distribution of talents to nations and to individuals, nature has been liberal and just. If she elevates but few to pre-eminent greatness, she condemns but few to inevitable obscurity; to most she gives the power and the opportunity of being useful: but while she gives us talents, she leaves their employment to our own discretion.

Let me hope, gentlemen, that this society, small and humble as may have been its origin, may yet render some service to our country; that it may awaken a spirit of philosophic inquiry, that it may recal some of our youths from idle and unworthy pursuits, to the labours and pleasures of literature, that it may give to science some popularity. The small seed scattered in the wilderness may become a tree, under whose branches the birds of the air shall find food and shelter. The nameless rivulet may emerge to splendor and to usefulness: but to obtain our objects, or justify our views, it will be necessary that we advance in our career with a zeal that shall not be extinguished by occasional failures, and a perseverance unconquered by temporary disappointments.

GENERAL VIEW OF SPANISH AMERICA.

[*From an Exposition of the Commerce of Spanish America, with some observations on its importance to the United States. By Don Manuel Torres, Deputy from the States of New Grenada.*]

SPANISH AMERICA, enjoying a diversity of climate, and various degrees of temperature, from the most intense heat to ice; comprehending a surface of 5,500 miles in length, and 3,000 miles in breadth, between 38 degrees north, and 54 south, affords all the different productions of other continents, including those of Asia; as tea, spices, gums, pearls, and precious stones; and yields, in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, many productions which are peculiar to this continent.

When we consider, on the one side, the efforts of its inhabitants to shake off the yoke of the Spanish government; the extraordinary progress of their revolution; and, on the other, the great interest which all nations have to partake directly of the rich commerce of that part of the new world, we cannot doubt of the complete emancipation of that extensive and fruitful country, nor of the establishment of a new, powerful, and independent empire, probably under the form of a representative and central government; which, uniting and disposing of its great resources, according to circumstances, may by a wise policy, prevent or stifle in-

testine divisions, and effectually maintain its independence: a government, at the same time, suitable, and prudently calculated for the degree of knowledge, habits, and manners of its inhabitants, will procure happiness to nineteen millions of people already civilized, and prepare the same advantage for a vast number of aborigines, who are yet in their primitive state of independence.

Such an event cannot fail to influence the commerce, policy, and even the power of other nations, to an extent, at this time, not easy to calculate: but to the United States of North America, the particular circumstances, contiguity, and resources of the southern section of this continent, must be, above all, interesting.

It becomes, then, highly important for the merchant, as well as the statesman, to be minutely acquainted with the different governments, and departments of commercial administration into which Spanish America is divided; their natural and artificial productions; those which are annually exported to foreign countries, and their value; the ports in which trade is carried on; the four different classes or denominations into which these ports are divided; the particular laws and regulations of their custom-houses; the amount of duties paid on the importation of goods, and the method of calculating them; their different kinds of coins, weights, and measures; the proportion which they bear to each other, and their exact relations with those of the United States; and, lastly, the mode of trading there to the greatest advantage.

The work now offered to the public, contains the most complete and correct information upon these important points. It is founded, partly on the most authentic and faithful documents; partly on the observation of the author himself, made during a long residence in that country, in several situations the best calculated to acquire information; and moreover, it is the result of long and assiduous labour, and of some experience in public and private business.

The Spanish-American continent is divided into four vicerealties, namely: New Spain, New Granada, Peru, and Rio de la Plata; and into four captain-generalships, viz. Yucatan, Guatemala, Venezuela, and Chile. The eastern and western Floridas are dependent on the captain-generalship of the island of Cuba.

Its islands in the Atlantic are, Cuba, the Spanish part of St. Domingo, Porto Rico, Margarita, and St. Andrews: in the Pacific Ocean, Chiloe and the island of Juan Fernandez, which are dependencies of the kingdom of Chile. The annual exportation of the product of its mines, agriculture, and industry, that of the islands included, exceeds one hundred millions of dollars; three-fifths of which consist of five and a half millions of *marks of silver*, and of one hundred and fourteen thousand *marks of gold*.

Providence, with a bountiful hand, has bestowed its choicest gifts on that happy land. Intersected in all directions by the lof-

tiest mountains, and watered by the finest rivers of the universe, the fertility of its soil is beyond comparison.

From this singularity, and its situation between Asia, Europe, and the United States, as well as from the number of its excellent harbours, opening on the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans, that country seems to have been destined by the Author of Nature, to become the common centre of the commerce of the whole world.

Its provinces, situated between the torrid and temperate zones, and blessed with a variety of climates and temperatures, vegetation is there perpetual. The vine, and the different species of grain, yield two, three, and some four crops a-year: they sow and reap in the same field; and orchards offer the fine contrast of flowers and fruits in all their different states of growth and perfection. In these fortunate regions nature is never idle.

That country produces trees of an enormous size, of great durability, and excellent for the construction of ships; some of them being incorruptible under water: others afford timber so exquisitely fine as to rival in beauty, brilliancy, hardness, and variety of colours, the handsomest marbles; and some which, possessing different medicinal virtues, may be equally used for dyeing, as for works in the useful arts. It produces also delicious balms, gums, resins, bitumens, and a vast number of prolific vines, useful in the arts: lastly, all the productions of the Antilles are cultivated in its provinces, and at a third less expense and trouble, and with the only difference of being there of a superior quality.

We find in it also different species of vegetable wool, which may be employed as materials in many branches of manufactures: innumerable aromatic and medicinal plants; some juicy and nourishing, others aquatic, containing salts and alkalis, useful in the arts, medicine, &c. &c.; grasses of species unknown to Europe, and a variety of roots, and of delicious and wholesome fruits.

Spanish America is rich in valuable mines of gold, silver, platina, quicksilver, copper, iron, lead, zinc, and antimony; and it possesses also, on the banks of its navigable rivers, abundant stores of bitumen, coal, and other fossil substances.

It is not less distinguished in the animal kingdom, either by the vast numbers of its quadrupeds, of which some are useful for agriculture and transportation, affording, at the same time, delicate flesh and valuable hides, and others for wool and furs exquisitely fine; or by the number of its birds, and the elegance and variety of their plumage. Its lakes and coasts swarm with amphibious animals, which add to the number of fine furs, and contribute, together with the whales and other sea monsters, to augment the variety of a productive branch of commerce.

In those happy climates too, the Author of nature has been equally generous towards man's moral and physical organization. The American possesses intellectual capacity, and is capable of planning and executing great undertakings. He is an observer

of nature, and an ingenious imitator. Mr. Jefferson has justly remarked, that "naturally eloquent, sublime ideas, precision, and accurate similitudes are familiar to him, even in his state of ignorance."

Hospitable, generous, humane, mild, patient, fond of peace, possessing, in short, every natural aptitude to virtue, according to the venerable Palafox, bishop of Puebla, he is calculated for civil life, for the arts and sciences, and may become very useful to society in general, by serving the cause of mankind. He wants but a good education; and, if it be true that the government gives character to the man, what hopes are we not to entertain of so fine and amiable a being! Under a government of his own choice, the South American will imitate his brother of the north: like him, he will love his country as he loves his family, opinion he will prefer to wealth, the public welfare will be his own, and justice, labour, and order will become as dear to the one as it is already to the other.

The different products and articles of exportation, the departments where they are raised and gathered, the ports where they are shipped, their value exceeding sixty-three millions in the mineral kingdom, thirty-four in the vegetable, and four in the animal: all this, together with an estimate of the civilized population of Spanish America, are exhibited in the statistical table marked No. 1.

ON HERALDRY.

It is probable, that no science on earth conveys to its votaries a greater degree of enthusiasm than that of heraldry. One instance, at least, can be brought, unmatched in any other.

The passage is taken from a scarce treatise in quarto, entitled, "The Blazon of Gentry," (a book recommended by Peacham, in his "Compleat Gentleman," as a book to be bought at any rate,) and runs thus—

"Christ was a gentleman, as to his flesh, by the part of his mother, (as I have read,) and might, if he had esteemed of the vaine glorie of this worlde (whereof he often sayde his kingdom was not) have borne coat-armour. The apostles, also, (as my authour telleth me) were gentlemen of bloud, and many of them descended from that worthy conqueror, Judas Machabeus; but through the tract of time, and persecution of wars, poverty oppressed the kindred, and they were constrained to servile workes." P. 97.

In the same book we find the exact arms, properly blazoned, of Semiramis, Queen of Babylon.

POETRY.

[*For the Analectic Magazine.*]

DINES OCCASIONED BY THE AUTHOR'S VISITING THE RUINS OF
HIS LATE RESIDENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

TO MEMORY.

MEMORY! welcome to my soul,
At evening's calm and shadowy hour,
Congenial to thy soft control
Is her serene and tranquil pow'r.

Ah come! and on thy faithful chart
Let me those long lost scenes renew,
Which oft gave transport to my heart,
Ere to their sweets I bade adieu!

Where Fancy turns her wand'ring eye,
Direct thy steady finger there,
Those varied traces to descry,
That time or anguish might impair.

This spot was once a blissful scene,
Where Love and Friendship fondly smiled,
Where childhood's artless playful mien
Has oft the lingering hours beguiled.

But these delights forever flown,
No more to this lone spot belong,
The whip-poor-will with plaintive moan,
Now vibrates here her nightly song.

A tender willow, too, here thrives,
Though rudely toss'd by ev'ry wind,
Moisten'd by dews of heaven, it lives
A lesson to instruct mankind.

'Tis our's to bend beneath the storm,
And unrepining bear the rod,
Which often falls in angry form,
Indulgent from the hand of God.

Charleston, May, 1816.

E. J.

ON THE SPANISH CHARACTER.

[*From Southey's Poet's Pilgrimage.*]

Strange race of haughty heart and stubborn will,
 Slavery they love and chains with pride they wear;
 Inflexible alike in good or ill,
 The invet'rate stamp of servitude they bear.
 Oh! fate perverse, to see all change withstood,
 There only where all change must needs be good!

But them nor foe can force, nor friend persuade;
 Impassive souls in iron forms enclosed,
 As though of human mould they were not made,
 But of some sterner elements composed,
 Against offending nations to be sent,
 The ruthless ministers of punishment.

Where are those Minas after that career
 Wherewith all Europe rang from side to side?
 In exile wandering! Where the Mountaineer. . .
 Late, like Pelayo, the Asturian's pride!
 Had Ferdinand no mercy for that life,
 Exposed so long for him in daily, hourly strife!

From her Athenian orator of old
 Greece never listened to sublimer strain
 Than that, with which, for truth and freedom bold,
 Quintana moved the inmost soul of Spain.
 What meed is his let Ferdinand declare—
 Chains, and the silent dungeon, and despair!

For this hath England borne so brave a part!
 Spent with endurance, or in battle slain,
 Is it for this so many an English heart
 Lies mingled with the insensate soil of Spain!
 Is this the issue, this the happy birth
 In those long throes and that strong agony brought forth!

From *Mador of the Moor*, a poem, by James Hogg, author of the *Queen's Wake*, *Pilgrims of the Sun*, &c.

The rainbow's lovely in the eastern cloud;
 The rose is beauteous on the bended thorn;
 Sweet is the evening ray from purple shroud,
 And sweet the orient blushes of the morn;
 Sweeter than all, the beauties which adorn
 The female form in youth and maiden bloom!
 Oh why should passion ever man suborn
 To work the sweetest flower of nature's doom,
 And cast o'er all her joys a veil of cheerless gloom!

Oh fragile flower! that blossoms but to fade!
 One slip recovery or recal defies!

Thou walk'st the dizzy verge with steps unstead,
 Fair as the habitants of yonder skies!
 Like them, thou fallest never more to rise!
 Oh fragile flower! for thee my heart's in pain!
 Haply a world is hid from mortal eyes,
 Where thou may'st smile in purity again,
 And shine in virgin bloom, that ever shall remain.

Canto II.

What art thou, Love? or who may thee define?
 Where lies thy bourne of pleasure or of pain?
 No sceptre, graved by Reason's hand, is thine,
 Child of the moisten'd eye and burning brain,
 Of glowing fancy, and the fervid vein,
 That soft on bed of roses lov'st to rest,
 And crop the flower where lurks the deadly bane!
 Oh many a thorn those dear delights invest,
 Child of the rosy cheek, and heaving snow-white breast!

Thou art the genial balm of virtuous youth,
 And point'st where Honour waves her wreath on high;
 Like the sweet breeze that wanders from the south,
 Thou breath'st upon the soul, where embryos lie
 Of new delights, the treasures of the sky!
 Who knows thy trembling watch in bower of even,
 Thy earliest grateful tear, and melting sigh?
 Oh never was to yearning mortal given
 So dear delights as thine, thou habitant of heaven:

Wo that thy regal sway, so framed to please,
 Should ever from usurper meet control!
 That ever shrivell'd wealth, or gray disease,
 Should mar the grateful concord of the soul!
 That bloated sediment of crazing bowl
 Should crop thy blossoms which untasted die!
 Or that the blistering phrase of babbler foul
 Should e'er profane thy altars, framed to lie
 Veil'd from all heaven and earth, save silent Fancy's eye!

Oh I will worship even before thy bust,
 When my dimm'd eye no more thy smile can see!
 While this deserted bosom beats, it must
 Still beat in unison with hope and thee!
 For I have wept o'er perish'd ecstasy,
 And o'er the fall of beauty's early prime!
 But I will dream of new delights to be,
 When moon and stars have ceased their range sublime,
 And angels rung the knell of all-consuming Time!

Canto III.

[*From Ackermann's Repository.*]

OH FARE THEE WELL!

This Poem is attributed to Lady Byron.

Oh fare thee well! and must the sigh
Embodying the words that sever,
Meet those as heartfelt that reply
Oh fare thee well! farewell *for ever!*

Then be it so, but still the heart
That swore to love thee, swore so true,
Shall never from its faith depart,
No—nor *for ever* banish you.

For ever, Oh! concealed there lies
Obdurate, in that word the source
That leads to ill our destinies
And plants within thy breast remorse.

For ever! No—shall sullen pride
Thy bosom seal—excluding there
Of feeling—the returning tide
And cherish still thy throb—despair?

Oh! yield not, father of my child,
Once tender, ever dearest still;
Oh! yield not to those fancies wild,
That agitate thy fevered will;

To that capricious restless train,
Not born of Reason's healthful kind,
That havoc in thy fertile train,
And canker in thy nobler mind:

Yield not to these, Oh! by this kiss,
Which on thy infant's lips I press,
And by that one—as pure—of bliss
That promised years of happiness:

Ah! how illusive they are fled!
And since no solace of *my* care
Can yield sweet slumbers to thy bed,
Or sooth thine hours of anguish there—

Then fare *thee well*—in this adieu
Think not *for ever* that we *part*,
When all the husband *died* in you,
He was sepulchred in *my heart*.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Antiquary. By the author of "*Waverley*," and "*Guy Mannering*."—In three vols.—Edinburgh printed:—New York: reprinted by Van Winkle and Wiley.

There is nothing to damp one's joy over these volumes, except a declaration in the preface,—“that the author is not likely again to solicit the favour of the public.” The word ‘*likely*’ leaves the door of hope a little open; and it would be strange indeed, if a writer, who is distinguished in almost every other particular from the generality of modern authors, should now proceed to complete the exception, by laying aside his pen. If he perseveres in the resolution set forth in his manifesto, we shall only remark, that as ‘increase of appetite grows from what it feeds on,’ we shall be more inclined to censure him for discontinuing to write, than thank him for what he has already written.

The genius of the author has soared higher and crept lower in the *Antiquary* than in either of his preceding works:—he sometimes aspires almost to the sublimity of Homer, and occasionally descends even to the vulgarity of *Hudibras*. These opposite characteristics are very well exhibited in the *first* and *seventh* chapters,—two parts of the work, which, if perused in immediate succession, would hardly appear to be effusions of the same pen.

The story of the *Antiquary* is by no means a novelty; but it is not too intricate for the most superficial reader, and is developed to the last with the ease and skill of a master. The second volume is by far the heaviest: precision seems to have been sacrificed to the necessity of completing the requisite number of pages; and, it accordingly contains some details which are quite too episodic for the chief story, and quite too voluminous for an episode.—If we were to consider Lovel as the hero of the piece, too—we should certainly censure his disappearance in the commencement of the second volume, and his absence thenceforward to the catastrophe:—but we are reminded in the title page, that Oldenbuck is the burden of the story; and indeed we seldom lose sight of the *Antiquary*; who travels on to the last, like an elephant, with the persons and fortunes of a whole village and its posterity on his back:—

“Attollens humero famam et fata nepotum.”

But it was not so much the object of these volumes (as the author himself tells us) to exhibit a regular and complete narrative, as to delineate the characteristics of the various personages whom he has chosen to represent;—and, excepting one or two poetical works whose names will immediately suggest themselves to our readers, we have seldom seen any book, in which the appropriate part of each individual is more happily selected or more uniformly sustained. The author, whoever he is, possesses more than any other

recent writer, the faculty of noticing the minutest outward indications of internal feeling, and of observing the most tardy as well as the most rapid motions of nature.—There is in the Antiquary one character which to us at least is entirely original: we allude to Edie Ocheltree, the mendicant. “To beg from the public at large, he considers as independence, in comparison to drawing his whole support from the bounty of an individual. He is so far a true philosopher as to be a contemner of all ordinary rules of hours and times. When he is hungry he eats; when thirsty he drinks; when weary he sleeps; and with such indifference with respect to the means and appliances about which *we* make a fuss, that I suppose, he was never ill dined or ill lodged in his life. Then he is, to a certain extent, the oracle of the district through which he travels—their genealogist, their newsman, their master of the revels, their doctor, at a pinch, or their divine.—“I promise you (says the Antiquarian, vol. iii. p. 160—) he has too many duties, and is too zealous in performing them, to be easily bribed to abandon his calling.” He was also an old soldier and had served in *America*:—but all this gives a meagre account of his omnigenous character, which can only be learned by a perusal of the whole work.—The author of it, we are informed, is a Mr. Greenfield, a Scotch clergyman.

The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo: Southey's last poem, republished in New York, by W. B. Gillies.

We hardly know how to dispraise this poem; for Mr. Southey, is self-complacent enough to tell us, that he has been “from *good* to *better* persevering still;” and surely, if he has passed through the *positive* and *comparative* in his former productions, he will claim to have arrived at the *superlative* in this. As the Pilgrimage, however, is a mere travelling journal in versification, it will be impossible to compare it with the former poems of the same writer. *Poetry*, in the most exalted acceptance of the word, is hardly to be expected in a work of this sort; and if Mr. S. had not indulged himself in his favourite *petitesse* of narration, perhaps his work would stand among the first of the numberless poems which the same occasion has produced. If he had not said so much of himself, too, the work would have been less bulky and more readable. But it seems that Robert Southey, esq. “most of all men” had occasion to raise the “strain of triumph for the victory of Waterloo;” and when he got into the canal boat at Ostend, every thing along the way seemed to know that the poet-laureat of England was on board:

“Huge-timbered bridges o’er the passage lay
Which wheeled aside and gave US easy way.”—p. 17.

Yet it must be confessed that Mr. S. occasionally produces a vigorous and lively stanza upon the scenes of which he was a spectator; as in the following description of the wharf whence the boat set off:

"Beside the busy wharf the Trekschuit rides,
 With painted plumes and tent-like awning gay;
 Carts, barrows, coaches, hurry from all sides,
 And passengers and porters throng the way,
 Contending all at once in clamorous speech,
 French, Flemish, English, each confusing each."

An Exposition of the Commerce of Spanish America; with some observations upon its importance to the United States. To which are added a correct analysis of the monies, weights, and measures of Spain, France, and the United States; and the new weights and measures of England; with tables of their reciprocal reductions; and of the exchange between the United States, England, France, Holland, Hamburg; and between England, Spain, France, and the several states of the union.—By Manuel Torres.—Philadelphia—G. Palmer—1816. The numerous and accurate tables which this work contains render it very useful to those who carry on commerce with Spain or her colonies; and the correct views it presents of the state of South America, make it interesting to readers in general, especially to those who are anxious that the whole American continent should be independent and free.

Researches on America; being an attempt to settle some points relative to the aborigines of America, &c. By an officer of the U. S. army.—Baltimore: Coale & Maxwell—1816.

This writer thinks there is sufficient reason to believe that America was formerly connected to the old world by land, in the place of which the Atlantic and Pacific oceans now roll, and over which men and inferior animals passed. In support of this hypothesis he displays considerable ingenuity and learning.

John Mellish, of Philadelphia, has published Darby's map of Louisiana; accompanied by a geographical description of the state of Louisiana, presenting a view of its soil, climate and productions, with an account of the character and manners of its inhabitants.

H. Whipple, of Salem, has issued proposals for publishing an Universal Gazetteer and Dictionary of Geography, ancient and modern: by J. E. Worcester, A. M.—The prospectus states that "The Gazetteer now proposed will, so far as it respects the *modern* geography of the eastern continent, be founded upon the basis of that of Cruttwell, with additions and corrections. On the subject of *ancient* geography, the work of the celebrated D'Anville, will be made the principal basis. With respect to *America*, materials have been collected from a great variety of sources: and the work will be found far more complete, with regard to this continent, than any that has yet been published. It will comprise in two large volumes, and in one alphabetical series, *more than four times as many articles of Geography*, as are contained in the Gazetteers which have been published in America." The volumes are to contain from 800 to 900 pages each, large 8vo. price in boards, four dollars and fifty cents a volume.

We learn that Mr. Ogilvie, so well known by his oratorical exhibitions, is preparing for the press, a volume which will contain three essays; one on "the nature, extent, and limits of human knowledge"—one on "the importance of the study of mathematical science, as a branch of liberal education, and as connected with the attainment of oratorical excellence;" and the third on "moral fiction," in which the author endeavours to analyse the nature of moral fiction, as contradistinguished from history, biography, and moral disquisition; to ascertain the rank it is entitled to claim as a means of amusement and instruction; to draw the line between fictions which are salutary, and such as are noxious, and to expose the pernicious effects of that insatiable avidity for novel reading, which among a large class of readers has become epidemical.

Mador of the Moor, a new poem by the Ettricke shepherd has been republished by M. Thomas, of this city.—Those who were delighted with the wild, original, unearthly strains of the Pilgrims of the Sun will find a rich poetical treat in Mador of the Moor.

The British journals complain that a great trade is carried on in America in the reprint of English books; which our booksellers, they say, are enabled to do to the prejudice of the original authors and publishers, since they have neither so much to pay for paper nor for print, nor are they at any cost for copy-right.—The same complaint might be made with equal justice against many of the booksellers of France and Switzerland, and formerly against those of Ireland: but we trust the time is not very far distant when the literature of the United States will enable the publishers of Great Britain to take their revenge.



FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND FINE ARTS.

[*From late British Publications.*]

THE ELGIN MARBLES.—It is known that the select committee of the house of commons, appointed to inquire into the value of the Elgin collection of marbles, has reported that 35,000*l.* will be a sufficient price for them: we now proceed to give some interesting details from this report.

From the testimony of various persons, it appears that if lord Elgin had not brought those glorious works away from Greece, they would have been in time utterly lost, not only from the apathy of the Turks, but from their barbarous violence, and the waste committed by travellers and even admirers of the arts, who carried off fragments of these marbles on every possible occasion.

Lord Elgin's estimate of the charges he had incurred in making the collection, (including interest) amounts to 74,000*l.*—The valuation made by Mr. Hamilton, 60,800*l.*; the earl of Aberdeen's,

35,000.; and Mr. Payne Knight's, 25,000*l.*—The Townley collection, which was purchased for the British museum, cost, in 1805, 20,000*l.*—The marbles of Phygalia, in Arcadia, lately purchased for the same museum, were valued at 15,000*l.*, which sum was increased to 19,000*l.* by the unfavourable rate of exchange.—Mr. Perceval had proposed 30,000*l.* for the present collection, which lord Elgin then refused. Since that, considerable additions had been made to the collection.—The low estimate made by Mr. Payne Knight appears to have been caused by that gentleman's imagining that an indifferent work of art, if in good preservation, was of more value than a first rate performance, if corroded or mutilated. Thus, for instance, he valued a perfect Sarcophagus, of very inferior workmanship, and of little value to art, at 500*l.*, while the celebrated Horse's Head, considered by the best judges as the finest thing in the world, and of infinite service to art, he considers worth half that sum only!—This one fact supplies a tolerable illustration of the soundness of Mr. P. Knight's opinions on works of art. Indeed the committee seems to have thought very little of them.

The committee state, that "the great works with which Pericles adorned and strengthened Athens, were all carried on under the direction and superintendence of Phidias: but Plutarch distinctly asserts, that Callicrates and Ictinus executed the work of the Parthenon."—The report thus concludes:—"Your committee cannot conclude this interesting subject, without submitting to the attentive reflection of the house, how highly the cultivation of the fine arts has contributed to the reputation, character, and dignity of every government by which they have been encouraged, and how intimately they are connected with the advancement of every thing valuable in science, literature, and philosophy. In contemplating the importance and splendour to which so small a republic as Athens rose, by the genius and energy of her citizens, exerted in the path of such studies, it is impossible to overlook how transient the memory and fame of extended empires and of mighty conquerors are, in comparison of those who have rendered inconsiderable states eminent, and immortalized their own names by these pursuits. But if it be true, as we learn from history and experience, that free governments afford a soil most suitable to the production of native talent, to the maturing of the powers of the human mind, and to the growth of every species of excellence, by opening to merit the prospect of reward and distinction, no country can be better adapted than our own to afford an honourable asylum to these monuments of the school of Phidias and of the administration of Pericles; where, secure from further injury and degradation, they may receive that admiration and homage to which they are entitled, and serve in return as models and examples to those, who by knowing how to revere and appreciate them, may learn first to imitate, and ultimately to rival them."

The appendix contains the minutes of evidence before the select committee, from which what follows is collected:—

Joseph Nollekins, Esq. R. A.—He thought the marbles the finest things that ever came to this country, and the Theseus and the Neptune were the best of them. The Theseus he deemed as fine sculpture as the Apollo Belvidere; equal to it in ideal beauty. The collection was superior to the Townley one, and to the Phygalian marbles.

John Flaxman, Esq. R. A.—He believed these works were executed by Phidias and those under him. The Basso-relievos were as perfect nature as it is possible, and of the most elegant kind.—Though he was sure that the Belvidere Apollo was only a copy, he was of opinion that for ideal beauty it surpassed the Theseus.—It was of great importance to the progress of art that the collection should become public. He valued them more than Mr. Townley's marbles: they were of greater value as not having been touched by modern hands. Canova thought the merit of the Theseus and Ilissus equal, but he deemed the Ilissus extremely inferior to the Neptune.

Richard Westmacott, Esq. R. A.—The River God and Theseus, in his judgment, were infinitely superior to the Apollo Belvidere: the back of the Theseus was the finest thing in the world, and the anatomical skill displayed in front of the Ilissus was not surpassed by any work of art. The River God and Theseus were unequalled: he would oppose them to any thing we know in art. The Theseus had all the essence of style with all the truth of nature: the Apollo was more an ideal figure. It was of the highest importance to the arts of England to obtain this collection. By looking at them, artists were much less likely to be mannered. They were superior to the Townley marbles, particularly for the purposes of art.

Francis Chantry, Esq.—He deemed the Theseus and River God, as forming part of a group, in the highest style of art, though quite different from the single statue of the Apollo: the degree of finish in the Apollo would be mischievous in them. The collection was unquestionably of the first class, and it was of the greatest importance, in a national point of view, that it should become public property.

Charles Rossi, Esq. R. A.—He deemed the Elgin marbles the finest he had ever seen: in his judgment, the figures were superior to the Apollo Belvidere and the Laocoon. The Metopes he did not think so fine as the rest of the Bas-reliefs: the frieze of the procession was in the highest class of art; they were jewels. His friend Canova was satisfied that these marbles were as fine things as he had ever seen.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, Knt. R. A.—He was of opinion that the Elgin marbles were in the very highest class of art, and that they would essentially benefit the arts of this country. He thought them of a higher style of sculpture than any of the other cele-

brated Statues: there was in them a union of fine composition and very grand form, with a more true and natural expression of the effect of action upon the human frame, than there was in the Apollo or in the other celebrated works. They were more valuable than the Townley or the Phygalian marbles. He considered the Theseus, as an imitation of nature, the most perfect piece of sculpture he had ever seen.

Richard Payne Knight, Esq.—He could not place these works higher than the second rank of art, the best of them. He had formed this opinion because there were no marks of the chisel on them, which were always visible on first-rate productions, though he admitted that these marks were not to be seen in the Apollo and Venus.—He thought that lord Elgin, in bringing these works away, was entitled to the gratitude of the country, because otherwise they would have been all broken by the Turks, or carried off by individuals. Messrs. Nollekins, Westmacott, and Flaxman, were all competent judges. He did not conceive that sculpture had advanced in this country since the introduction of these marbles. The finest work ever done in this country, in his judgment, was the monument of Mrs. Howard, by Nollekins, done some years ago. But he thought the introduction of these works would contribute to the improvement of the arts.

Earl of Aberdeen.—He ranked these marbles in the highest class of art; but then he did not compare them with the most perfect specimens on the continent or even in this country. His lordship had a very high opinion of this collection, though the surface in most of the sculptures was so corroded, that it was difficult to see the hand of a master. He thought the Phygalian marbles were of the same age and of the same scale of excellence; in many respects they were better preserved; but on the other hand, they were in other respects not so interesting as lord Elgin's. The Elgin collection was greatly superior to that from Phygalia; yet he thought the style of work very much the same.

J. B. S. Morritt, Esq. M. P.—He esteemed these marbles as the purest specimens of the finest age of Greece, and of the first importance to the progress of art.

Alexander Day, Esq.—He knew of nothing superior to the Elgin marbles: the Theseus and Ilissus he judged superior to the Apollo Belvidere, the Torso, and the Laocoon, as conforming more to what artists called sublimated nature—not common nature, but nature in its highest perfection. He had resided in Rome between 30 and 40 years, and had directed his attention entirely to the fine arts. The Barbarini Fawn was sold to the Prince Royal of Bavaria for 3000*l.*; but it was much inferior to the Theseus and Ilissus. The Elgin marbles were of a higher class.

B. West, Esq. P. R. A. could not attend the committee, his health not permitting, but to various questions sent to him by the committee, he returned distinct answers—from which we learn that the president deemed the Elgin marbles in the first class of

dignified art. The most excellent among them were the Theseus, the Ilissus, the breast and shoulders of the Neptune, and the Horse's Head. One mind pervaded the whole work, though one hand did not execute them. The Apollo of the Belvidere, the Torso, and the Laocoon, were systematic art; but the Theseus and Ilissus stand supreme, as having their source in nature; and as Raphael was benefited by them, so may our British artists. —Such works having appeared but once in the world, he could not set a pecuniary value upon them. Whether, in studying them, he had added any celebrity to the productions of his pencil, he left the select committee to determine, on viewing his two works now before the public, *Christ in the Temple* and *Christ Rejected*. The Phygalian marbles and Towley collection were mostly systematic art, but the Elgin marbles were much to be preferred for their purity, truth, and intellectual power.

Letter from the Chevalier Canova to the Earl of Elgin.

London, Nov. 10, 1815.

MY LORD,—Permit me to express the sense of the great gratification which I have received from having seen in London the valuable antique marbles, which you have brought hither from Greece. I think that I can never see them often enough: and although my stay in this great capital must be extremely short, I dedicate every moment that I can spare to the contemplation of these celebrated remains of ancient art. I admire in them the truth of nature united to the choice of the finest forms. Every thing here breathes life, with a veracity, with an exquisite knowledge of art, but without the least ostentation or parade of it, which is concealed by consummate and masterly skill. The naked is perfect flesh, and most beautiful in its kind.—I think myself happy in having been able to see with my own eyes these distinguished works; and I should feel perfectly satisfied if I had come to London only to view them. Upon which account the admirers of art and the artists will owe to your lordship a lasting debt of gratitude, for having brought amongst us these noble and magnificent pieces of sculpture; and for my own part, I beg leave to return you my own most cordial acknowledgments; and I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c.

CANOVA.

STATE OF LEARNING IN MODERN EUROPE:—It is with particular pleasure that we present the reader with some account of the institutions recently established on the continent, and especially in Germany, for the improvement of the natives of Greece, for which we are indebted to our friend Mr. Böttiger of Dresden.

To raise a people, so distinguished in ancient history by energy of mind and splendid achievements, and afterwards so humbled and oppressed, out of the dust and obscurity to a certain degree

of dignity and respectability, must certainly be an agreeable idea to those who know how deeply polished Europe is indebted to this nation. A sense of what it has been is not extinguished among the Greeks themselves, and the presentiment of an improvement in their condition seems to be founded on that feeling. Such at least are the notions with which those men are profoundly impressed who have arisen as the leaders and instructors of their country, and are endeavouring to diffuse in it the light of science. Among these may be named a Capo d'Istria, Ignatius, Coray, Anthemos Gazi, Mestosidi, and Rhasis. Under the influence of such characters, a society was formed in 1813 at Athens, with the title of Ἑταιρεία τῶν Φιλομούσων or Φιλόμουσος Ἑταιρεία, *Society of the Friends of the Muses*. The object of its members was the instruction and polishing of their countrymen; and as the first step towards the accomplishment of this purpose, a school was established for the education of youth. Their views speedily extended, and they soon conceived the idea of founding another institution besides the school at Athens, for the study of the higher branches of science. To this seminary they gave the appellation of *Gymnasium*, and chose for its site a spot on Mount Pelion in Thessaly, which the ancient history of Greece represents as the abode of Chiron and his pupil Achilles. In the following year (1814) when many distinguished and enlightened persons were assembled in congress at Vienna, the Greeks, members of the society of the Friends of the Muses, residing there, availed themselves of the opportunity to form a more extensive connection in Europe, and to obtain a more active co-operation in their plans. Thus a society was formed at Vienna, and united itself with that at Athens, for the purpose of promoting one common object—the civilization of Greece. The society at Vienna chose Ignatius, the metropolitan, for its president, and appointed a committee, at the head of which is M. Alexander Basil, an eminent Greek merchant, to superintend its financial concerns. As their means increase, the views of the society become enlarged. The maintenance and improvement of their two institutions in Greece continue to be their primary object. Out of the revenues of the society, teachers are paid, such pupils as distinguish themselves are rewarded, and books, maps, and other requisites, are purchased. Preparations are making for publishing editions of the classic writers, especially of the ancient Greeks, for the use of youth. Hopeful young men are sent at the expense of the society to the German universities, there to qualify themselves to be the future instructors of their native country. This last is a point of peculiar importance, from which more, perhaps, may be expected than from any other. The society is moreover desirous to promote the sciences, and has therefore given directions for the seeking and collecting of antiquities, and for inquiries connected with natural history. Some of the members at Athens are likewise charged to accompany travellers who visit Attica, and to facilitate

the object of their tours.—In the winter of 1814, professor Frederic Thiersch, director of the Lyceum of Munich, visited Vienna for the purpose of collating the MSS. of the *Odyssey* and *Hesiod* in the library of that city; and as he speaks and writes the modern Greek very fluently, he formed an acquaintance with the Greeks resident there, and also with the Russian minister count Capo d'Istria, which led to the idea of making the Bavarian capital the seat of a Greek academy. The intention of educating Greek youths at the German universities has already been mentioned; a certain preparation, however, is absolutely necessary, and in the first place it is requisite that they should understand the German language. Professor Thiersch, therefore, projected a preparatory seminary: his plan was warmly seconded by M. Schlichtegroll, secretary to the academy of Munich, and it has been actually founded with the approbation and under the patronage of the king and his ministers. It is styled *To Αθηνæον*, *The Athenæum*. Greek boys above twelve years old are admitted into it, provided they can read and write their native language. The sum of 100 ducats per annum is charged for the instruction, board, and lodging of each, exclusive of clothing and some other expenses. They are taught German, Latin, and ancient Greek; geography, history, mathematics, natural philosophy, and natural history. Opportunities are also afforded for the acquisition of other modern languages, as English, French, and Italian; likewise music and drawing. From the *Athenæum* the pupils can proceed to the Lyceum, and thence with advantage to any university. From the program circulated by professor Thiersch in the Greek language, and also inserted in the journal for classic literature published by him in Latin under the title of *Acta Philologorum Monacensium*, it appears, that in addition to philology, the pupils at the *Athenæum* of Munich will go through a complete course of polytechnic studies; that they will receive religious instruction from a Greek ecclesiastic; and that Munich now affords an excellent school for every art and science. In the celebrated establishment of Messrs. Von Utzschneider and Reichenbach may be obtained a complete knowledge of mathematical and philosophical instruments and technology. Strunz is a master in lithography, or the art of printing drawings and writings from stone, which has been brought to the highest perfection in the Bavarian capital. Lectures on architecture and painting are given at the *Academy of Arts*, by Langer, the director. Civil engineering in all its branches is taught by the celebrated Wiebeking. How much then may here be learned out of the *Athenæum*?—There are already six young Greeks in this new seminary, which for the present derives its means of instruction from the Lyceum. When Thiersch returned from his mission to Paris, where he claimed with complete success the MSS. and works of art taken from Bavaria in the first revolutionary wars, and whence he proceeded in the autumn of 1815 to London, to view the Elgin and Phygalian marbles, he

found the institution in the best train. It is hoped that he will soon obtain permission from the king of Bavaria to visit Greece, with a view to the establishment of a beneficial intercourse with that country.

A new discovery in aërostatics is soon likely to be exhibited to the public, by S. J. Pauly, civil engineer; and D. Egg, 132, Strand. A balloon, which they have for some time been preparing, will be capable of being steered at pleasure, similar to vessels at sea, in a horizontal or vertical direction, without losing either gas or ballast. It is in the shape of a fish, being intended to act upon the air in the same manner as a fish acts on the water, and will carry three or four persons with safety. Should the day of ascension prove calm, they purpose to shape their course in a circular direction round London: but, if the wind should blow hard, they intend to steer a different course; but, in both cases to return to the place of ascension. The whole of the apparatus is preparing at Knightsbridge, on a large and expensive scale.

It is the design of government to render the recently discovered demi-British colony in Pitcairn's Island, the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, every possible assistance. They will be amply supplied with implements of husbandry, and of useful handicrafts, and with all those utensils of European manufacture which can contribute to their comfort or increase their happiness.

It affords us great satisfaction to observe, that the matchless trophy of art, the Cours Historique et Élémentaire de Peinture, ou Galerie complete du Musée Napoléon, is finished, by the publication of the 120th number. This precious and elegant collection represents 720 pictures and statues, which give it a great superiority over the *Musée Français*, published by Robillard, which contains but 380. Since the dispersion of the celebrated gallery of the museum of Paris, the lovers of the fine arts will eagerly seek for a collection which recalls to their minds that wonderful union of the chefs-d'œuvre of Europe. Complete copies, in 120 numbers, fine proofs, are offered in London for £60.

It has been lately remarked, that it is probable, that during heavy gales, the violent shocks sustained by the ship from the waves may momentarily check the regular passage of the sand, through the small opening of the glass. This eventually may cause an error in the ship's reckoning, which might be rectified by simply suspending the glass, as a compass, so as uniformly to maintain its perpendicular position.

Mr. Ludwig, a surgeon at Naufung, has cured by vaccination a chronic inflammation of the eyes, that had lasted many years.

A mode superior to that hitherto in use, has been invented at Paris for making gunpowder. It is manufactured more rapidly

than the former; the grains are spherical, of the size of swan-shot, well glazed and composed of concentric coats.

To contrive a cypher which shall be at once secure from detection, and easy in its application, has been considered a problem of some difficulty; that proposed by Dr. Rees, has been decyphered by Mr. Gage. Another cypher contrived with great ingenuity, was proposed by professor Herman, about the year 1750. It was offered with great confidence as a challenge for the learned of Europe. It was however decyphered by Mr. Beguelin, and was published in the transactions of the Academy of Sciences, at Berlin. A new cypher has been proposed in which each character represents a letter; so that the number of characters does not exceed the number of letters.

M. Leoni, of Milan, has translated several tragedies of Shakspeare. This is the first attempt in Italy to clothe the works of that admirable dramatic genius in the language of that country, in which many of his scenes are laid.

A new edition of all the works of Homer is about to be submitted to the learned world, by the celebrated Ambrosian Librarian of Milan. It will contain all the fragments and new readings which have recently been discovered.

Dr. Busby is engaged in the attempt to prove, that Junius is no other than De Lolme, the celebrated author of the work on the English constitution.

A curious phenomenon has been lately observed in Switzerland, about nine miles distant from Lausanne. The whole surface of the snow was covered with a species of caterpillar different from any which are usually observed in that country. These animals appear dead; but when brought near a fire they soon recover animation.

Mr. Holmes is about to publish a Treatise on the Coal Mines of Durham and Northumberland, containing accounts of the different fatal explosions which have taken place within the last twenty years, and the means proposed for their remedy; illustrated by plates of safety-lamps, &c.

Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge, is about to publish by subscription two sets of Songs, Duets, or Glees, with original poetry, written expressly for the work by Messrs, Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott, William Smyth, James Hogg, John Stewart, esqrs. and Lord Byron.



Gimbre de Sci

LIEUT JOHN T SHUBRICK

late of the United States Navy

Engraved for the Analytic Magazine and Naval Chronicle. Published by Moses Thomas 1816

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE,

AND

NAVAL CHRONICLE.

SEPTEMBER, 1816.

ORIGINAL.

A Repository of the Lives and Portraits of Distinguished Americans. Vol. 1. Part I. 4to. pp. 106. Joseph Delaplaine, Philadelphia. 1816.

THE Repository labours under the common disadvantage of all works that have been too often and too ostentatiously announced. Performance, in such cases, is almost always a promise-breaker: and although we are not inclined to think disparagingly of the book now before us, we must yet be permitted to say that it is not exactly the production we had been led to expect. There is a great deal of labour about it, we admit; and the typography, as well as most of the engravings, are highly creditable to their respective authors: but we are afraid that too much has been done here to the neglect of another department,—that more regard has been paid to the qualifications of the engraver than to those of the biographer. The poor Greeks, it is true, (Pref. p. 2.) were not capable of ‘subjoining a portraiture of the body to a delineation of the mind:’ yet we question whether Mr. Delaplaine and his biographer, and his engraver together, have composed so valuable a work as might have been produced by a Plutarch alone. Nevertheless there is merit enough of one kind and another about the Repository to claim the patronage, not only of those persons, and the relations of those persons, who are either assured, or are very

sanguine in hoping, that their own biographies will occupy a place in its apartments; but of those also, who, although too humble for expectations of such exalted fortune, yet feel sufficiently interested in the promotion of American literature to incur the necessary expense of so voluminous a work. The elegant engravings which Mr. Delaplaine has been at the expense of procuring, independently of all biographical merit, would almost insure the survival of his book beyond the present times; nor ought we perhaps to be too hasty in disputing the assertions of the confident author of his 'Lives,' who tells us positively, 'that the *text shall* commemorate to posterity what, at a former period, the leading men of America thought and performed.'

We shall not enter here into any discussion concerning the general abstract utility of biographical composition: but with particular reference to the work before us, we may be permitted perhaps to say a few words upon what we conceive to be the legitimate distinction between the life of a single individual and the history of a whole nation. Every people is considered as a moral being, in which all the attributes of the human species are associated according to the ordinary rule of proportion; and in which the peculiarity of individual features is lost in the general outline of national physiognomy. Every people, at the same time, possesses marks of character which distinguish it from all its neighbours; in just the same manner that one individual differs from all the rest of his species. Again, in the subordinate divisions of the subject, each single person of a whole people, while he has the general features of the nation, is yet characteristically different from any other of his competers; in like manner as all the crystals of the same mineral are contained in an equal number of geometrical planes; though each single crystal possesses an individuality of configuration which distinguishes it from every one of its fellows. Now the only distinction which is marked and palpable between history and biography, consists, we apprehend, in this, that the former is conversant with individuals merely in their public capacities; in their dealings with their fellow citizens, or with foreigners; where nothing is requisite or expected, but a common proportion of human qualities, tinctured perhaps with a little admixture of national character: while the latter, on the other hand,

pursues the same individuals from the public office to the private station—watches them in their dealings with themselves, and can tell you whether they play with pebbles on the beach, or whether they are subject to intermittent fits of tardy and rapid perambulation. Mineralogical *history* would tell us that every crystal of the same species possessed an equal number of sides: mineralogical *biography*, if we may use the expression, would take up a single crystal and show us how the peculiar relative position of those sides was calculated to reflect the light with the minutest shades of difference from the reflections of all the others.

It is the common office of history and biography to detail the transactions of a person's public life: it is the peculiar function of the latter to tell how a person comports himself with his friends in the private circle, and with his family by the fire-side. The same observation extends also to professional life. An account of one man's success in the practice of physic, and of another in pleading at the bar, will by no means answer the chief end of biographical narrative. To say that this or that navigator was bolder and more adventurous than another—that this or that physician, this or that lawyer, this or that statesman, was more skilful, more active, more learned, more experienced than another, is merely equivalent to saying, in other departments of knowledge, that this or that crystal, this or that triangle, is greater than another. We have merely the character of the person in relation to that of his fellow-beings: whereas we want to see the individual at one time compared with the same individual at another,—to see whether he is always identical, or is not occasionally—*impar sibi*—unequal to himself.

Nor do these remarks relate to a mere *speculative* distinction between the two departments of historical literature. We are not interested to know, for instance, that a particular individual is regulated in his deportment by views of private interest; for this is a characteristic of which every man has the exemplar in his own bosom: nor do we much care to be told how desperately brave an individual may be; for he can, at the most, only possess an extraordinary share of an attribute which is found, to a certain extent, not only in all human beings, but in beings of every other description. Yet these are more properly the subjects of historical remark:

while it is the signal charm of biography, not only to enumerate those qualities which are common to the species, and which we can always observe without going from home; but to exhibit them in new lights and under new combinations, as they exist in different individuals; whose characters it is her particular office to dissect and expose. Even in historical composition, properly so called, we are always more delighted with delineations of individual character, than with the details of international transactions: and the body of biographical notes which brings up the rear of Hume, as well as the train of marginal anecdote and criticism which accompanies the march of Gibbon, are much the most amusing, and, in proportion to their volume, by no means the least instructive, parts of their respective histories.

Now this great object is not accomplished by attempting the transcription of an individual's character in the phraseology of the biographer himself:—above all, in the *ordinary* phraseology of biographers, where we are so often told that the person under consideration was this thing without being that thing—had one quality without another quality;* all of which brings us to about as instructive a result as to put a one pound weight into one scale of a balance, and a one pound weight into the other. To produce an equiponderance, the writer is obliged to chip off a great many little prominences of individuality; and we have nothing, at last, but a shapeless, mutilated remnant of the character which he is endeavouring to exhibit: or what is quite as frequently the case, he finds himself necessitated to interject a great many circumstances which are altogether extraneous to the person whom he is describing, and which are merely intended as a kind of biographical make-weight.

For all the purposes of mere history, the summary descriptions here alluded to, are abundantly sufficient; for since this department of narrative composition is only concerned with individuals as instruments of public service, where the little parts and peculiarities of character have no opportunity of exhibition—it is enough

* The following is by no means the most vicious specimen of the affected concinnity to which we are here alluding: 'Washington had religion without austerity, dignity without pride, modesty without diffidence, courage without rashness, politeness without affectation, affability without familiarity,' &c. p. 81.

that they are delineated with the brevity of general and comprehensive terms. In biography we look for something more:—we look, in short, for the character of the man as it is exhibited under his own hand and seal—in his private conversation—in his wise or witty sayings—in his familiar epistolary correspondence—in his accidental rencontres with rather inconvenient trifles, a kind of mishaps to which we have given the name of *anecdotes*. It is in these insignificant affairs that a man drops the artificial gravity of a public character; and forgets the impropriety of showing himself in the nakedness of natural disposition: it is in these, therefore, that biography finds her appropriate occupation; and very frequently, one brief anecdote, or one short observation, will place a person full before our eyes; just as the summit of a pyramidal solid will give us an idea of its configuration quite down to the base; or as the exhibition of a short arc will enable us to ascertain the whole circumference of a circle.

To those persons who have perused the Repository, we need not observe how near we are now approaching to the articles which it contains. In vain will you scan its pages for anecdotes or sayings, or familiar letters. You will see the general architectural outlines of character delineated with sufficient exactitude: but you will seek in vain for those little loop-holes through which you might view the furniture and organization of the inner man. Of Columbus and Americus we did not expect the author to give us much personal narrative of the strict biographical kind; because as they were not ‘*DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS*,’ the immediate theatre of their lives is too remote for the acquisition of all the little circumstances which home and home only, can afford. But the biographer has treated *them* exactly as he has treated all the others. As we are only permitted to see Columbus in his ship of discovery, intrepidly encountering the dangers of the boisterous ocean, and of his no less boisterous comrades—so we seldom have a view of Dr. Rush, except in the hospital of the sick, assiduously administering physic to his patients, sometimes with little mercy, and sometimes with little necessity: and hardly in a single instance are Ames, Hamilton, and Washington suffered to be seen, except in their public official capacities.

It is a very general prejudice that persons of the latter description have no private character at all—that they possess a kind of godlike port of mind (*‘altitudo animi’*) which never stoops to the level of vulgar humanity. It is almost inconceivable that Washington, for instance, should ever have relaxed the tension of his muscles into any thing like a common laugh: indeed we have often heard it asserted that he never *smiled* but once in his life; and that even then the beholders thought the event quite as prodigious as the superstitious Romans considered the celebrated laughter of the Etrurian ox. Now we are greatly sceptical on this point; and we are very sure that the common notion we allude to is derived from fallacious views of human nature. Queen Elizabeth had as much moral sublimity of character* as almost any person of whom we have account: yet Elizabeth was a woman: she scolded at her parliaments; she boxed the ears of her ministers; and she exhibited all the personal vanity and frivolous coquetry which distinguish the most giddy of her sex. If ever any thing idolatrous enters into our conceptions, it is when we contemplate the character of Washington: yet we are irreverent enough to believe that even Washington was a man like ourselves; and that had any pains been taken to watch or to remark his conduct on Mount Vernon, we could now be told that he did little things just as little men do. The same remark is equally applicable to Ames and Hamilton;—and of all the three we know there are now extant a sufficient number of characteristic anecdotes and familiar letters to give us a pretty thorough investigation of their private characters. This object it is in vain to think of accomplishing by a translation of the letter or anecdote in the biographer’s own language,—an expedient which is often adopted, and which regularly dissipates all that originality—that naïveté—which every man stamps upon his own expression of his own ideas. We have heard a great deal said about imitating the styles of different

* “All the potentates of Europe regarded this enterprise (Philip’s intention to subdue England by his *Invincible Armada*) as the critical event which was to decide forever the fate of their religion; and though unable, by reason of their distance, to join their force to that of Elizabeth, they kept their eyes fixed on her conduct and fortune, and beheld with anxiety, mixed with admiration, the intrepid countenance with which she encountered that dreadful tempest which was every moment advancing towards her.—*Hume*.

authors; and most people are prone to imagine that style relates merely to the choice and structure of words:—whereas the truth is, we apprehend, that the proper definition of this term excludes in a great measure, the consideration of language, and relates almost entirely to the turn of the thoughts. Every person has his own peculiar way of thinking—his own peculiar mode of admitting and of combining ideas in the mind,—and, as language is merely the outward expression of these interior combinations, we see how dissimilarly they are formed in different minds by the various manners in which different individuals contrive to bring out the same ideas. Hence it is impossible to give any just notion of a person's turn of mind by attempting to express his thoughts in our own phraseology: and unless the biographer before us can prove that the souls of the dead sages he commemorates have absolutely *transmigrated* into his own body, we will not believe that he has given us an adequate idea of their respective characters.

But besides the misdemeanor of substituting his own language for the autographies of those whom he is describing,—the writer is chargeable with another sin of omission, in not proceeding far enough, in his own way, to subserve the beneficial purposes of biography. The practical utility of knowing how our predecessors lived and died, consists exclusively in the good effects of example upon the mind and habits of the reader. Now for this purpose it is not sufficient to be told that an individual was addicted to a particular salutary habit: we want to know the manner, the time, the place—in short, we want to know all about it. When our biographer tells us, for example, that Dr. Rush began very early to hoard up facts and thoughts in a common-place book, we derive no applicable benefit from the information; because such is our proneness to imitation and to indolence, that we had rather be without a book of this description than to think of forming it upon our own original plan. And besides this, a person who has been habitually employed in doing every day a particular act, will be able, in the course of a tolerably long life, to discover and to remove all its little attendant and circumstantial difficulties; so that at last he can instruct us by his own experience how the operation may be performed in the easiest and shortest manner. Locke, for instance, has given us a common-place book, which was the result of *his*

own practice; and which we know could not be so systematically arranged except by the successive improvements of a whole life. In like manner, we have little doubt, that the experience of Dr. Rush enabled him to discover a great many impediments, and to invent a great many facilities in the way of keeping such a diary: and even if he could not have shown us a plan of a perfect common-place book, he might, at all events, have afforded some useful hints upon a subject, of which all speculatively acknowledge, but few practically demonstrate, the importance.

This fault of not being sufficiently circumstantial in matters of this sort, is predominant in the Repository:—and indeed there is in the whole composition a deficiency of weight and force which prevents any thing useful from being driven into the mind and retained in the memory. We are inclined to attribute this peculiarity in some measure to an over-refinement in the use of language: and to think that the author has either wasted his materials by casting them over too often, or has worn away the substance by endeavouring to polish the surface.

But he has himself found it necessary to account in part for the deficiencies of which we complain. He ‘regrets that a multiplicity of circumstances beyond his control have prevented him from paying to the composition of the work that strict attention which the subjects of it required.’ Now this would have been a good apology for delaying the publication of the Repository,—but it is not an admissible excuse for publishing it imperfect. The work has been a long time in production; and, as it is one of no less than national pretension, it never should have been issued while there was any necessity for excuses. It is on account of this deficiency in the requisite ‘attention’ that we see facts sometimes misrepresented, sometimes stated with diffidence, and sometimes not stated at all. Thus we are told on page *seven*, that Columbus ‘despatched his brother Bartholomew to England, to solicit the patronage of Henry VII, for his projected voyage of discovery,—but that the English monarch possessing a character phlegmatic and cautious, rather than enterprising and vigorous, declined immediately all concern in an adventure, which, however magnificent and inviting in the view of others, appeared to him chimerical and wild—the project of a visionary rather than of an elevated

and well-balanced mind.' This is a fact, to be sure, of no great importance; but it is notorious that Henry VII was very much pleased with the undertaking of Columbus; that his hesitancy, if he showed any, in affording him patronage, was on account of some avaricious motive; and that, resolved not to be disappointed in what he thought would be so lucrative a project, he subsequently despatched Sebastian Cabot on a similar adventure, and built for the voyage the first ship in the English navy, fantastically denominated '*The Great Harry*.' In page 9, we are informed that, when the crew of Columbus was terrified at the variation of the magnetic needle, 'that great commander, with a quickness and sagacity peculiarly his own, affected to have discovered the cause of this appearance, which he gravely disclosed somewhat to the satisfaction and relief of his affrighted mariners, although very little to the solace of his own feelings, and not at all to the satisfaction of his own mind.' Now to a person who was not acquainted with the fact, that Columbus 'gravely' prevaricated with his crew by telling them how, under certain circumstances, the needle was accustomed to revolve about the magnetic pole, the sentence we have transcribed would convey no satisfactory information whatsoever. It just lifts one into expectation, to let him fall again into disappointment. The greatest diffidence which our biographer displays is in his discussion respecting the pretensions of Americus to the discovery of the continent which bears his name. He seldom ventures to be certain; but is continually escaping the responsibility of direct asseveration, through the qualifying phrases of 'he appears to have done,' 'it is understood to have been,' 'he is not considered as having' done so and so. Another instance of censurable omission, we recollect, is in the life of Ames; where the biographer is detailing the authors of whom he was particularly fond. 'Virgil among the ancient, and Shakspeare and Milton among the modern poets,' says he, 'appear to have been his favourites.' Now these authors are 'favourites' with all men of any taste: the bible is the favourite of few; yet it was the 'favourite' of Ames; and indeed, almost all his speeches appear to be a mere cento of passages taken from the Holy Writ.

Whether it be owing to the same want of attention, or to some defect more radical, we know not; but we have found a great many

other offences in the book before us which we hope will not be continued in the subsequent volumes. Nothing, for example, can betray more carelessness, or greater indiscrimination, (we hardly know which,) than the comparison, in page 10, between the respective discoveries of Columbus and Franklin: ‘The only parallel which we now recollect (says our biographer, and *recollection* implies no carelessness) is the discovery of the identity of electricity and lightning, by our illustrious countryman, the late Dr. Franklin.’ Now these two events cannot be brought into parallelism, neither in the difficulty of the means, nor in the importance of the results. Every school-boy can fly a kite: it was almost beyond the presumption of man to think of venturing upon the trackless waters in quest of some possible new world: and certainly the erection of a lightning-rod cannot be compared with the discovery of a continent. To the same inattention must be attributed the facility with which the author admits the story that there were 100,000 warriors in Hispaniola upon its first discovery; and that this incredible force was as incredibly dispersed by Columbus with ‘two hundred men, twenty horse, and twenty wolf-dogs,’ a kind of soldiers which the navigator *may* have employed; but which are certainly a novel corps for a civilized battalia. We had noted many other instances in which the author has made some very loose observations; but we have now lost the places, and we hope that a writer, who, through the whole volume appears to be so anxious to merit approbation, will be wise enough to profit by a mere cursory hint.

We cannot omit to remark one or two examples of delinquency which are attributable, not so much to a lack of attention, as to a forgetfulness of what should on all occasions be the duty of a biographer; a strict and scrupulous impartiality towards the subjects of his delineation; neither to be too much dazzled by their excellences, nor too little affected by their demerits. Throughout the volume the author has carried quite too far the principle of speaking nothing except good of the dead; but it is in the last article where his exaggeration rises the highest. We are certainly disposed to look with a complacent eye upon every thing which is calculated to exalt the character of Washington; and, though our praise is due to the author for his sincere good will in pronoun-

cing so pompous a eulogy, we think at the same time he has not taken the most effectual way of accomplishing his purpose. A temperate detail of facts would have much better answered the end of legitimate eulogium; and when the author employs the superlative degree of comparison upon all occasions, whether trivial or important, he certainly should have known that his praise, like every thing else, grows cheap by becoming profuse. It must frequently happen, likewise, that in a variety of fortune, as well adverse as successful, the resolution of never finding a certain individual in the wrong, must first or last rob some other of his appropriate praise. Thus we are told (page 87) that in superintending the evacuation of Long-island, Washington 'effected one of the most masterly retreats that is any where recorded in military annals;' and yet the biographer immediately subjoins that he was favoured by 'an unusually dark night, a fair wind, and an impenetrable fog in the morning.' Now if all this be true, then Paris 'effected a most masterly retreat, when Venus enveloped him in a cloud and snatched him from the spear and from the eyes of the confounded Menelaus. What makes this account seem the more offensive is, that but a page or two afterwards, where Washington is unsuccessful under the concurrence of the same circumstances, he himself is excused and the fog has to bear all the blame. 'But from the foggiess of the morning which prevented the several parties of the assailants from acting in concert, and the occurrence of accidents from other causes that could not be foreseen, the enterprise failed.' (p. 92.) Let us not be understood as detracting in the least from the skill and courage of Washington in either of these instances: all we aim at is, to assign to each co-operative cause its appropriate share of effect, and to discredit that species of inconsistent eulogy which attributes every success to the conduct of individuals, and every failure to the occurrence of accidents.

A fault similar to that which we have just been exposing, is the frequency with which the writer alludes to the direct interposition of heaven, in the moving incidents which he relates. We may remark that to specify particular examples of interference seems to be questioning the general superintendence of the Supreme Being in the transactions of the world. We confess, at

the same time, that when danger has been avoided by some means which seem little short of miraculous, and which therefore cannot be accounted for by the ordinary course of events, it is the most natural to suppose the immediate agency of Divine Providence; but to miraculize occurrences which are in the usual order of things, and which can be explained upon known and familiar principles, is little better than to trifle with heaven, and to abuse our own understandings. It is a fault among too many biographical writers; and, in the life of Washington particularly, is a frequent subject of complaint against the author under review. The last paragraph of that article is all but idolatrous. The ancients, with all their superstitious apotheoses, were never so extravagant as to think that the countenance of a departed patriot was incapable of being imitated by the chisel or the pencil; but, on the contrary, had a profusion of copies, from both these implements of art, in order to keep as near them as possible the looks of those whom they exalted into demi-gods. Not a single Greek would have been guilty of such hyperbolical eulogium as is contained in the following sentences: ‘The pencil and the chisel have vied in a laudable attempt to perpetuate his likeness. But the project has failed. Although a distinguished statuary, and the ablest portrait-painter of the age have patiently exercised their genius in the trial, Washington has never been correctly delineated. His likeness was concentrated in himself alone, and those who have never beheld it there, will search for it in vain on canvass or in marble. He was, in the true sense of the word, an original, but no correct model for imitation. He never himself copied any one; nor has any artist been able to copy him.’ (p. 106. Except the last sentence; the whole of this is *original*.)

We have but one more remark to make upon the general merits of the book before us. We are altogether at a loss to account for the arrangement which the biographer has adopted. We had not an idea that a *repository* was like a receptacle of superannuated furniture, where all the articles are carelessly thrown together, without any regard to chronological priority, or to the claims of superior excellence. It was quite rational to begin with the discoverers of our continent; but if between that event and the occurrence of the Revolution, there were no distinguished

persons who merited a niche in the Repository,—certainly the claims of Washington, to be next in order, were above those of all his cotemporaries. He who was ‘first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,’* should also have been ‘first’ in the pages of national biography.

We must now close this article with a brief examination of our author’s style. And we are happy in being able to state that its faults are all on the laudable extreme,—are superfluities rather than deficiencies,—rather the effects of too much circumspection than of too great carelessness. This is a hopeful failing; as it is much easier to retract one’s feet when he has gone too far, than to make an advancement when he is still short of his object. Our accusation on this head, therefore, is directed to the overscrupulosity of the author in the employment of language. He seems to be continually on his guard lest he should, before he knows it, transgress some little canon of criticism; and while he is flying from one error, he sometimes falls into another. He is too much of a historian for a biographer,—is too dignified,—uses the inverted style too much,—and is quite too often aiming at a sonorous antithesis. We would always recommend him to write thus while practising in composition for his own improvement; but to be a little more dissolute and careless in his public exhibitions;—for the same reason that the Roman soldiers used heavy weapons while they were exercising in the camp, that they might handle lighter ones with much facility when they were fighting in the field.

We think we shall be doing the author a friendly service to point out some verbal inaccuracies and other subordinate delinquencies which we have discovered in this volume.—We frequently find him taking too much pains with a figure of rhetoric. A bad effect is almost always produced, when we see a writer clearing the ground for the formal introduction of some pompous simile—

‘Or a tall met’phor in the bombast way’—

and in the lives of Americus and Hamilton we recollect to have remarked this ceremony carried to rather a ridiculous extent.

The author sets apart an entire sentence for the better display of his figures, and proceeds to induct them after the following manner:—"Were it allowable (p. 25) to *borrow* a metaphor from the organization of the heavens (as if the heavens had not been the common property of writers from time immemorial) it might be aptly enough said, that, enlightened by his wisdom, invigorated by his energies, and attracted by the inherent grandeur of his intellect, they were to him (Columbus) as so many satellites moving around their central orb." Again, p. 60,—“Were we allowed the use of a brighter, and we, therefore, think a more suitable figure, we might say, that, like stars of primary magnitude, they glitter not in constellations, but in distinct and widely separated spheres.”—Nothing so much retards the progress of the narrative, and gives the whole composition such an air of fastidiousness, as these rhetorical episodes. The author is obliged to stop his legitimate business, and beg leave to introduce some formal personage whom he has been at infinite pains to hunt up,—but who, after all, turns out to be of so little service to the story, that his presence is hardly worth the search which he occasioned, or the room which he occupies.

We have sometimes remarked a confusion and mixture of different figures, which we hope not to find in the future volumes of the work. Thus in p. 30, when the author is speaking of Dr. Rush's early essays in writing,—“however rich they may be in blossom and abundant in promise (says he) they cannot present the maturity and *polish* of *finished* compositions.”—So again, in p. 49, we are told that “while engaged in his academical pursuits, the youth of Ames presented, morally and intellectually, a miniature of his manhood, exhibiting on all occasions the *germ* of that knowledge which was afterwards to *enlighten* and *direct* his fellow-citizens, and the early *flashes* of that eloquence that was destined to *electrify* the council chamber of the nation.” Now unless the author alludes by the word ‘*afterwards*’ to the distant possibility, that this *germ*, after growing through all the different stages of a tree, should at last become phosphorescent by becoming rotten, and thus perhaps be capable of exhibiting something like light in the very ‘blackness of darkness,’—we confess we see no conceivable method of making sense out of all this meta-

phor. Indeed, with every allowance, we do not perceive how a *miniature* can exhibit a *germ*, which, in its turn exhibits *flashes*, and these flashes again *electrify* a *chamber*.

In p. 4, the author calls Portugal 'the hot-bed of adventure.' Now we are aware that almost any thing may be raised in a hot-bed; but *adventures* can hardly be said to *grow* anywhere.—In the next page we are told of 'a *path* of maritime adventure.' A *path* is always pressed by feet; and we never heard of but one person who could walk on the sea.—We had marked a great many other instances of improper phraseology; but as we are already beyond our limits, and as an extension of such strictures would appear somewhat hypercritical, we shall draw them to a close, by merely advertising the author, in a general way, to be a little more scrupulous in the employment of words. They are light things; of course are different from each other by almost insensible grains; and require, therefore, to be weighed in a very delicate balance. We will only add here, that 'in which,' and 'by which' have now pretty generally superseded their old synonymes 'wherein and whereby;' and that as the author has already applied to two persons the observation of their displaying in their respective capacities 'the strength of a giant with the skill of an adept,'—an expression which in itself is neither antithetical nor very replete with meaning,—we hope he will not repeat it in the future numbers of the Repository. This is, we apprehend, another effect of the excessive pains which the author has apparently taken in perfecting his composition. We have no doubt, for instance, that the final completion of the expression just quoted occasioned the author a great deal of labour; and that, when once finished, it adhered so strongly to his mind as to occur very naturally whenever there was any opportunity for its application.

We have room to particularize but one error more. There is another example of the over-refinement we have mentioned in the perpetual recurrence of balanced periods,—of expressions in which the words are yoked together, as it were in couples; and that, too, with very little regard to their congruity or agreement. We shall not make ourselves sufficiently understood but by transcribing a few expressions of this sort; and as we find the author somewhat inveterately fond of his literary *balancing*, it will re-

quire a pretty formidable array of examples to frighten him from the *wires*. We begin our extracts from page 2; but to save space we shall make no further references:—‘in drawing and history, *mathematics* and *astronomy*, *cosmography* and the *Latin tongue*’—‘esteem and gratitude, veneration and awe’—‘fatigue and exposure, hardship and famine’—‘industrious and upright, intelligent and respectable’—‘gloom and apprehension, affliction and death’—‘genius and learning, science and philanthropy’—‘instruct and delight, enlighten and adorn’—‘wisdom and ingenuity, erudition and address’—‘love and gratitude, admiration and renown’—‘observation and reflection, conversation and study’—‘wise and firm, humane and magnanimous’—‘refinement and intellect, wealth and fashion’—‘argument and remonstrance, entreaty and persuasion, terror and warning’—‘easy and elegant, affable and warm, inviting confidence and inspiring affection’—‘wisdom and judgment, patriotism and integrity’—‘unjust and haughty, dictatorial and menacing’—‘observation and reading, reflection and years’—‘ammunition and bayonets, clothes and working tools’—‘confidence and hope, satisfaction and joy,’ &c. &c. We had noted a great many other instances of this affected antithesis; but we have already carried our catalogue to an overwhelming extent; and if the author is not by this time fully divorced from his errors, we must consider him as hopeless and incorrigible. Let us not be understood as objecting to antithesis itself,—which is frequently a happy method of expression,—but to the frequency of its employment,—to the endless repetition of a good thing. We might not have noticed this fault at all, if we had not found it sometimes *thrice*, and very frequently *twice*, upon one and the same page.

We have devoted a great deal of room to the quarto before us; because we feel a considerable interest in a Biographical Repository, which is professedly national, and are anxious to contribute our little ability towards making it perfect, by a full and thorough disclosure of such faults as we find in the present, and hope not to find in the future, portions of the work. An American author, above all others, should be scrupulous in the employment of phraseology. A foreign critic would condemn a whole volume on account of a single delinquency. Give him but the least spot to

rest the fulcrum of his criticism upon, and he will overthrow a much more ponderous quarto than the one before us. To be cautious over-much, at the same time, is as productive of faults as an equal degree of carelessness;—and when we speak of scrupulosity with regard to the writer of the Repository, we use the term in a kind of inverted signification,—as meaning the care with which he would avoid the effects of his former circumspection. We will just repeat at parting, that if he will be a little more careful in his matter, and a little more careless in his style,—if he will give us more anecdotes and better authenticated facts, and if, withal, he will deliver himself in a more familiar way, by talking more like a man of this world,—we yet hope to say something more unequivocally in praise of the Repository. S.

The Life and Studies of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy of London, prior to his arrival in England; compiled from Materials furnished by himself. By John Galt, 8vo. pp. 160. London, 1816. In Press, by M. Thomas, Philadelphia.

THIS very interesting work consists of a series of anecdotes, told in a plain and simple way,—without any ambitious metaphors or affected antitheses. Indeed the great fault of the book is a little excess in both these particulars. Facts are frequently related with too much circumlocution; and now and then we are led astray by some details which are not altogether relevant to the story.

As we have already* given a biographical notice of Mr. West, as far as we were then acquainted with the events of his life, we shall only add here, by way of appendix, a concise detail of his commencement and progress in the art of painting. We shall, therefore, disregard the order which Mr. Galt has adopted; and leave by the way all those circumstances and anecdotes which have not an immediate reference to our undertaking. A great many ‘little things’ must be expected in the course of the narrative; and we all know that ‘little things are not valued except when they are done by those who can do greater.’

Mr. Galt, infected with the common biographical reverence for the subject of his book, is sometimes inclined to make miracles

* In our No. for July last.

of ordinary occurrences;—an inclination which nowhere manifests itself so strongly as in his account of the circumstances attending the birth of Mr. West. We are told that a minister, by the name of Peckover, was preaching in the church at Springfield,—when, in the midst of a vehement and lofty prediction of the splendid destinies which awaited the Americans, Mrs. West was taken with the pains of labour; was delivered of our artist; and thus contributed to the fulfilment of the prophecy. The simple truth is, we suppose, that, frightened by the violence of the sermon, Mrs. West,—like thousands of other women, of whom history is full of accounts,—was brought to rather a premature parturition; and that when the circumstances were told to Peckover, he was so much delighted with the effect of his preaching as to assure the parents that their son was of no ordinary cast.—We shall begin our story at the epoch when the pictorial talents of Mr. West first began to develop themselves.

While yet a mere child, he was one day placed as a guard over his sister's infant, while its mother, together with his own, had gone into the garden. The child happened to smile in its sleep, and Benjamin was so much affected with the appearance, that he immediately snatched up some paper which was lying on the table, and with nothing but a little red and black ink, began to sketch its little portrait. While in the very act of delineation, his mother and sister entered the room:—he heard their approach and endeavoured to conceal his paper; but his mother perceived his confusion, and requested to know what he was about. A mother's request is equal to a command: and, entreating her not to be angry, he reluctantly produced and gave up his paper. 'I declare (says she to her daughter) he has made a likeness of little Sally;' and immediately quieted the apprehensions, and rewarded the ingenuity of Benjamin with an affectionate kiss. At this time he was but *seven* years of age; and had never seen a picture in his life. Shortly after this incident he was sent to school; where, during his leisure hours, he was permitted to draw figures with the humble materials of a pen and ink.

“In the course of the summer a party of Indians came to pay their annual visit to Springfield (his native place), and being amused with the sketches of birds and flowers which Benjamin had shown them, they taught him to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they painted their ornaments. To

these his mother added blue, by giving him a piece of indigo, so that he was thus in possession of the three primary colours." p. 18.

"His drawings at length attracted the attention of the neighbours; and some of them happening to regret that the Artist had no pencils, he inquired what kind of things these were, and they were described to him as small brushes made of camels' hair fastened in a quill. p. 19.

There were no camels in Springfield; and our artist was in considerable perplexity about a substitute,—when his father's favourite black cat happened to cross his path. It occurred to him that cat's hair might be as good as camels' hair; and accordingly he armed himself with his mother's scissors, seized Grimalkin, docked off the tip of her tail, fixed it in a quill,—and thus constructed his very first pencil. But the artist was as indefatigable then as we are told he is now; and as the tail of the cat could furnish only one pencil, he was obliged to extend his depredations to the back; which in a short time was reduced to perfect baldness, and Benjamin's father lamented the condition of his poor favourite, as being the effect of some disease. 'The Artist, with suitable marks of contrition, informed him of the true cause; and the old gentleman was so much amused with his ingenuity, that if he rebuked him, it was certainly not in anger.'

In the following year, Mr. Pennington, a relation of the old gentleman's, came to pay him a visit; and knowing that Mr. West, as well as himself, belonged to the society of quakers,—whose radical principle is a dislike of ornament,—he was somewhat surprised to see the house hung around with drawings of flowers and birds; but was fairly astonished upon being told that they were the production of his little cousin, Benjamin. He was no connoisseur; but common sense was competent to teach him that such pictures were not the work of an *ordinary* boy at eight years of age; and, resolved to second the exertions of his young relation, by furnishing him with materials more adequate to his genius, he promised to send him from Philadelphia a box of paints and pencils.

"The arrival of the box (which Mr. P. had accompanied by six engravings of Grevling, and several pieces of canvass prepared for the easel) formed an era in the history of the painter and his art. It was received with feelings of delight which only a similar mind can justly appreciate. He opened it, and

in the colours, the oils, and the pencils, found all his wants supplied, even beyond his utmost expectations. But who can describe the surprise with which he beheld the engravings; he who had never seen any picture but his own drawings, nor knew that such an art as the engraver's existed! He sat over the box with enamoured eyes; his mind was in a flutter of joy; and he could not refrain from constantly touching the different articles, to ascertain that they were real. At night he placed the box on a chair near his bed, and as often as he was overpowered by sleep, he started suddenly and stretched out his hand to satisfy himself that the possession of such a treasure was not merely a pleasing dream."

P 22.

He arose at day-light, and carried his box up to a garret; where he made preparation and began to imitate the engravings. School was forgot; and so was every thing else, till he heard the signal for dinner. He said nothing about his truantship; and, in the afternoon again—instead of going to school—he retreated to his hiding-place, and recommenced his labours with the pencil. The same practice was continued for several days; and at length the school-master sent a message to inquire the cause of Benjamin's absence. His mother had accidentally seen him going up stairs after breakfast; and, shrewdly suspecting the box was at the bottom of his delinquency, silently ascended to the garret and surprised him in the midst of his labours. Her anger was appeased when she saw,—not a copy merely of one of the originals,—but a composition of two,—so tastefully united, and so scientifically coloured, 'that the most skilful artist, assisted by the precepts of Newton, would not have been ashamed to own the production' 'Sixty-seven years afterwards the writer of these memoirs had the gratification to see this piece in the same room with the sublime painting of "Christ Rejected," on which occasion the painter declared to him that there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass.'

Mr. Pennington now paid Mr. West another visit; and was so highly pleased with the effect of his present, that he persuaded the old gentleman to allow Benjamin to spend a few days with him in Philadelphia. Every new object in the city excited "the fond, attentive gaze of young astonishment;" but the youthful artist was the most affected by a sight of the shipping. He must

be busy, though merely on a visit. Mr. P. furnished him with materials; and his second picture was an original design of a landscape—of which, as might be conjectured, the vessels in the water formed a conspicuous part.* During his residence in Philadelphia, Mr. P. procured, on purpose for Benjamin, an elegant picture, executed by one Williams, a painter. The young artist was extraordinarily effected at its first exhibition; and his sensibility on the occasion attracted the attention of Williams; who was thence induced to ask him a great many questions about his education—and among the rest, ‘whether he had read any books, or lives of great men?’ ‘I have read the Bible (answered the young and simple amateur), and know the history of Adam, Joseph, David, Solomon, and all the other great men in the Scriptures.’ Williams became quite interested in his welfare; and besides inviting him to see his paintings, kindly lent him Fresnoy and Richardson on Painting. Benjamin had not yet determined upon a profession:—the perusal of these works fixed his vacillating choice; and thenceforward there was a visible alteration in his whole demeanor. The anecdotes in Fresnoy and Richardson had inspired him with the dignity of his future profession: he thought he was destined ‘to be the companion of kings and emperors;’ and, when he was going on horseback with one of his school-fellows, to visit a neighbouring plantation, he not only insisted on riding before, but when he asked his companion what profession *he* had chosen, and was answered that he intended to be a taylor—‘a taylor!’ exclaimed Benjamin—‘then (leaping from the horse) you may ride by yourself.’ This incident, together with the affair of the picture, was soon bruited among his school-fellows; who, with their usual facility of changing amusements, relinquished the bat and the ball,—and it was but a short time ere the board-fences and sides of the school-house were covered with the rude figures of this infant ‘Royal Academy,’ with Benjamin West at its head.

Our artist’s next essay was upon some boards of the poplar-tree, which he had procured at the shop of a neighbouring cabinet-maker. Although he was obliged to use the inadequate materials of ink, chalk, and charcoal, his drawings on this new substitute for canvass were such as to attract the notice of Mr.

* The Picture is now in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

Wayne, a gentleman of Springfield, and to induce a request on his part that he might be permitted to carry home two or three of the boards. The next day he paid Benjamin a great many compliments, and one dollar a-piece for the pictures. Doctor Jonathan Moris, another neighbour, presented him, soon after, with a few dollars for the purchase of better materials than those he had hitherto been compelled to use. These two gentlemen were his first public patrons; and their names have been mentioned by his own particular request.

About a year after his visit to Philadelphia, a Mr. Fowler, who possessed some taste in painting, requested Mr. West to allow Benjamin to spend a few weeks at his house. Mr. F. had lately lost his domestic partner; and had procured an English governess to educate his daughters. She was a lady of discernment; and soon discovered and duly appreciated the original bias of Benjamin's mind. He was invited to sit with her pupils, and to hear some of the most striking and picturesque passages of the ancient poets and historians. 'It was from this intelligent woman that he heard, for the first time, of the Greeks and Romans; and the impression which the story of these illustrious nations made on his mind, was answerable to her expectations.'

In the neighbouring town of Lancaster there was a lawyer by the name of Ross, whose wife and children were so beautiful as to be the objects of general remark; and, by the persuasion of Mr. Fowler, he was induced to have their portraits taken by young Benjamin West. The success of our artist in this undertaking contributed to enlarge the circle of his celebrity; and applications for portraits became so numerous, that he with difficulty found time to satisfy all his admirers. Among the other applicants was a man by the name of William Henry,—a mechanic, of 'a handsome fortune,' who, for a person in his walk of life, possessed an extraordinary taste in almost every department of learning. He soon perceived that Benjamin was too good a painter to be wasting his time upon portraits; and, in order to see him engaged in some historical work, his new patron suggested the Death of Socrates, as affording a fine subject for the exhibition of moral effect. He accordingly read from Plutarch the passage which contains an account of that event; and this description, aided by

his own imagination, enabled the artist to draw an outline of the chief circumstances attending the philosopher's death. Mr. H. was pleased with the sketch; and requested him to fill up the picture:—but he objected, that, as he had heretofore painted only the faces of men who were clothed, he feared he should not be able to delineate the slave presenting the poison, who he supposed should be naked. Mr. H. was resolved that such an objection should not long retard his progress; and calling in one of his own slaves,—‘there (says he) is your model.’ ‘The appearance of the young man, whose arms and breast were naked, instantaneously convinced the artist that he had only to look into nature for the models which would impart grace and energy to his delineation of forms.’

The ‘Death of Socrates’ was the means of procuring our artist a fortunate acquaintance with Dr. Smith, at that time provost of the college in this city,—who was invited by the Lancastrians to arrange a course of instruction for an academy which they had just been founding; and who, upon observing the merits of the picture in question, promised to undertake the classical education of the painter, and to make him sufficiently conversant with the spirit and taste of antiquity to subserve all the purposes of the profession which he intended to follow. His parents, as may be supposed, made few objections to the proposal; and Benjamin was soon after transferred from Springfield to Philadelphia. He resided at the house of Mr. Clarkson, his brother-in-law; and began a course of classical education, under Dr. Smith, which was particularly adapted to his destined profession. Instead of pursuing any system of grammatical exercises, he was directed immediately to those passages in ancient history which are calculated to make the most lasting impression on the mind.

When Benjamin had arrived at his sixteenth year, his father became anxious to place him in some regular business; and although reluctant to thwart the natural bias of his son; yet quakerism was inconsistent with devotion to the fine arts; and he thought himself bound, therefore, to engage him in an occupation more congenial to the principles of his sect. Several of his neighbours were consulted upon the subject,—and finally a meeting of the society was called, in order to settle the destination of young West.

After much altercation and debate, a speech from one John Williamson determined the suffrage of the Friends in favour of Benjamin's choice; and a private meeting was subsequently holden at his father's house, to confer on him the assent and blessing of the society. Here again John Williamson addressed his brethren and sisters,—employing all the ordinary considerations in favour of indulging a youth in the profession of that business which seems the best to comport with the original bent of his mind; and going into a pretty subtle disquisition upon the providence of God, in order to remove the prejudices of his friends against every thing unnecessary and ornamental. At the conclusion of his harangue, ‘the women rose and kissed the young artist, and the men, one by one, laid their hands on his head and prayed that the Lord might verify in his life the value of the gift which had induced them, in despite of their religious tenets, to allow him to cultivate the faculties of his genius.’

Shortly after this benediction he removed to Lancaster:—but soon returned on hearing intelligence of his mother's severe illness; and entered the paternal roof just in time to catch her last expiring look. In August, 1756, he took his final departure for Philadelphia; where, with the exception of a short military expedition, he continued to spend his regular hours in the execution of portraits, and his leisure time in the acquisition of classical knowledge. He soon became sensible, however, that, except in mechanical facility, he should never make much progress in the art of painting, by the mere contemplation of his own pictures; and as there were at that time but very few works of other artists in the infant colony, he resolved to adopt a rigorous system of economy, in order, if possible, to enable him at a future day to visit foreign countries for the improvement of his pictorial talent. —It happened that a painting of St. Ignatius, executed according to the principles of the Morillo school, was taken the preceding year on board a Spanish prize; and was then in the possession of Mr. Hamilton, the governor of the colony. Of this Mr. Pennington obtained permission for West to take a copy. The success of our artist in this undertaking suggested to Dr. Smith the idea, in which he had been anticipated by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that portrait-painting might be exalted above the mere representation

of physical likeness, by exhibiting the personage in some interesting character; and accordingly he was induced to have his own portrait drawn by West, in the style and attitude of St. Ignatius.

A gentleman, by the name of Cox, called soon after to engage a likeness of his daughter:—but when he was shown the picture of provost Smith,—instead of making the intended application for his daughter's portrait, he gave an order for a historical painting. The biblical reading of West had furnished him with a great many interesting subjects; among which he chose for his present purpose the Trial of Susannah. On a canvas about the size of a half length portrait he represented no less than forty figures,—all of which were taken, as in the death of Socrates, from living originals.

But notwithstanding his success in these two historical essays, he became every day more and more impressed with the necessity of visiting foreign countries, in order to enlarge his views of nature, and to improve his native genius by investigating the paintings of those who were the great masters of his art. At present, however, the paucity of his funds enabled him to go no further than New York; where, although he had abundant applications for portraits, he yet found the society too mercantile for the cultivation and refinement of painting.

“He happened, during his residence there, to see a beautiful Flemish picture of a hermit praying before a lamp, and he was resolved to paint a companion to it, of a man reading by candle light. But before he discovered a method of producing, in day-light, an effect on his model similar to what he wished to imitate, he was frequently baffled in his attempts. At length, he hit on the expedient of persuading his landlord to sit with an open book before a candle in a dark closet; and he found that, by looking in upon him from his study, the appearance was exactly what he wished for. In the schools and academies of Europe, tradition has preserved the methods by which all the magical effects of light and shadow have been produced, with the exception, however, of Rembrandt's method, and which the author of these sketches ventures to suggest was attained, in general, by observing the effect of sunshine passing through chinks into a dark room. But the American artist was as yet unacquainted with any of them, and had no other guides to the essential principles of his art, but the delicacy of his sight, and that ingenious observation of Nature to which allusion has been already so often made. p. 82, 83.

Soon after he made a copy from an engraving by Strange, of a painting of Belisarius, by Salvator Rosa. "It is not known what has now become of these pictures; but when the author long after saw the original of Salvator Rosa, he was gratified to observe that he had instinctively coloured his copy almost as faithfully as if it had been painted from the picture instead of the engraving."

We are now to accompany our countryman to Italy. The events of his departure with a Mr. Allen, and of the many difficulties he encountered on the voyage, though very interesting as personal anecdotes, are very little connected with his progression in the art of painting, and must, therefore, be omitted in what we can yet find room to detail. It suffices to say, that he arrived at Rome on the 10th of July, 1760, and that he had introductory letters to some of the most eminent personages in Italian society. Among the rest he was soon made acquainted with the celebrated Cardinal Albani.

"His eminence, although quite blind, had acquired by the exquisite delicacy of his touch, and the combining powers of his mind, such a sense of ancient beauty, that he excelled all the virtuosi then in Rome, in the correctness of his knowledge of the verity and peculiarities of the smallest medals and intaglios. Mr. Robinson conducted the artist to the inner apartment, where the cardinal was sitting, and said, "I have the honour to present a young American, who has a letter of introduction to your eminence, and who has come to Italy for the purpose of studying the fine arts." The cardinal fancying that the American must be an Indian, exclaimed, "Is he black or white?" and on being told that he was very fair, "What as fair as I am?" cried the cardinal still more surprised. This latter expression excited a good deal of mirth at the cardinal's expense, for his complexion was of the darkest Italian olive, and West's was even of more than the usual degree of English fairness. For some time after, if it be not still in use, the expression of "as fair as the cardinal" acquired proverbial currency in the Roman conversations, applied to persons who had any inordinate conceit of their own beauty.

"The cardinal, after some other short questions, invited West to come near him, and running his hands over his features, still more attracted the attention of the company to the stranger, by the admiration which he expressed at the form of his head. This occasioned inquiries respecting the youth; and the Italians concluding that, as he was an American, he must, of course, have received the education of a savage, became curious to witness the effect which the works of art in the Belvidere and Vatican would produce on him. The whole

company, which "consisted of the principal Roman nobility, and strangers of distinction then in Rome, were interested in the event; and it was arranged in the course of the evening that on the following morning they should accompany Mr. Robinson and his protégé to the palaces.

"At the hour appointed, the company assembled; and a procession, consisting of upwards of thirty of the most magnificent equipages in the capital of Christendom, and filled with some of the most erudite characters in Europe, conducted the young quaker to view the master-pieces of art. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view; because it was the most perfect work among all the ornaments of Rome, and, consequently, the best calculated to produce that effect which the company were anxious to witness. The statue then stood in a case, enclosed with doors, which could be so opened as to disclose it at once to full view. West was placed in the situation where it was seen to the most advantage, and the spectators arranged themselves on each side. When the keeper threw open the doors, the artist felt himself surprised with a sudden recollection altogether different from the gratification which he had expected; and without being aware of the force of what he said, he exclaimed, "My God, how like it is to a young Mohawk warrior!" The Italians, observing his surprise, and hearing the exclamation, requested Mr. Robinson to translate to them what he said; and they were excessively mortified to find that the god of their idolatry was compared to a savage. Mr. Robinson mentioned to West their chagrin, and asked him to give some more distinct explanation, by informing him what sort of people the Mohawk Indians were. He described to him their education; their dexterity with the bow and arrow; the admirable elasticity of their limbs; and how much their active life expands the chest, while the quick breathing of their speed in the chace, dilates the nostrils with that apparent consciousness of vigour which is so nobly depicted in the Apollo. "I have seen them often," added he, "standing in that very attitude, and pursuing, with an intense eye, the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow."* This descriptive explanation did not lose by Mr. Robinson's translation. The Italians were delighted, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced on the merits of the statue." pp. 103, 4, 5, 6.

This is certainly an interesting account of Mr. West's first introduction to the idols of his art;—and we have been induced to extract it entire, both because the incidents are so linked together that a part would have appeared imperfect, and because we found it given so concisely as to baffle our attempts at abridgment. We can only add, in our own language, that Mr. West was not, at first, very much stricken with the works of Raphael; and that,

* *Far-shooting*, we may note, is one of the epithets which Homer bestows upon Apollo.

with the single exception of the *Moses*, he still continues to think that the pictures of Michael Angelo are stamped with a character of improbability.

He had not remained long in Rome before he was introduced to Mengs, the most popular painter at that time in Italy. After becoming sufficiently familiar, he begged West to show him a specimen of his drawing;—but, as our artist had never learned to draw, he concluded to substitute a portrait of Mr. Robinson for a picture of his own invention. Before he exhibited it to Mengs, however, he was anxious to see what would be the suffrage of the public; and accordingly it was placed in an appropriate frame, suspended in the chamber of Mr. Crespigné, where a grand assembly was about to be held, and perfect secrecy, as to the author, was enjoined, upon all those who were acquainted with the fact. The picture soon attracted notice: it was known that Mr. Robinson had been sitting to Mengs; the amateurs perused the portrait with the most scrupulous attention; and every body was unanimous that the artist never coloured better in his life. Mr. Dance, a shrewd Englishman, expressed an opinion that the picture was coloured much better than was usual with Mengs; while he thought, at the same time, that the drawing was not so firm or so good as his ordinary execution. This criticism occasioned a pretty sharp reply from a Mr. Jenkins, and the company were soon attracted around the picture to hear the altercation of the two amateurs. Mr. Crespigné seized the moment, and told Jenkins that Dance was in the right; for, in fact, the picture was not painted by Mengs. “By whom then?” vociferated the company —“for there is no other artist now in Rome who could execute any thing so good.” “By that young gentleman there”—answered Mr. C. pointing to West,—who had taken his seat behind a sofa, and was listening with much agitation to the strictures of the critics. When Mengs saw the portrait, he told the author that he had no occasion to learn painting at Rome; and advised him, after viewing all the models of his art in that place, to visit Florence, Bologna, Parma, and Venice; and, upon his return, to determine the line of his profession, by exhibiting a historical picture to the Roman public. This advice was followed; and after performing the tour Mr. West augmented his celebrity by

painting the two historical pictures of Cimon and Iphigenia, and Angelica and Madona. After remaining in Rome about three years, he started for England; stopping in the places through which he passed, particularly in Paris, long enough to view all the specimens of his art which they might contain. The rest has been told already.

From all this, it appears that, from the very beginning—from the sketch of little Sally's portrait, to the representation of Christ Healing the Sick, Mr. West has been an original, and partly a self-taught painter. He disdained a servile imitation of the first picture he ever saw; and while he was in Italy, in the very midst of all that painters hold dear, he was no extravagant admirer of any particular master; but while he fully appreciated the excellences of their respective productions, he was sensible of their defects; and was continually recurring from the copies of art to the originals of nature. This characteristic, coupled with his incessant application, has contributed to make Mr. West one of the greatest artists of the age.

We cannot part with this very interesting memoir without quoting an anecdote of Washington, which displays the full features of his character better than a whole quarto of pompous biography:—

“Provost Smith was himself possessed of a fluent vein of powerful eloquence, and it happened that many of his pupils who distinguished themselves in the great struggle of their country, appeared to have imbibed his talent; but none of them more than Jacob Duchey, another of the four youths whom he recommended to the artist. He became a clergyman, and was celebrated throughout the whole of the British provinces in America as a most pathetic and persuasive preacher. The publicity of his character in the world was, however, chiefly owing to a letter which he addressed to General Washington, soon after his appointment to the chief command of the army. The purport of this letter was to persuade the general to go over to the British cause. It was carried to him by a Mrs. Ferguson, a daughter of doctor Graham, a Scottish physician in Philadelphia. Washington, with his army, at that time lay at Valley-forge, and this lady, on the pretext of paying him a visit, as they were previously acquainted, went to the camp. The general received her in his tent with much respect, for he greatly admired the masculine vigour of her mind. When she had delivered the letter he read it attentively, and, rising from his seat, walked backwards and forwards upwards of an hour, without speaking. He appeared to be much agitated during the greatest part of the time; but at length, having

decided with himself, he stopped, and addressed her in nearly the following words: "Madam, I have always esteemed your character and endowments, and I am fully sensible of the noble principles by which you are actuated on this occasion; nor has any man in the whole continent more confidence in the integrity of his friend than I have in the honour of Mr. Duchey. But I am here entrusted by the people of America with sovereign authority. They have placed their lives and fortunes at my disposal, because they believe me to be an honest man. Were I, therefore, to desert their cause, and consign them again to the British, what would be the consequence? to myself perpetual infamy; and to them endless calamity. The seeds of everlasting division are sown between the two countries; and, were the British again to become our masters, they would have to maintain their dominion by force, and would, after all, retain us in subjection only so long as they could hold their bayonets to our breasts. No, madam, the proposal of Mr. Duchey, though conceived with the best intention, is not framed in wisdom. America and England must be separate states; but they may have common interests, for they are but one people. It will, therefore, be the object of my life and ambition to establish the independence of America in the first place; and in the second, to arrange such a community of interests between the two nations as shall indemnify them for the calamities which they now suffer, and form a new era in the history of nations. But, madam, you are aware that I have many enemies: congress may hear of your visit, and of this letter, and I should be suspected were I to conceal it from them. I respect you truly, as I have said; and I esteem the probity and motives of Mr. Duchey, and therefore you are free to depart from the camp, but the letter will be transmitted without delay to congress." pp. 40, 41, 42, 43.

ON THE DISADVANTAGES OF PRINTING.

THE benefits afforded by the art of printing to science, literature, morals and freedom, have long been a favorite and fruitful theme of panegyric. To point out one of the disadvantages attending that celebrated invention is the purpose of the present essay.

When books could only be multiplied by means of manuscript copies, it was indispensable to their reputation that they should be written with the greatest care. The labour of reading such volumes was to be overcome by the interest of the subject, or the charm of the style: and the expense of transcribing them was so great, that none but excellent works could obtain an extensive cir-

culatation. On this account the writers of antiquity were frequently obliged to recite their own compositions in public. Those who were opulent could collect admiring audiences; while the others, especially the unfortunate bards, were sometime unable to obtain either purchasers or auditors for their productions. But the publicity which many works acquired in this manner would enable their authors to improve them before they were published in volumes. The young authors, too, who have seldom been rich in any age or country, were probably obliged for some time to copy their own works; and they would naturally endeavour, in order to diminish the labour of so disagreeable a task, to cultivate terseness and brevity of style. But whether a writer copied his manuscript, or employed an amanuensis for that purpose, each new copy became, as it were, a new edition of the work, susceptible of whatever amendments the author's own judgment, or the criticism of others, might suggest.

To these circumstances, we may in a great degree attribute the remarkable correctness of the classical writers. Their periods are finished to faultlessness. Their phrases are pregnant with meaning. They seem to have been studious of crowding the greatest possible quantity of thought into the smallest possible number of words: and hence their writings have acquired a monumental solidity that promises a duration beyond all the other works of man.

It is chiefly in this precision, terseness and energy of style, that our modern authors are excelled by those of antiquity. How many historians have we who, in vigour and subtilty of intellect, in moral and political philosophy, in general knowledge, and perhaps in genius, are equal or superior to Herodotus, Sallust, Livy, or even to Tacitus himself; but how few of the former can we compare with them in the immaculate style of their language?

The ancient authors could employ their whole lives in perfecting their writings; whereas those whose works are circulated by the press can only correct them, after the first publication, when new editions are demanded. But the improvements we now find in a book which has gone through four or five editions, are not more than what might be expected—were printing unknown—after a hundred manuscript copies of it had been made.

Our writers may indeed correct their works while in the press: though this cannot be done without much annoyance. The book-seller complains of the increased expense; the printer is vexed at what he considers an unnecessary delay; the compositor grumbles at his additional labour, (although he is paid for it) and even the printer's devil growls at being obliged to run back and forwards with the proof sheets. To avoid this persecution, the author is often induced to let his pages go to press in an imperfect state.

As a remedy for the evil in question, we beg leave to propose a rule, much less severe than the well known precept of Horace. Instead of urging an author to the hard forbearance of keeping his piece from the public, and withholding his own name from celebrity, for the long term of *nine years*, we recommend him to copy his piece *three times* at least; and if his taste be not vicious, or his vanity incorrigible, we venture to predict that the last copy would not contain many unnecessary expressions. The labour of copying is wonderfully efficacious in diminishing the length of one's periods.

The modern writers most distinguished for their style have all been laborious correctors of their works. Hume spent years in improving and polishing his essays, which nevertheless would seem, from the perspicuous simplicity of their style, to have been written with very little effort. Robertson is said to have composed his histories on small slips of paper, and to have perfected each sentence before he proceeded to a new one. Rousseau tells us in his confessions that he always transcribed several times whatever he intended for the press; and that the *Nouvelle Heloise*, the most eloquent and beautiful of all his works, was frequently copied by him for the perusal of his friends and patrons before it was published. Burke, too, the Cicero of our age, was careful almost to fastidiousness in the correction of his writings. His letter to the duke of Bedford, consisting of only a few sheets, was three months in the press, and was so often altered by him during that time, that the expense of printing it amounted to ten times more than it would have cost, if it had been printed without alteration.

Let us suppose that printing were forever abolished: how small a proportion of our literature would survive that noble art: how few, comparatively, would be the books we should be at the expense of purchasing, and the pains of perusing in manuscript volumes. After the lapse of a few centuries from the destruction of the press, there probably would not remain in general circulation more than one out of a hundred of those works which are now found in every extensive library: but this remnant of our literature would, like the productions of Greek and Roman genius now extant, be the admiration of all after ages.

It is not easy to account for the great difference between the impressions made by the same thought when very well, and when very poorly expressed. We are, however, made sensible of that difference by the publications we daily peruse, and even in our familiar conversations with each other. Style, indeed, seems as important to a writer, as elocution and action to an orator. A badly written book, and a coldly delivered discourse, will equally fail of success, however valuable the matter which the one or the other may contain. On the other hand, how many productions, especially of the poetical kind, have obtained celebrity without any other beauty than that of language to recommend them; and how many speeches are listened to with pleasure when delivered with a fine elocution, and animated gestures; but which, when they appear in print, are insipid, or even nauseous.

These considerations, we trust, will induce the powerful and aspiring writers of our own country to pay more attention than they have hitherto given to the attainment of a fine style, and not to disdain the humble, but very important task of correcting and copying their manuscripts. They may thus overcome the inconvenience which it is the object of this essay to describe and provide against; and entertain the cheering hope that their names will be associated with those of the illustrious classic authors, and their works handed down to the remotest posterity, to instruct and delight the innumerable nations of our race, to whom our language is destined to convey the first lessons of religion, virtue, and freedom.



CHRONICLE.

SYNOPSIS OF NAVAL ACTIONS,

DURING THE LATE WAR, BETWEEN BRITISH AND AMERICAN
VESSELS.

(Continued, from our July number, from the British Naval Chronicle.)

"WE next have the pleasure of recounting the capture of a very formidable South sea cruiser, of tar and feathering memory—no less a personage than the boisterous champion of "free trade and sailors' rights"—Mr. David Porter. His frigate, the *Essex*, is, I trust, safe in a British port. The particulars of her capture have already been detailed in the public prints. Unlike all the letters of the *American* "heroes" captain Hillyar makes no boast of succeeding in a contest in which he was so evidently superior. We wish, for his sake, the Cherub had been absent. As it was, the following estimate of the force engaged will show that the numbers were not quite so disproportionate, as between our three frigates and their opponents: and yet those actions were blazoned forth, from one end of the Union to the other, as "splendid victories," "brilliant achievements," and even with unblushing hardihood—*equal combats!*

PHCBBE.

(Rating 36, mounting 44 guns.)

Broadside.

Maindeck	13	18lb. long guns	-	-	234lbs.
Quarterdeck and forecastle	}	1	9lb. do.	-	9
		7	32lb. carronades	-	224
					467lbs.

Brought over, - - - - 467lbs.

CHERUB.

(Rating 20, mounting 28 guns.)

Broadside.

Maindeck 9 32lb. carronades	- . .	288lbs.
Quarterdeck and } 4 18lb. do.	- . .	72
forecastle } 1 6lb. long gun		6
		366lbs.
Total		833lbs.

Phœbe—men and boys	300	} 435.
Cherub do.	135	

ESSEX.

(Rating 32, mounting 46 guns.)

Broadside.

Maindeck 13 32lb. carronades,	- . .	416lbs.
Quarterdeck and } 7 32lb. do.	- . .	224
forecastle } 3 12lb. long guns,		36
		676lbs.

Men, with those that escaped ashore, - 300.

Superiority on the British side.

In weight of metal, as six to five.

Number of men, not quite three to two.

“I am here supposing our ships to have each their full complement, which probably was not the case. The Essex, when she left the Delaware in October, 1812, had 376 prime seamen. In killed and wounded our loss was very trifling—about 15. The enemy very severe—about 152. He certainly made a brave defence; but it might have been told with a better grace by any other person than himself. His letter is of immoderate length—contains many inconsistencies and much foul language against captain Hillyar. We may allow him to be a little angry, that notwithstanding his cautious plans, the commander of the Phœbe should just nick the time of his being at Valparaiso. Another proof of the judgment of the American government in building such *sloops* of war as the Wasp, Frolic, and Peacock, has unfortunately occurred in the capture of the Reindeer brig by the first named vessel on the 28th of June, 1814. Never was a ship more ably defended than this ill-fated brig, nor British gallantry more fully displayed than in the unavailing efforts of her heroic crew. All that could be done was done. Poor Manners! thine was a noble spirit; but the unerring rifle set thee at rest ere the proud union of thy country was lowered from the peak. Where would the Wasp have been now, had there been, in men and metal, only a slight odds in her favour?

“Originally, the Reindeer, like other brigs of her class, mounted thirty-two pounders, carronades; but it appears she lost part of

them in a gale of wind, and leaving the remainder in port, took on board a full set of twenty-fours. She was built of fir in 1814, and had long outlived her contract. She had, it is stated, 20 boys in her crew. Her full compliment was 121; which we shall allow her to have had on board.

"The Wasp's force, in guns and men, we are enabled correctly to give. Her commander is highly spoken of. The following particulars will place this action in a proper point of view:

REINDEER.		WASP.	
(Rating 18, mounting the same.)		(Rating 18, mounting 22 guns.)	
<i>Broadside.</i>		<i>Broadside.</i>	
8 24lb. carronades,	192lbs.	10 32lb. carronades,	320lbs.
6 6lb. long guns,	36	1 18lb. long gun,	18
	228lbs.		338lbs.
Men and boys, 121.		Men of the usual quality, 175.	
Measurement, under 385 tons.		Measurement, above (English) 550 tons.	

Superiority on the American side.

In weight of metal, as seven to four.

In number of men, as seven to five.

In size of vessel, as seven to five.

"Our loss in killed and wounded is stated to have been fifty or sixty, the enemy's thirty. Owing to the expertness of twenty-six marines stationed in the tops for the purpose, all the Reindeer's officers, except the captain's clerk, were picked off and killed, or disabled. The brig herself was so much shattered as to be destroyed after the action.

"On the 11th July, 1814, the Rattlesnake, of 16 guns, 24's and 9's, and 131 men, was taken by the Leander frigate. She had a very choice crew. The officers and men had iron helmets, or skull-caps, to fend off the lusty coup-de-sabres of British boarders, with the motto in front "Don't give up the ship."

"While the Rattlesnake and Enterprize (of similar force) were out in company, they obtained information that our brig, the Dotterel, was cruising off Charleston with a crew of sixty men, and those weakly and discontented. A plan was formed to be in concert—satisfied that 260 men would quickly overpower sixty, or even three times the number. It is doubted whether the Enterprize had all her guns on board. However, after many hours of anxious look-out the two heroes were chased away by the Morgiana of 18 guns—16 24lb. carronades and 2 small long guns, with a crew of at least ten men under the half of what were on board the enemy's brigs. It is probable the Morgiana having one more mast than the Dotterel occasioned this panic, as the American sloops of war of the heaviest class have hitherto shown a preference to our *brig-rigged* sloops. The Dotterel is said to have been on watching the two schooners Caroline and Nonsuch,

of 16 and 12 guns, and 120 men each, and who were perhaps better informed of the condition of the Dotterel's crew, and therefore chose to remain blockaded. One of the instances above alluded to occurred in the Frolic (now Florida) of 22 guns and 171 men, avoiding the track of the Herald of 28 guns, (32 and 18 lb. carronades and long sixes) and 135 men, stationed off Baliga, on learning that the latter's main deck battery were carronades and not long sixes, as at first supposed. The Herald throws only twenty-eight pounds more shot than the Frolick, and is not so large by 150 tons.

"On the 12th July, 1814, the Syren of 16 guns, two 42 pounders and twelve 24lb. carronades and two long 9's, with 137 men, was captured by the Medway 74. It is conjectured that the 42 pounders were taken from the President frigate, which was in port refitting when the Syren sailed: leaving the former fourteen instead of sixteen 42 pounders on her quarter-deck. The three American 44's were built in 1798; and the United States had become so weak in her upper works that commodore Decatur, in his letter to sir Thomas Hardy off New-London, states her to mount but 49 guns, when we know she carried 56, besides howitzers in her tops, at the capture of the Macedonian. These apparently trivial circumstances are noticed, because should any of these frigates hereafter undergo an inspection by foreigners of any nation, the Americans will not scruple to say, "You see the ship does not mount so many guns as the British gave her." It is in such sophistry as this, and not in fighting, that we are unequal to the Americans.

"I am not aware of having to notice the capture of any other man of war by a national vessel of the Americans. Two we have lately lost to American *privateers*. One of them under such circumstances of bold daring on the part of her commander and crew, that it would be highly unfair to pass it over.*

"The Landrail cutter of four 12 pound carronades, commanded by lieutenant Lancaster, with a compliment of only 19 men and boys, fell in with, on the 12th July, the large American privateer schooner Syren; carrying, according to the American account, two 12 pound carronades, four long 6's, one long 12 pounder on a traversing carriage, and 78 men; with this unequal adversary the cutter sustained a running fight of one hour and 20 minutes: and a close action of within half pistol shot of 40 minutes more, when boarding gave her to the enemy. Nor were her exertions wholly in vain; for she killed the privateer's captain and one or two of his officers, wounded eight men, and had but one wounded herself. The cutter has since been re-captured by the Wasp sloop of war; but her gallant captain and crew are prisoners in America.

"The crews of the American privateers are generally obtained in the same way (with the exception of pressing) as those of our

* The other was the Ballahon schooner, of four guns and thirteen men, prize to the Perry privateer, of five guns and one hundred and twenty men.

ships of war: and therefore a stated number of such men from each nation combatting together would afford a much fairer specimen of the gallantry of their respective countries, than opposing the "choice and pick" of one side against the "ordinary riffraff" of the other. Have not instances then daily occurred of our little packets with thirty or forty men and boys beating off the largest American privateers with crews of a *hundred* men and upwards?

"One of the late numbers of the Naval Chronicle contains copies of a correspondence between sir Thomas Hardy, commodore of the British squadron off New-London, and the commander of the American squadron in port, blockaded by them; which, without a little explanation, may give rise to very erroneous ideas of American gallantry.

"From the vicinity of the two squadrons, and the constant intercourse with the shore by means of licensed vessels, the American commodore was fully apprised that the *Endymion*, besides her great inferiority in metal, was many men short of her complement: and that that complement, when full, scarcely exceeded half the crew of the United States; which had been greatly increased since the capture of the *Macedonian*. His assertion of having reduced the number of his guns was a manœuvre worthy of Americans. The fact is, the United States is very much hogged; which induced the commodore to take off five or six of her bow guns, and no doubt for that reason only, to substitute eight long 32 pounders for the same number of her midship main-deck 24's, which were shifted into the *Macedonian*; thus making both ships heavier than they were before, instead of lighter, as is apparent from the commodore's very *candid* letter of challenge. His "incautious" consent, as expressed in his second letter, to allow the *Endymion* and *Statira*'s crews to be made up from the *Ramillies* and *Borer*, was not mentioned in his first letter; therefore must afterwards been verbally given when the commodore found he had gone too far to retreat.

"How very anxious both captains Hope and Stackpole were that this meeting should take place, is notorious to all on the American station. Captain Decatur declined a meeting between the *Statira* and *Macedonian* singly: evidently afraid of the same disappointment recurring that ensued from that of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*.

"No sooner did the correspondence terminate than the American papers teemed with paragraphs, reflecting upon the courage of the British commanders: and of course extolling to the skies that of captains Decatur and Jones, and their officers and men. This it was that occasioned a British subject to get copies of the letters, and to publish them in a Boston paper. So unexpected an event astounded the blustering miscreants, and they were afterwards content with whispering what they dared not again proclaim.

“A very popular writer among the Americans gravely passes the following exordium upon the character of his country’s seamen:—“In all the qualities essential to success on the ocean, the American seamen are not only equal, but superior to the British seamen. It is no merit of their’s. Nature and circumstances have made them so. But so it is—they are *physically* superior—they are *morally* superior. The warm and variable climate of the United States has, to a certain degree, melted the original English constitution of our ancestors, till, instead of the broad-shouldered and ruddy form of the people of Great Britain, the Americans are a thinner race of men, with less personal strength and stamina, but with more quickness, more alertness.”

“Is the above hodge-podge of character the best dish this political purveyor can serve up? I have neither room nor leisure now to pass an opinion upon its merits; having only faithfully handed down the receipt, that others may profit by it.

“Within these few months the Americans have published a work entitled, “The Naval History of the United States.” The book is intended to exalt the naval character of the Americans at the expense of our well tried seamen. *They* have never beat *us*; but we were fully equal to them. We have never beat *them*; but they were greatly inferior to us! The *BRITISH NAVAL CHRONICLE* is of a far different stamp; and will be read with interest all over Europe when that book will be thrown aside with disgust: as its glaring falsehoods and new fangled phraseology shall outrage the feelings, or puzzle the understanding.

“I cannot dismiss the book, however, without exposing one or two attempts to aggrandize the exploits of the American public and private armed vessels. One of the numbers of the *British Chronicle* records the loss of some men on board the *Yarmouth 64*, in consequence of the sudden blowing up of the American ship *Randolph*, that by accident got within reach of her guns. A day or two after the event two men were picked up on a piece of the wreck, and preserved by the *Yarmouth’s* people. These fellows, upon reaching home, mentioned the loss of men, &c. on board the *64*; and perhaps added a few embellishments of their own. Be that as it may, the story was already in good hands: a splendid oil painting was prepared to perpetuate the daring attack made by the gallant captain Biddle in his little *32* gun frigate upon a *British 64*—the latter’s spars are seen tumbling about her decks, her sails pierced with shot holes, and she evidently had the worst of the action—and doubtless would have struck but for the unfortunate blowing up of her antagonist: the description in print *out-Americans* this, and to be duly appreciated, must be read at length. I wish I could give it, but cannot. Again—that a privateer of 8 or 10 guns and 120 or 140 men should capture a merchantman of 10, 12, or 14 guns, and at most perhaps 16 men, can create no surprise. But “the American privateer schooner ———

of 8 guns *only*, commanded by — Thunderbolt, esquire,* has actually captured the fine British ship ———, mounting 14 guns" (intended to be considered as fully manned of course) is an event calculated to impress the reader with ideas not very flattering to the character of British seamen: at the same time to establish beyond a doubt the "unrivalled gallantry" of their too cunning opponents:—especially when half a dozen captures of this kind appear to have been made in one cruise!

"Notwithstanding all this hectoring on the part of the Americans, British tars are still ready, and even anxious, to meet them on any thing like equal terms. Such a meeting cannot well happen, as they go to sea in vessels with which we have none of a similar *rate* able to contend. Thus the capture of the Reindeer by the Peacock will be proclaimed and rewarded† as a victory over an equal force; and had the latter been taken by one of our 28 gun frigates, it would have been "an American *sloop of war* has, after a very severe action, been taken by a British *frigate*."

"On the 24th of August a handfull of British troops entered the city of Washington, and compelled the enemy to destroy, besides naval and ordnance stores to a considerable amount, the timber for a 74; a frigate ready to lanch, intended to carry 60 guns, (besides top guns) named the Essex, and a sloop of war, the Argus, (two) of 22 guns ready for sea.

"On the first of the next month the American ship Wasp, of 22 guns and 180 men, a second time came across one of our gun brigs, the Avon, of 16 32lb. carronades and 2 long 6's and 118 men. It was a night action, and had been fought nearly two hours when the Castillian brig came up. The Wasp made "three sail" of the Castillian, and ran off while the latter was taking out the Avon's surviving crew from the sinking vessel.

Superiority on the American side.

In weight of metal, as nine to seven.

In number of men, as three to two.

In size of vessel, as seventeen to twelve.

"The Wasp left L'Orient five days previous to the action, thoroughly refitted; and having refused men that offered to enter, had no doubt a larger crew than when she engaged the Reindeer. That action is a good comment on this.—The Reindeer, with only 24 pounders, killed and wounded twenty-six of the enemy: whereas he acknowledges but two killed, and one slightly wounded by the Avon; and that only three of her shot pierced his bulwarks.

* A requisite addition to the name of the captain of an American privateer.

† Where a committee, appointed by government, decree a captured vessel of war to have been of equal force to her opponent, the whole value of the prize goes to the captors. Captain Decatur, under this new prize-act, received the full value of the *Macedonian*!—Our late brig, the Epervier, was brought in by the American government, the other day, of fifty-five thousand dollars. The whole of this goes to the officers and crew of the Peacock—because it was a battle between ships of "*equal force*!"—What fellows these yankees are!

Much credit is due to the officers and crew of the *Avon* for their perseverance in this unequal conflict; but the action cannot surely be ranked (as it was by some of our public journalists) "among the most brilliant achievements recorded in the naval annals of this eventful war." Miserable gunnery on our side was evident enough, which may perhaps be partly attributable to a difference of opinion about the manner of loading a carronade to produce the best effect; but above all, to not drilling the men at firing the guns—a practice the Americans never neglect, as we have *felt* too often.

"Early in September the *Adams*, captain Morris, was burnt by her commander at Hampden, Penobscot, to prevent her falling into our hands. Of her battery mounted on the shore we got possession. The *Adams* was a very deceiving ship, being a frigate cut down; and measured about 780 tons: she carried 24 18lb. long guns (or columbiads) and 2 long 12's, with a compliment of 248 men—principally masters and mates of merchantmen. She was an incomparable sailer, and might have done a deal of mischief to our commerce with impunity, had she avoided entering the Penobscot.

"The next was an action in which British valour shone with unrivalled lustre, but was prematurely overcome; yet not till after an arduous and sanguinary struggle of some hours. Against nearly a two-fold superiority did the tars of old England yield the day. It was fought on Lake Champlain within the enemy's territory, 11th September, 1814, a year and a day after that of Lake Erie. Captain Pring's official letter, as well as sir James L. Yeo's introductory one, will be read with a lively interest by every friend of the navy.

"It is a pity the statement of the comparative force of the two fleets referred to by the former was not transmitted, as at present we have only the American accounts to resort to.

"The *Confiance*, our largest vessel, was on the stocks sixteen days before the action; and of course quite in a rough and unfinished state. The locks for her guns had been sent from Halifax in a frigate, but did not arrive in time. The enemy, on the other hand, had been many weeks in, and was in all respects fitted for battle. He was in his own waters—we three thousand miles from home. The relative consequences of that was, as may be supposed, very important. Captain Pring tells us the *Confiance* went into action "with an unorganized crew, composed of several drafts of men who had recently arrived from different ships at Quebec: many of whom only joined the day before, and were totally unknown either to the officers or each other. Here must have been confusion upon going into action! The enemy was moored in line in his own harbour, abreast of his encampment. We advanced with baffling winds. The gallant captain Downie fell almost the first shot. The *Finch* struck on a rock about the middle of the action. The *Chub* drifted into the enemy's line; and the gun-boats

"abandoned the object assigned them." Here was a chapter of disasters! The *Confiance* and *Linnet* had now the whole combat to themselves. Their crews fought like tigers. In vain they bled at every pore:—The day was not a day of *miracles*!

"Our vessels engaged were—ship *Confiance*, brig *Linnet*, and sloops *Finch* and *Chub*. The enemy's were—the ship *Saratoga*, brig *Eagle*, schooner *Ticonderoga*, sloop *Preble*, and ten large gun-boats—five on each flank. The force of these, gleaned from the American accounts, comprises as follows:

BRITISH.		AMERICAN.	
4 32lb. carronades,	128lbs.	6 42lb. carronades,	252lbs.
6 24lb. do.	144	29 32lb. do.	928
16 12lb. do	192	7 18lb. do.	126
27 24lb.* long guns,	648	8 24lb. long guns,	192
16 12lb. do.	192	12 18lb. do.	216
4 6lb. do.	24	8 12lb. do.	96
		6 24lb. do. }	all on pivots 294
		6 18lb. do. }	
		2 12 29 do. }	
	1328		
Broadside,	676		2104
		Broadside,	1224

* Believed only to be CONGREVES.

"With this vast disparity of force, nearly two to one, the vessels were all the while closely engaged; so that the enemy's heavy carronades, in which he exceeded us nearly NINE TO ONE, must have produced a most awful effect. Even had our gun-boats been in the action, the disparity would have scarce been perceptibly lessened. What we *should* have done had we possessed only a slight inferiority, and had had the use of gun locks, is incontestably proved, by the number of killed and wounded. The enemy acknowledges to have lost 120; which captain Pring says "amounted to something more than our own." The Americans, with all their exaggeration, stated our loss at 194; which, with half the usual allowance in such cases, would reduce it to less than theirs.

"As to the comparative amount of the hostile crews we have only analogy to govern us. Allowing our ships their full complement according to their classes; and that the enemy (as told us by himself some days before the action) had "abundance of seamen," we may safely conclude they exceeded us in men in the same proportion as they did in weight of metal. *After* the action they stated their number of men at 820. But be it known the Americans exclude their marines from the "stated complements" of their ships of war. There is a marine barrack near Washington, whence men (chiefly sharp-shooters,) are sent to their ships. The marine officer of the *Saratoga* wrote his government a separate account of the exploits of his men;—a thing unusual in our service.

"In aggregate size of vessel, also, they nearly doubled us. The *Saratoga* is at least two hundred more tons than the *Confiance*;

and our brig and two sloops would scarcely equal, in measurement, their schooner Ticonderoga—to say nothing of their heavy brig, sloop, and ten gun-boats.

“After all this a question naturally arises—how came the lamented captain Downie to seek the action, especially with an enemy (otherwise doubly superior) moored in his own bay? We are officially told he was “hurried into action, in consequence of the earnest solicitation of his excellency sir George Prevost!”

“The Americans, as is common with them, boasted much of their gallantry on this occasion: actually pretending to wonder that commodore M'Donough should have succeeded against “such fearful odds.” One says, we have taken four of their *largest ships*. The commodore himself begins quite *a là NELSON*: “The Almighty has pleased to grant us a signal victory on Lake Champlain in the capture of one frigate, one brig, and two sloops of war.” *A frigate!* but above all, “two *sloops of war*”—vessels not so big as Margate hoys. Here is a medly of *sanctity and falsehood!*

“We afterwards lost a sloop of war, the *Hermes*, blown up off Mobile; and destroyed near New Orleans the United States schooner *Caroline*, of 16 guns, which ended the events of 1814. The first month of the present year has already been propitious, and I anticipate in my next a far pleasanter task than the one I have just toiled through.

Yours,

BOXER.

“*Halifax, March, 1815.*”

Conclusion of the Remarks on “the Synopsis of Naval Actions, fought between the British and American ships of war,” in the British Naval Chronicle.”

WE have before had occasion slightly to notice the frequent and ridiculous attempts of a certain class of writers in England, to revenge the losses and defeats of the nation, by villifying the characters of those who inflicted them. Paltry as is this mode of vengeance, and unbecoming of a great nation, at least of a *rich* nation, it is now the common practice of that country, and the man who injures England, even in the common and authorised modes of warfare, is certain to have his actions, motives, character, and morals assailed in the most malignant and dastardly manner. His captures on the high seas, made under the authority of a commission from his government—are called *piracies*—and if in the spirit of gallant and fearless adventure, he visits the remotest regions

of the enemy's trade with the vengeance of his country, he is stigmatized as a buccaneer. Did this practice answer any other purpose, than merely to display the writhings of an enemy under severe and unexpected chastisement, it might perhaps be retrieved from contempt on the ground of its furthering some object of state policy, by making John Bull believe that all the enemies of England, were, like Napoleon, types of some of those enormous monsters foretold in the revelations: but arrogant, ignorant, and stultified as are the majority of the people of that country of which we are now speaking, we believe very few Englishmen if any of them, are sufficiently ignorant to believe that taking whalemén in the south seas and destroying them, under the sanctions we have recited is an act of piracy, or that visiting a groupe of islands discovered by the buccaneers, absolutely enrolls a man in that honorable fraternity. All these attempts to take away the character of an enemy, are therefore worse than useless, since they only serve as indications of bitter mortification, and exhibit nothing but proofs of that sore and querulous feeling which, for want of courage, or force to revenge itself, resorts to the pitiful resource of scandal and calumny.

We have been led into these observations, by the manner in which captain Porter is mentioned in the first part of the preceding article. For some reason or other, this gentleman has the *honour* to monopolize a large portion of the ill-will of those writers, who are on all occasions the most virulent in their abuse of America, from Mr. Gifford of the Quarterly Review, down to the "British naval officer." This distinction in our minds so peculiarly honorable to any American whatever, we think can be traced to the following causes. He inflicted a severe wound on the vain glorious presumption of Great Britain, by showing that notwithstanding "Britannia rules the waves," and not a sail spreads but by her permission, an American frigate under his command actually remained more than a year in the tracks of an important branch of the trade of England, which she cut up completely. For this he is not to be forgiven. Contrary to every honourable principle of warfare—in defiance of an express understanding, while disabled in his ship, and claiming the sacred right of a neutral port—he was attacked and taken by two British ships, and, in his official letter, spoke of such a violation of honour and national

rights, in terms of reprobation suited to his feelings, and to the circumstances which excited them: and for this he is not to be forgiven. On his return home, under the sanction of a parole given him by captain Hillyer, he was stopped off Sandy Hook by a British ship of war, contrary to the rules of war, and ordered to lay too all night, under her guns. Justified by this violation of his parole on the part of the enemy, he made his escape to shore in a boat, leaving this severe, and in this instance just reprimand with the officer who boarded his vessel—"that he now found British officers, not only regardless of their own honour, but the honour of each other." Can we wonder after this, that he should be singled out as a mark for the only weapons in which England has ever been able to revenge herself against America--the weapons of calumny and abuse!

We shall trouble ourselves very little with the statement, or table of weights and measures exhibited on occasion of the action between the Essex and the British vessels, or with his pretty boast that "he could wish for the sake of captain Hillyer, the Cherub had been absent." It is plain that the captain himself did not sympathise in this wish, since it was in his power to have sent her away at any time, and in fact the proposal was made to him more than once by captain Porter. To save time, and if the truth must be told, to relieve ourselves from the burden of refuting misrepresentations so often repeated, that the labour is intolerable, and the sameness actually stupifying—we will also pass over the statement of the action between the Wasp and Reindeer. Whatever may have been the difference of their force, the acknowledgment of the writer, in his notice of the subsequent affair between the former vessel and the Avon, is sufficient for our purpose. It is the peculiar misfortune of this most unfortunate writer, that he wishes to unite in his own person, the character of a monitor, as well as an apologist, to the British navy. Thus in the midst of his excuses, he mingles certain sly monitions, that unluckily entirely demolish the aforesaid palliations. Notwithstanding his tables and calculations, he is forced in his capacity of monitor to knock himself in his other character of apologist, completely on the head, by telling the British officers that after all it is their own fault, in not exercising their men properly, that they have been

so often defeated. See, gentle reader, what the poor creature says. "*Miserable gunnery on our side was evident enough*" which above all was owing to not drilling the men at firing the guns, a practice the Americans never neglect, as we have felt too often." In another place he says the American seamen are all "picked men," and the British all "riff-raff." Surely after such acknowledgments, the writer might have kept clear of the foolish inconsistency of denying our superiority!

Those who believe in the story of the Dotterel, are beyond the reach of such weak logicians as we are. They must believe the American officers and seamen are paltrons. They belong to the class of people, whose appetites and digestion are increased to an unnatural degree by disuse, or some peculiarity of physical organization, so that whether it is iron hoops, or boiled rice, which is presented to them, it is immaterial—down it goes. If the Americans are cowards, what must the English be, who have so often of late been beaten by them? Of all things in the world a judicious defender of national character, will avoid underrating the valour of an enemy, who has beaten his friend; since it is plain that the lower he sinks the former, the more he debases the latter, who do what he will, must always be undermost. It is even bad policy in the victor to speak slightingly of the valour and conduct of the vanquished, because it detracts from his own merit, and this is one special reason, why we have refrained from saying more of the English sailor than was absolutely necessary to establish our superiority. It would have suited our purpose much better, to have praised them for courage, skill, activity, and generosity, and nothing but a scrupulous regard to the truth restrained us from indulging our wishes in this respect.

Pursuing the example of the puppet-showman, mentioned in a former part of this examination, the "British officer" occasionally ekes out his melancholy exhibition, with "*An alligator nine feet long.*" Thus he mentions the capture of the Syren of sixteen guns, by the Medway of seventy-four, and the burning of the Adams, and an unfinished vessel at Washington, both by ourselves, as proofs of British superiority. Nothing can afford a better proof of the grade of feeling, as well as of intellect occupied by this writer than these citations. They have nothing to do

with the question, and the British writer who alludes to the capture of Washington, by calling to mind the destruction of public edifices devoted to civil objects, and of public libraries sacred to purposes of useful knowledge, ought to be punished for a libel against his countrymen, most especially in a country where *truth* is deemed to be libellous on the authority of a chief justice of England.

But it would seem that the capture of a sixteen gun brig by a seventy-four, is introduced with the double purpose of a set-off against the Reindeer and Avon affairs, as well as an attempt to injure the honour of commodore Decatur. It seems the Syren had on board two 42 pounders, conjectured to have been part of the armament of the President, seven of whose guns had been left on shore by commodore Decatur, who considered that ship too weak for her guns. This circumstance the writer insinuates was intended to be made use of by the Americans, in case of the capture of the President, in order to diminish her rate, and impose upon foreign nations. We doubt whether it is fair for a man to look into his own mind, or the practice of his own countrymen, for motives of conduct which would be dishonourable in others. When the President sailed on her last cruise, having undergone repairs, the guns were replaced, and this circumstance is alone sufficient to refute the uncandid insinuation of the British officer. She was then, as before, commanded by commodore Decatur, and the same motives which are ascribed to him in the first instance, would have operated in the second. It is known that the President was captured by the Endymion, and what is very extraordinary, struck to her after her fire was silenced, and she was out of gun-shot! But what is still more extraordinary, the Pomone and Tenedos shared in the prize-money* for the capture of the American ship, though taken by the Endymion alone, as the king's printer in Bermuda said, and unsaid, and

* Notice is hereby given to the officers and companies of his majesty's ships Endymion, Pomone and Tenedos, captains Hope, Parker and Lumley, commanders, who were actually on board at the capture of the American frigate President, on the fifteenth of January, 1815, that they will be paid their respective proportions of the net proceeds of head-money for the said capture, on the tenth of May. And all shares not then claimed, will be recalled

said again, until he was at last brought to a perseverance in the first falsehood, by a sound cudgelling given him by an American midshipman. But the wonder of all wonders is, that commodore Decatur was treated with great civility by his captors, who took from him nothing but his library, a decided proof of that love of literature, for which Englishmen are so distinguished. For the particulars of the challenge passed between the ships at New London, and a like number of the blockading squadron, we refer the reader to the letters published at the time, as the British officer says, so unexpectedly through the intervention of a British subject in Boston, as to astound "THE BLUSTERING MISCREANTS," meaning the Americans, gentle reader.

Justice to the memory of a gallant officer, whose melancholy fate has called forth the regrets of this whole nation, induces us to make a few remarks on the time given to the action between the Wasp and Avon, by this astonishing writer. From the quotations taken from the English journalists, who, it seems, class this action as one of the "most brilliant achievements recorded in the naval annals of this eventful war," it would seem that because the Wasp sheered off after having so disabled the enemy that she sunk, a few minutes after, that she was beaten. It is true the Avon kept the field, as a dead man keeps it, because he can't run away; while the Wasp made sail on the appearance of the Castillian, and as is stated, two other sail. The engagement happened at night: it had lasted two hours, according to the British officer, if the Avon had not struck she must have been still firing. The Wasp could not tell at night how much she

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was disabled, and consequently on the appearance of the Castillian, did not know but that she would have two ships instead of one to fight. Whether there were three sail or one, therefore, in sight, is a matter of little or no moment, since a proper regard to his duty would have obliged the commander of a ship to do precisely what captain Blakeley did. Hardly had the Castillian time to take her men out when the Avon sunk; while the Wasp continued her cruise, and was floating long afterwards gallantly on the waves. Yet it would appear that some of the British journalists make this out a most brilliant victory on the part of England. Even the modesty of the "British officer on the American station," shrinks from this assumption, and though he admits the defence to have been persevering, with most unparalleled candour he denies the victory. We would give him credit for this, did we not know that one of the arts of an uncandid writer is to gain credit for continued misrepresentation, by the occasional admission of a self-evident fact. The simple reader takes this for a proof of fairness, whereas it is only one of the vulgar refinements of English literature.

The last action noticed by the "British officer," who, heaven be praised, has at last brought his Synopsis to a close, is that on Lake Champlain, in which he affirms that "*British valour shone with unrivalled lustre*," the plain English of which is, that British valour shines much brighter when defeated after a tolerable resistance, by the Americans, than when it conquers Spaniards, Dutch, Danes, Frenchmen, and such like people. This is one of the highest compliments ever paid our brave countrymen, and whether intended or not, we will accept of it as one of those *by blow* truths that sometimes drop from a man before he is aware of the necessity of disguise.

This action the writer truly states happened "a year and a day after that on lake Erie," equally fatal to the enemy; equally destructive of his hopes of successful invasion, and equally demonstrative of superiority on the part of the Americans. It was fought on the eleventh of September; that of Perry, on the tenth; and we are credibly informed, that ever since these defeats, the fashionable month for hanging in England, has been September. Formerly, November was the season in which the people of that

country took great delight in hanging or drowning themselves in Rosamond's-pond, or the Serpentine. It was in the ominous month of November that the famous popish plot (every thing bad was popish in those days) was to have been consummated by the blowing up of the parliament-house, king, lords and commons and all, by that terrible incendiary and powder-monkey, Guy Faux. In commemoration of this lucky escape, on the night of the fourth of this month, the bellman goes through the streets of London alarming the good citizens with this tremendous distich:

“ This is the night—I speak it with great sorrow,
That we were all t’ have been blown up to-morrow,”

than which there is scarcely any two lines in the whole compass of English poetry more awfully and obscurely sublime. But ever since the actions of the tenth and eleventh of September, the gunpowder-plot has ceased to be kept as an anniversary, and more Englishmen hang themselves in that month, “ wilfully,” as the grave-digger says, than in all the rest of the year, especially about the tenth and eleventh.

In extenuation of this most signal defeat on lake Champlain, where “ British valour shone with unrivalled lustre,” the writer states the following facts, whether true or false, we will not take upon us to say. In the first place he affirms, that the *Confiance*, the principal vessel of the British squadron, was on the stocks sixteen days before the action. Suppose she was; is that any reason why she could not have been in a proper state for action? There are instances in our naval history of vessels of war, larger than the *Confiance*, being built, lunched, and fitted for sea in little more than a month, and we should despise ourselves if this circumstance were ever urged in extenuation of any disasters that might befall them. In the second place, “ *the locks for her guns had been sent from Halifax in a frigate, but did not arrive in time;*” whence we are left to infer that the guns were fired without locks. In the third place, “ *He (the Americans) was in his own waters, we (the British) three thousand miles from home;*” whence we are to infer that the British, like true dunghill cocks, are supposed to fight the better, for being the nearer home. In the fourth place, “ *the Confiance went into action with an unorganized*

crew, composed of several drafts of men, who had recently arrived from Quebec, many of whom only joined the day before, and were totally unknown to the officers and each other." It may be remarked that this was precisely the case with the Chesapeake, the capture of which vessel is considered by this writer as decisive of British naval superiority! The officers and crew were strangers to each other. Again, the "*the enemy was moored in line, in his own harbour, abreast of his encampment.*" Captain Downie was killed in the beginning of the action; the Finch struck on a rock; the Chub drifted into the American line, and the gunboats did not do their duty! What a terrible chapter of accidents! and certainly amply sufficient to account for the result. It reminds us of the excuses of an honest fellow for being beaten in a boxing-match, at a country fair in England: he did not deny being soundly drubbed, but insisted that if he had not had one eye closed by a blow in the beginning of the battle, and been knocked down three times to his adversary's once, he would certainly have beaten him. "But after all, said he, I displayed the true British valour, and fought like a tiger."

Fearful, however; that all these excuses will not be altogether satisfactory, the "British officer" proceeds to state the relative force of the two squadrons, which he professes to take from "the American accounts," not having that transmitted by captain Pring, which we dare say the admiralty kept safe enough. We do not like to call names, but will not hesitate to say, that the account given by the officer, as taken from the American statement, is an impudent forgery; that it never appeared in any American paper, except perhaps in one of those devoted to the cause of England, of which we have more than one in this country, and that the whole statement given with such appearance of arithmetical accuracy, is wilfully false. Instead of the weight of metal fired at a broadside by the American squadron, being as he states, very nearly double that of the British, it is demonstrated by official returns, that the difference was only thirty-seven pounds, a disparity so very immaterial, that any other writer would have been ashamed to adopt it as an excuse for his defeat. By the documents lodged in the navy department, the American squadron carried 2023 pounds weight of metal, and the British 1950. The Ame-

ricans had certainly the best opportunity of ascertaining this matter, as both squadrons were in their possession after the battle.

Arguing from probabilities, the writer goes on to suppose, that the Americans *must* have had at least as great a superiority of men as of guns. We might safely let such probabilities as these alone, as it is useless to reason against mere assumptions, had we not official authorities to prove that the superiority, at least in the number of men, was on the side of the British. The returns of commodore Macdonough state his whole force at 820 men; the British lost, as appears from the same authority, in killed and wounded, 194, and their whole number of men amounted to 1050. Can it for a moment be supposed that sir George Prevost would have ordered captain Downie to attack an American squadron of double his force; or that the captain would have come down on our line in the manner he did, except from a consciousness of superiority. This consciousness could only have arisen from a superiority in numbers of men and weight of metal; for by this time the British were tolerably well cured of all ideas of any other superiority over the Americans, by land or sea.

Fatigued with the examination and exposure of an endless succession of misrepresentations, tedious from their sameness, and disgusting from their effrontery, we shall abstain from any notice of the sneers thrown out against the reputation of our country, and commodore Macdonough, on the score of veracity. We have before examined the probabilities which respectively sustain the clashing statements of either party with reference to most of the actions that occurred during the late war; and will now merely observe, that nothing in the character of the writer of the Synopsis, in his mode of reasoning or writing, or his statement of facts, is, we think, calculated to support either the reputation of the British navy, or the veracity of its officers. He writes, we perceive, under the signature of "Boxer," whence it seems probable that he is one of the officers taken in the Boxer sloop of war; who after having received the hospitalities, for which a certain portion of the United States is so very distinguished, particularly with regard to British officers, in time of war, returned to his country, and displayed his gratitude by puny attempts to injure the reputation of this country.

We will close this subject with a few general remarks suggested by the performance we have carelessly reviewed in the preceding numbers of the Chronicle. The writer lays infinite stress on the difference of force in vessels of the two nations *rating* the same; and if he had established his assertions on these points, they would have been of considerable weight in this question. Certain it is, that much of the reputation of the British navy is founded on its superiority in this very respect; to wit, in her vessels of similar rates with those of France, of late her only rival, among the European powers. The following is the armament of the French frigate *L'Astrea*, of forty guns, built in 1792, taken from an official return of her commander, to the minister of marine, merely as a matter of form, and not with any view of extenuating any defeat; no motive could therefore exist for deviating from the truth.

28 twelve pounders,	- - -	336 lbs.
6 eight do.	- - -	48
4 thirty-six pound carronades,	-	144
Total,		528

Here follow the particulars of the armament of a British thirty-eight gun frigate, also taken from an official paper.

28 eighteen pounders,	- - -	504 lbs.
20 thirty-two pound carronades,	-	640
1 twelve, long gun,	- - -	12
Total of an English 38,		1156
Do. of a French 40,		- - - 528
Difference,		628

Thus it appears that the difference in weight of metal between a French forty gun ship, and an English thirty-eight, is considerably more than one half in favour of the latter. And yet while England values herself upon victories over such vessels, her writers deny us credit for beating them, under pretence of a doubtful superiority of five or six guns, and some dozen or two of men! Prudence should dictate to them a little more liberality to others,

if they expect their own claims to pass without being severely questioned.

The next, and the last characteristic we shall remark upon in this publication, is the spirit of bitter and splenetic antipathy it breathes in almost every page. We do not mean an honest, open, manly hostility, but a sneering, vulgar, whiffling sort of hatred that vents itself in side-blows, and insinuations. On this subject we might reasonably expect some little irritation on the part of a British writer: The beaten party has always a right to make the best of his disasters; but still the victor is entitled at least to justice. We are therefore not surprised at the tone and character of this weak and miserable performance, when we see, in almost every English publication where the subject can be foisted into view, the same vulgar slang of abuse poured out upon this country. From the high throned critic, to the lowest Grub-street "British officer on the American station," all seem to be administering to the national and vulgar antipathies of John Bull, by pouring a stream of obloquy on the American character. Is it to be supposed, that Americans who all read, and feel most deeply associated in their country's honour, will not pay them in some way or other, and roll this torrent back upon its authors? However despicable these attempts may be, they will sink deep into the heart of America, who will never believe in any professions of friendship from the British government, so long as writers, notoriously under its patronage, pursue this system of irritating warfare. This country will be forever disposed to war with England in revenge for her abuse, and the irritation created by these mischievous writers, will one day be assuaged by torrents of blood. Think they that their sneers at our army and navy did not string their nerves, and make their hearts burn to wipe away these imputations, and revenge themselves upon the nation who sanctioned them? Hath not an American eyes, organs, dimensions, feelings? If you insult him, will he not feel; and if you injure him, will he not revenge? England will in vain attempt to keep down the ever-growing energies, the wakened spirit, the springing intellect of this country; she will do nothing after all but keep alive a spirit, that at some future period will 'ride like Death on his pale horse, over the bodies of millions of victims to national antipathies,' ex-

cited not more by injuries, than by insulting irony and affected contempt. She will make an everlasting enemy, where kindness and consideration might have made an everlasting friend.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LIEUTENANT JOHN TEMPLAR
SHUBRICK.

THE genius, and the spirit of republicanism, is closely allied with a disposition to do honour to merit without regard to the circumstance of rank. In hereditary governments, hereditary distinctions are often sufficient to claim the notice of the biographer; and on the death of a prince, however insignificant the part he acted while living, or however destitute his character may have been of every claim to the notice of his contemporaries or the remembrance of posterity, it is still considered a respect due to his rank, to give a sketch of his life, and if there was nothing in it to merit the attention of mankind, to supply the deficiency, by dwelling on the exploits of his remote ancestors. This disposition to commemorate the existence of men who, in their individual characters, have little claim to the notice of the world, merely on the score of the accidental circumstances of rank and station, is generally combined with an indifference to the claims of real worth; and hence it often happens, that the commanders of armies and fleets, whatever may be their merit, receive all the credit of success, while the secondary agents are left to the chance of the good report of the chief, for their reward. There is neither justice nor policy in this; for justice requires that honour should be paid where honour is due; and policy, that every stimulative should be given to the exercise of human powers, in every situation where they are to be excited honourably and advantageously. The person who ostensibly directs any affair whatever, is sufficiently aware that if honour results from its successful issue, the principal share will fall to his lot, unless he is notoriously deficient in the performance of his part. *He*, therefore, wants no additional motive to exertion. But it is otherwise with men in stations less conspicuous, who are often entirely overlooked, and sometimes

stripped of their due, to embellish the fame of others. This neglect or injustice deprives men of one of the best and most honourable motives, that render exertion voluntary, and not the mere effect of subordination. The most ordinary soldier, is more or less open to the reception of this feeling; and however it may be the fashion in other countries to debase the human species even below the brutes, by calling them *machines*, we, of this nation, have had ample proof of the superiority of men, who, to the habits of discipline in war, added, not only an enthusiasm in favour of the cause they espoused, but were impelled to activity by a conviction that their individual exertions, would gain them individual distinction. Men, from the mere effect of coercive discipline, may be brought to fight well with their hands, but they will never be a match for those who fight *heart* and *hand*.

Few of the celebrated conquerors of ancient or modern times, and especially of those who raised themselves from a private station to the command of armies, and the rule of empires, overlooked this certain method of animating and attaching the hearts of their followers. A compliment paid in the presence of the army; an ornamented shield, a musket of honour, or some other trifling badge, to distinguish a man from his comrades, was sufficient to excite the keenest emulation, and to animate every man with an ambition almost equivalent to that of the chief himself, whose prize was perhaps an empire. Soldiers who merely fight for pay and plunder, are degraded to the lowest state of mankind; for nothing but the hope of distinction, or the love of country, can render the trade of war more honourable than that of the assassin, who murders at a stated price.

Both our opinions and feelings are therefore in favour of administering all the aid in our power to the reputation of deserving men, and especially those who have passed the best years of their existence in serving their country in a profession, which every day might call for the sacrifice of their lives. This duty can always be performed, without rendering the subjects ridiculous by exaggerating their merits, or cheapening their rewards by rendering them too common. By abstaining from inflated eulogy or superlative praise; by preserving a due consistency between the language and the subject; and carefully avoiding that profusion

of ornament, which renders the finest figure ridiculous, a modest and decent memorial may be raised which will be dear to the hearts of friends, without exciting the ridicule of the indifferent, or deterring the stranger from stopping to ask to whose memory the simple structure is consecrated. With these remarks which are intended as a reply to certain gentlemen who think that untitled merit has no claim to the notice of our readers, we will proceed with the little sketch of the most material incidents in the life of an officer, whose death would always have been a subject of regret, even though it had not happened under such melancholy circumstances.

JOHN TEMPLAR SHUBRICK was born on the eleventh of September, 1788, at the seat of his father, colonel Thomas Shubrick, in South Carolina. He was educated partly at various grammar-schools in Charleston; was some time at the college, then under the direction of the reverend Mr. Woodbridge, from whence he went to a private seminary at Dedham, in the state of Massachusetts, where he remained nearly three years. On his return to South Carolina, he was placed in the office of William Drayton, esquire, a distinguished scholar and lawyer, since a colonel in the United States army, as a student at law. Discouraged by looking forward through the long interval that must elapse before he could possibly commence the practice of the law, and perhaps inspired by those suggestions which so often indicate to the youthful mind the path most likely to lead to distinction, he determined to relinquish his legal studies.

Accordingly, after very mature deliberation, he applied to his father, who, coinciding with his wishes, made application in 1806, to the secretary of the navy, who promptly forwarded warrants for John, as well as his brother, William Branford Shubrick, now a lieutenant in the service; and who had also solicited permission of his father to enter the navy. This prompt attention of government to the wishes of colonel Shubrick, was due to his revolutionary services. He had been an active and distinguished officer during the great struggle in which this country burst her chains, after sweating blood for seven long years, and was among those to whom congress voted their thanks, and a medal, expressive of their high approbation. The claims of such

men we hope will always be attended to when they are offered; for if there be any persons now living in this country, peculiarly entitled to our gratitude, it is those who stood by her in her most severe and sanguinary struggle, nor laid down their arms, or remitted their exertions, till they saw she had weathered the storm. The sons of colonel Shubrick did not degenerate; for during the last war, all of them, to the number of six, were in arms, and they were all brave.

The subject of this sketch, though his honourable career was so early, and so unfortunately closed, perhaps saw more service, and was in a greater number of engagements, than any other officer of his age in the service. He early received a lesson of the necessity of always being prepared for action, in the affair of the Chesapeake, which sunk deep into the hearts of our naval officers, and which, however dishonourable to the national character, gave a lesson of infinite value, and roused a spirit which in the late war was fatal to England. He was in the *Constitution* in the action with the *Guerriere*, and on her returning to port for repairs, joined the *Hornet*, and was present in the affair with the *Peacock*. He was selected by captain Lawrence to take possession of the *Peacock*, but she sunk before it could be done.

When the *Hornet* joined the *President* and *Macedonian*, he served as first lieutenant of the *Hornet*, under captain Biddle. From thence he passed into the *President* as second lieutenant. In the action which took place between the *President* and a British squadron, lieutenant Shubrick is spoken of in commodore Decatur's official letter, as having behaved with distinguished gallantry. The peace with England, which occurred shortly after, offered him an opportunity to return to the bosom of home, and to enjoy the society of the lady whom he had recently married in New-York. But the war which was almost immediately afterwards declared against the regency of Algiers, again called him into action under his old commander, Decatur, as first lieutenant of the *Guerriere*, the flag-ship of the squadron. In this ship he was present in all those affairs which led to the submission of Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, and the consequent revival of peace. On the consummation of these events, lieutenant Shubrick was despatched to the United States in the *Epervier* sloop of war, to bear the tidings

that the barbarian was humbled, and the captives set free. But the ill-fated vessel never reached her destination. Every body recollects the terrible storms which about the period of her expected arrival, swept our coast from south to north, and destroyed many a good vessel. In one of these, in all human probability, the *Epervier* foundered, and every soul perished. We cannot contemplate this doleful calamity, without sensations of the most melancholy cast. We every day see ample proofs of the inevitable destiny of man; and every day hear of numbers going down to the tomb in the common course of nature. But there is a character of deep and awful grandeur, as well as of affecting pathos, in the bitter uncertainty which envelops the fate of so many human beings. We know that they are dead, and that is all we know.

Peace to their manes—and may the recollection of Mr. Shubrick's merit remain as a consolation to his surviving family. Among his associates he stood an example of steadiness, attention to his duty, and courage in battle; and by his country he is honoured in his memory by having his name associated with those, who served her well, when her rights were at stake. At this period, when the violence of kindred sorrow has subsided into a calm and sacred feeling of resignation, such considerations may be urged without violating the sanctity of a broken heart on the one hand, or opening wounds already closed, on the other.

MILTON'S DESCRIPTION OF A KING.

A king is a person, who for any thing wherein the public really needs him, has little else to do but to bestow the eating and drinking of excessive dainties: to set a pompous face upon the superficial actings of state; to pageant himself up and down in progress among the perpetual bowings and cringings of an abject people, on either side deifying and adoring him for nothing done that can deserve it.

SELECT REVIEW.

General review of lord Byron's poems.

[From the British Review.]

THE following pages are introductory to a critique on 'The Siege of Corinth and Parisina.' We extract them because they are written with force and spirit, and in order that our readers may be acquainted with the various opinions of the literary world concerning the works of this celebrated poet.

WE are not so little conversant with the human character, and especially with the habits of authors, as to trust to their promises of silence. We know that in general when a disputant says he will not say one word more, he means that he is fully determined to have the last word, and we do not give a poet credit for greater moderation. In our criticisms, therefore, on lord Byron's *Corsair*, in the dedication of which he announced his intention to forbear trespassing, as he modestly expresses himself, upon the public patience for some time, though we thanked him in the name of common sense, good poetry, and sound morality for the promised forbearance, we were not such simpletons as to expect that, as long as there was left remaining in story a vagabond ruffian, and a black-eyed maid to be celebrated; as long as any men, women, or children could be found to endure the repetition of the same gaudy confusion, and distorted sentiment in broken verse, the same combinations of blood and debauchery, the poet would cease to take advantage of the infatuation. We did hope, however, that lord Byron had determined to lay *down* his pen for a season, in order to lay *up* a little more of that abundance which great nature, and the greater scene of moral existence, are always spreading before the contemplative mind; and to learn, by a better acquaintance with the higher forms of poetry, what are its noblest ends, and what is the authentic stamp of its value. When the little poem that succeeded to the *Corsair* made its appearance with all the old characteristics about it, as like to the former productions as a one pound bank-note is to another one pound bank-note, and with as little difference in value, we were still not in despair; because we con-

sidered that his lordship's muse had been too long under the influence of her Turkish habits, at once to renounce the harem, and that some fruit of her former connexions was yet to be got rid of before the ancient ties could be completely dissolved. But alas! after allowing the full time for the consequences of former bad habits to pass away, we are mortified to find this self-same muse of lord Byron again a delinquent, and performing her vows of chastity and seclusion by bringing twins into the world; the Siege of Corinth, and Parisina! hopeful pair! happy mixture of Turkish and Italian breed! possessing that genuine cast of physiognomy which in one expression combines valour and apostacy, slaughter and sentiment, felony and feeling, profaneness and tenderness, incestuous love and melting sorrow.

The two poems which are now presented to the public under the sanction of lord Byron's reputation exhibit all the faults which have characterized his lordship's preceding effusions, without the admixture of any of their merits, for merits undoubtedly some of them have displayed, especially that poem which appears to have been sacrificed to new friendships with some of those who were the objects of its spirited and just satire; we mean the address to the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." To the "Childe Harold" we have also tendered our humble tribute of applause: but from that poem (in which, though there was little to elevate, there was much to delight) the poet has tumbled down through several successive stages of deterioration, with an incredible "*vivacite de pesanteur*," to the lowest profundity of the bathos; at the very bottom of which he now lies together with his wretched Parisina. To the same limbo of inanity we would gladly consign all those unholy images of slaughter, sensuality, incest, and infidelity, which have taken such poetical possession of lord Byron's brain.

The hero of lord Byron's poems, who is always a man that has defrauded the gallows, whether he be a Giaour, a Corsair, or a Renegado, is scarcely diversified by the different degrees of iniquity by which he is characterised. What was said by Martin Clifford ill-naturedly enough to Dryden, might, with a change of the names, be properly addressed to lord Byron:—"I am strangely mistaken, if I have not seen this very Almansor of yours in some disguise about this town, and passing under another name. Pr'ythee, tell me true, was not this Huffcap once the Indian emperor, and at another time did he not call himself Maximin?" &c. It might with greater propriety be inquired of lord Byron, whether all his heroes

were not one and the same rogue with an *alias* only to distinguish him, and whether the Venetian renegado at the siege of Corinth has any thing to give him a distinct personality, unless it be his bare arm in battle, and his spinning, quivering, shivering, departure out of life: for the poet has represented him as making his exit in a sort of pirouette. Sallies of frantic depravity; combinations of confused magnificence; half-told and half-smothered motives to revenge; half-sensual and half-sentimental passion; dark or dark blue scenery; a horrific group of dogs, and carrion, and jackalls, and wolves, and Tartars' and Turcomans' heads and bones; to which may be added all that the very significant line prefixed to the work by way of motto announces,

“Guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder”—

these, and more of a similar kind, are mingled in the first of the poems, now before us, in so ludicrous an assemblage, as to make us doubt whether it was not the design of this young nobleman to laugh at the simplicity of his admirers, and to try how much of this stuff the stupid infatuation of the public would endure. The vehicle of this tasteless accumulation is a lax and lawless versification, which seems to propose to itself something of lyric irregularity, in the simple neglect of metrical consonance and methodical structure.

To enter into a detailed criticism upon such a work would, we feel, be mightily ridiculous; especially as we are by no means sure that the poet is not trying a ludicrous experiment upon the tolerance of fashionable favouritism: for after all we cannot without a struggle surrender that impression in favour of the author's genius, which, with some intermixture of disgust, the *Childe Harold* created in our minds. We must own that while we dwelt with great and glowing satisfaction on the many passages of poetical sentiment and imagery with which the poem last alluded to abounds, we regarded the character of the *Childe* himself with great suspicion; but we certainly did not see in it the embryo of that delusive compound of a man, who, by an unnatural mixture of heroism and crime, brutality and sentiment, was afterwards to warp the principles of the young into an admiration, and perhaps imitation, of a very pernicious model.

What increased our suspicion that there was some danger to public sentiment lurking in this new poetical character, which would in some other forms further develop its malignity, was the very obtrusive manner in which it was brought forward in a picturesque poem, whose object was to describe

in rich and vivid colours the interesting scenes of Turkish Greece, with those mixed sentiments of admiration and regret, which the awful traces of pristine splendour in the bosom of that fair region were calculated to produce. Through these magnificent scenes the poem has dragged along a refining, repining, blasphemous sensualist, sulky at any turn that brought new beauties to his eye, and in the midst of external glory and grandeur, fretting about himself and his disappointments, and haunted by the ghosts of his departed pleasures.

But although we were sorry that lord Byron had picked up this fellow, to set him in the heart of ancient Greece, instead of leaving him to do his duty on the Thames; yet, as he bore so unmeaning a part in the scene, we cannot say that he prevented us from enjoying the brilliant stanzas with which the poem of *Childe Harold* is interspersed; but when we find him, strutting in his cap and feather, the hero of every subsequent poem from the same hand, we must confess that we totally lose our temper, and feel the most pleasing part of the performance to be that in which the grim-featured sentimentalist surrenders his existence to one of those guns or blunderbusses which lord Byron enumerates in the very well-chosen motto of his present poem, as the instruments which he has always at hand to bring about his bloody catastrophes.

As the *Childe* possessed nothing of the poet's melancholy, nothing of that musing sadness which sometimes belongs to a rich imagination combined with a soft and tender disposition, so neither has the *Giaour*, or the *Corsair*, or *Selim*, or *Alp*, any of those properties which entitle them to the true and natural sympathies of the reader; none of those delights which, "dolphin-like, showed their backs above the element they lived in." They are a very narrow-minded gentry, without any sentiments that carry them out of the selfish circle of animal pleasure, but covering all their brutal habits with the expiatory quality of desperate devotion to some pretty woman. We cannot, however, say so much for *Alp*, the hero of the poem now in our hands, who having suffered some outrageous indignity or some state persecution at Venice, his native city, enters a renegado into the service of the Moslems, and undertakes the siege of Corinth, of which he anticipates the total destruction, and where he knows the object of his love, together with her aged father, must necessarily be liable to perish in the general carnage, in order to be revenged upon his own country. And even when, on the night before the siege, the ghost of the gentle lady visited her lover in his sad vigil under

the walls of the city, and threatened him with the loss of heaven and herself, he remained true to his turban and his Turkish creed, thus giving an oblique preference to the paradise of Mahomet and the celestial houris.

It must be owned, however, in behalf of this poem that it is meritoriously short, and that the story does not require that painful investigation, and, oh terrible thought! a second perusal, to understand its plot and catastrophe. And as we have formerly, in our review of the *Corsair*, observed upon the uncertain and mysterious end of that hero's existence, his lordship has amply provided against the recurrence of such doubts in his reader's mind by shooting his renegado dead, and then blowing him up with gun-powder. We have here therefore a complete certificate of his hero's death; and one might have hoped that after such a doubly sure disposition of our old enemy, we should never have had to encounter him again: but alas! he does appear again, and is beheaded in another poem in the same volume. After the discipline which he had undergone in the siege of Corinth, however he certainly does not appear in the same blustering and outrageous character in which he had before presented himself,

" His face

Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek."

In a word, he is more moderate and decent; he contents himself with simply defiling his father's bed, for which he peaceably submits to a public execution. And thus the Childe, whom we have identified through all his felonious disguises, is brought to his appropriate end, and poetical justice is satisfied.

But *we* are not so well satisfied; and we will tell our readers why:—because we have sons and daughters: but this is but a partial reason; let us add—because Britannia has sons and daughters, and in the duration of their characteristic virtue and modesty we behold the best pledge of the continuance of our happiness and greatness. We do not say that lord Byron *means* to interrupt this happiness or greatness, but we think that the false associations, the loose morality, and the atheistical character of his productions, dressed up in poetry not generally good, but often fascinating to female and youthful fancies, is doing a species of mischief which, if he could once be brought to view it in its real extent, he would probably regret and be anxious to remedy. We love the public mind, and feel tremblingly alive to its best interests.

We love our country's freedom, and feel satisfied that purity of morals, and the sacred influence of our blessed religion, constitute its only true basis. We wish ardently, therefore, that we could prevail upon the noble poet whose works we are now considering to put in execution the promised retirement of his muse, and do justice to those powers which nature has bestowed upon him, by giving them their ample range over the wide circuit of contemplation that lies before him, selecting those objects which are worthy of his intellect, and connected with his own and his country's glory—which may lead him through nature to nature's God, and qualify him to open what in the language of the author of the Night Thoughts is called "the volume of the skies."

"Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in manhood; let in happiness;
Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing up to God."

If lord Byron could be persuaded to expand his capabilities, and raise his poetical thoughts to their proper standard, he might soon perhaps be able to afford to abandon to their due condemnation all those miserable compositions which have flowed from his pen since the appearance of the Childe Harold, and give us a hero instead of a malefactor.



Le Rodeur Français, ou les mœurs du jour. Orne de deux Gravures.

The motto to this work is from Duclos:—

"Je me suis propose, en considerant les mœurs, de demeler dans la conduite des hommes quels en sont les principes."

[From the Critical Review.]

THIS work, entitled the French Rambler, in allusion to Dr. Johnson's Rambler, is a series of papers published at Brussels, of which the greater part appeared in the Quotidienne, and the remainder in the Journal General de France. The author had immediately in view as his model L'Hermite de la chausee d'Autin, which has been considered a happy imitation of our celebrated English Spectator, with the merits of which the public is fully acquainted.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

[From the Champion.]

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIVING POETS TO THE STREAM OF CASTALY.

“Who now shall give unto me words and sound
Equal unto this haughty enterprize?”

SPENSER, B. 2. c. 10.

I AM one of those unfortunate youths to whom the muse has glanced a sparkling of her light,—one of those who pant for distinction, but have not within them that immortal power which alone can command it. There are many,—some, sir, may be known to you,—who feel keenly and earnestly the eloquence of heart and mind in others, but who cannot, from some inability or unobtrusiveness, clearly express their own thoughts and feelings: whose lives are but long and silent dreams of romantic pleasure and poetic wonderment;—who almost adore the matchless fancies of genuine bards,—and love them as interpreters and guardians of those visionary delights which are the perpetual inmates of their bosoms. I love the poets: I live in the light of their fancies. It is my best delight to wander forth on summer evenings, when the air is fresh and clear,—and the leaves of the trees are making music with it,—and the birds are busy with their wings, fluttering themselves to rest,—and a brook is murmuring along almost inaudibly, and the sun is going quietly down:—it is at this time delicious to muse over the works of our best bards. Some time last year, I had roamed in an evening like to one of those I have spoken of; and, after dwelling on the fairy beauties of Spenser, and from thence passing to the poets of my own time, and comparing the latter with some that had gone before, I cast myself on a romantic bank by a brook side. The silence around me,—save the home-returning bee with its “drowsy hum,”—and the moaning sound of distant cattle,—and the low, sullen gurgling of waters—lulled me into a sleep. The light of my thoughts gilded my dream;—my vision was a proof of mental existence when the bodily sense had passed away.

Methought—(this, I believe, is the established language of dreams)—methought I was walking idly along a romantic vale, which was surrounded with majestic and rugged mountains;—a small stream struggled through it, and its waves seemed the brightest chrystal I had ever witnessed. I sat me down on its margin, which was rocky and beautiful—(so far my vision was copied directly from life).—As I mused, a female figure rose like a sil-

very mist from the waters, and advanced, with a countenance full of light, and a form of living air:—her garments floated round her like waves, and her hair basked on her shoulders—

“like sunny beams on alabaster rocks.”

There was a touch of immortality in her eyes,—and, indeed, her visage altogether was animated with a more than earthly glory. She approached me with smiles, and told me she was the guardian of the stream that flowed near,—and that the stream itself was the true *Castalian*, which so many “rave of, though they know it not.” I turned with fresh delight to gaze on the water; its music sounded heavenly to me,—I fancied that there was a pleasant *dactylic* motion in its waves. The Spirit said, that from the love I bore to her favourite, Spenser, she would permit me to see (myself unseen) the annual procession of living bards to fetch water from the stream on that day:—I looked her my thanks as well as I was able. She likewise informed me, that it was customary for each poet, as he received his portion, to say in what manner he intended to use it. The voice of the Spirit was such as fancy has heard in some wild and lovely spot among the hills or lakes of this world at twilight time:—I felt my soul full of music while listening to it, and held my breath in very excess of delight. Suddenly I heard the sound of approaching feet, and a confused mingling of voices;—the Spirit touched me into invisibility, and then softly faded into sunny air herself.

In a little time I saw a motly crowd advancing confusedly to the stream:—I soon perceived that they were each provided with vessels to bear away some portion of the immortal waters. They all paused at a little distance from the spot on which I was reclining; and then each walked singly and slowly from the throng and dipped his vessel in the blue wild wave of Castaly. I will endeavour to describe the manner and words of the most interesting of our living poets on this most interesting occasion. The air about the spot seemed brighter with their presence, and the waves danced along with a livelier delight:—Pegasus might be seen coursing the winds in wild rapture on one of the neighbouring mountains,—and sounds of glad and viewless wings were heard at intervals in the air, as if “troops of spirits were revelling over head and rejoicing at the scene.”

And first, methought, a lonely and melancholy figure slowly moved forth and silently filled a Grecian urn:—I knew by the look of nobility, and the hurried and turbulent plunge with which the vessel was dashed into the stream, that the owner was lord BYRON. He shed some tears while gazing on the water, and they seemed to make it purer and fairer:—he declared that he would keep the urn by him, untouched “for some years;”—but he had scarcely spoken, ere he had sprinkled forth some careless drops on the earth. He suddenly retreated.

There then advanced a polite personage very oddly clad;—he had a breast-plate on,—and over that a Scotch plaid—and, strange to say, with these,—silk stockings and dress shoes:—this gentleman brought an old helmet for his vessel;—I guessed him to be WALTER SCOTT. His helmet did not hold enough for a very deep draught, but the water it contained took a pleasant sparkle from the warlike metal which shone through its shallowness. He said he had disposed of his portion on advantageous terms.

Next came THOMAS MOORE. You might have known him by the wild lustre of his eye, and the fine freedom of his air; he gaily dipped a goblet in the tide, and vowed, in his high spirited manner, that he would turn his share to nectar:—he departed with smiles. I heard the wings play pleasantly in the air while *he* was bending over the stream.

I now perceived a person advance whom I knew to be SOUTHEY. His brow was bound by a wreath of faded laurel, which had every mark of town growth. He appeared quite bewildered, and scarcely could remember his way to the inspiring stream. His voice was chaunting the praises of kings and courts as he advanced—but he dropt some little poems behind him, as he passed me, which were very opposite in tone to what he himself uttered. He was compelled to stoop before he could reach the water,—and the gold vessel which he used, procured but little at last. He declared that his intention was to make sack of what he obtained. On retiring, he mounted a cream-coloured horse, which was in waiting,—and set off in uneven paces for St. James's.

Then appeared ROGERS with a glass in his hand, which, from the cypher engraved thereon, had evidently once belonged to Oliver Goldsmith. He caught but a few drops, and these he meant to make the most of, by mingling them with common water.

CRABBE, with a firm step and steady countenance, walked sedately to the stream, and plunged a wooden bowl into it:—he observed that he should make strong ale for the country people, of all that he took away;—and that, after the first *brewing*, he should charitably allow Mr. Fitzgerald to make small beer for his own use.

In a pensive attitude, MONTGOMERY sauntered to the water's brink;—he there mused awhile,—uttered a few somethings of half poetry and half prayer,—dipped a little mug of Sheffield ware in the wave, and retired in tears.

With a wild yet nervous step CAMPBELL came from the throng;—light visions started up in the fair distances as he moved, and the figure of *Hope* could be faintly discerned amidst them,—she smiled on him as he advanced. He dipped his bowl in the stream with a fine bold air, and expressed his intention of analysing part of the water which he procured.

Next came HUNT, with a rich fanciful goblet in his hand, finely enamelled with Italian landscapes; he held the cup to his breast as he approached, and his eyes sparkled with frank delight. After

catching a wave, in which a sun-beam seemed freshly melted, he intimated that he should water hearts-ease and many favourite flowers with it. The sky appeared of a deep blue as he was retiring.

LORD STRANGFORD would now have advanced but the voice of the Spirit forbad him,—as he did not come for the water on his own account.

COLERIDGE, LAMB, and LLOYD, walked forth arm-in-arm, and moved gently to the stream:—they conversed, as they passed, on the beauties of the country,—on its peaceful associations, and on the purity of domestic affections. Their conversation then turned to poetry,—and from the simplicity of the remarks of Lloyd and Lamb, I found that their very hearts were wedded to innocence and peace;—Coleridge talked in a higher strain,—but he at last confused himself with the abstruseness of his own observations:—he hinted at a metaphysical poem he was about to write in 100 books,—Lamb remarked to him that he should prefer one of his affectionate and feeling sonnets to all his wanderings of mind. Each of these poets held in his hand a simple porringer—declaring, that it brought the finest recollections of frugal fare and country quiet:—Lamb and Lloyd dipped in a bright but rather shallow part of the stream;—Coleridge went to the depths, where he might have caught the purest water, had he not unfortunately clouded it with the sand which he himself disturbed at bottom. Lamb and Lloyd stated that they should take their porringers home and share their contents with the amiable and simple hearts dwelling there;—Coleridge was not positive as to the use to which he should apply his portion of the stream, till he had ascertained what were the physical reasons for the sands' propensity to mount and curl itself in water: he thought, however, of clubbing it with the portions of his companions and making a lake of the whole.—These three poets left the stream in the same manner they approached it.

Last came a calm and majestic figure moving serenely towards the stream:—the Celandines and small flowers sprang up to catch the pressure of his feet,—the sun-light fell with a finer glow around,—spirits rustled most mirthfully and musically in the air, and a wing every now and then twinkled into sight,—(like the autumn leaf that trembles and flashes up to the sun)—and its feathers of wavy gold were almost too sparkling to be looked upon;—the waters of Castaly ran brighter as he approached, and seemed to play and dimple with pleasure at his presence. It was WORDSWORTH! In his hand he held a vase of pure crystal,—and, when he had reached the brink of the stream, the wave proudly swelled itself into his cup:—at this moment the sunny air above his brow, became embodied,—and the glowing and lightsome spirit shone into being, and dropt a garland on his forehead;—sounds ethereal swelled, and trembled, and revelled in the air,—and forms of light played in and out of sight,—and all around seemed like a living

world of breathing poetry. Wordsworth bent with reverence over the vase, and declared that the waters he had obtained should be the refreshment of his soul;—he then raised his countenance,—which had become illumined from the wave over which he had bowed,—and retired with a calm dignity.

The sounds of stirring wings now ceased,—the air became less bright,—and the flowers died away upon the banks. No other poet remained to obtain water from the Castalian stream,—but still it sparkled and played along, with a soul-like and melodious sound. On a sudden I heard a confusion of tongues behind me;—on turning round, I found that it arose from a mistaken set of gentlemen who were chattering and bustling and dipping at a little brook, which they deemed was the true Castalian;—their splashing and vociferation and bustle, can only be imagined by those who have seen a flock of geese wash themselves in a pond with gabbling importance. There was SPENSER, with a goblet, lent to him by a lady of quality,—and HAYLEY simpering, and bowing, and reaching with a tea-cup at the water,—and WILSON with a child's pappoon,—and BOWLES laboriously engaged in filling fourteen nutshells,—and LEWIS slowly and mysteriously plunging an old skull into the brook:—while poor COTTLE fumed and angered, but scarcely reached the stream at last. There were no encouraging signs in the elements,—no delightful sounds of attendant spirits,—no springing up of flowers to cheer these worthies in their pursuits:—they seemed perfectly satisfied with their own greatness, and were flattered into industry by their own vanity and loudness. After some time, the perpetual activity of tongues fatigued my ear, and I turned myself from the noisy crowd, towards the silent heavens;—There, to my astonished and delighted eyes, appeared SHAKSPEARE, surrounded with excessive light, with SPENSER on one hand, and MILTON on the other,—and with the best of our early bards thronging about him. One glance of his eye scared the silly multitude from the brook;—then, amidst unearthly music, he calmly ascended, and was lost in the splendours of the sky.—At this moment I awoke,—and musing on the wonders of my dream,—slowly bent my way homewards.

FROM MADAME DE STAEL.

Divine Wisdom intending to detain us some time on earth, has done well to cover with a veil the prospect of life to come, for if our sight could clearly distinguish the opposite bank, who would remain on this tempestuous coast?

POETRY.

LINES SUNG AT THE ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION OF MR.
FOX'S BIRTH-DAY IN SCOTLAND.

TUNE—"Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled."

1.

Scots who fir'd by Freedom's flame,
Scots whom tyrants ne'er shall tame;
Celebrate the deathless name
So dear to Liberty!

2.

This natal day, this social hour,
The "joy of grief" shall grateful pour,
Of smiling tears, a sacred show'r,
T' embalm his memory.

3.

Who for Liberty and Peace,
With eloquence of ancient Greece,
Bade bigots howl—and war-cry cease,
For ever blest be he.

4.

To him alone does Scotland owe
A jury*—rich oppression's foe,
Vile litigation's now laid low;
O let us grateful be.

5.

Shall Ireland still for England's law,
A sword, out-law'd, and thankless draw,
What Ireland suffers, Scotland saw
Before *her faith* was free.

6.

We sing the fight when Wallace led,
And boast the field th' invader fled,
T' our children point the warrior's bed
On gory Bannock-burn.

7.

But there is yet a nobler cause,
When Patriots strive for equal laws,
Our silent tears (our best applause)
We shed on Fox's urn.

* There was no trial by jury in *civil* cases, in Scotland, till Mr. Fox introduced this much desired reform in our courts.

[FROM MOORE'S SACRED SONGS.]

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Wo
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
 As fading hues of Even;
 And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way—
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

[From the same.]

I.

Oh! Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee.
 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes are flown;
 And he, who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of wo.

II.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And ev'n the Hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
 Oh! who would bear Life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy Wing of Love
 Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom
 Our Peace-branch from above?
 Then, Sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As Darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day!

[From the same.]

I.

WEEP not for those, whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,
 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
 And but sleeps, till the sunshine of Heav'n has unchain'd it
 To water that Eden, where first was its source!
 Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb
 In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

II.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,
 Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now;
 Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
 And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow;
 Oh! then was her moment, dear Spirit, for flying
 From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown—
 And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
 Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own!
 Weep not for her—in her spring-time she flew
 To that land, where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,
 And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
 Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

[From the same.]

Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
 When he, who sheds them, inly feels
 Some lingering stain of early years
 Effac'd by every drop that steals.
 The fruitless showers of worldly wo
 Fall dark to earth, and never rise;
 While tears, that from repentance flow,
 In bright exhalament reach the skies.

II.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind.—
 The warmest sigh, that pleasure heaves
 Is cold, is faint to those that swell
 The heart, where pure repentance grieves
 O'er hours of pleasure, lov'd too well!
 Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind.

[From the same.]

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
 An offering worthy Heaven,
 When o'er the faults of former years
 She wept—and was forgiven?—

When, bringing every balmy sweet
 Her day of luxury stor'd,
 She o'er her SAVIOUR's hallowed feet
 The precious perfume pour'd;—

And wip'd them with that golden hair,
 Where once the diamond shone,
 Though now those gems of Grief were there
 Which shine for God alone!

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed—
 That hair—those weeping eyes—
 And the sunk heart, that inly bled—
 Heav'n's noblest sacrifice?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
 Oh! would'st thou wake in heaven,
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
 "Love much"*—and be forgiven!

THE POETS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

WHERE I to name, out of the times gone by,
 The poets dearest to me, I should say,
 Pulci for spirits, and a fine, free way;
 Chaucer for manners, and close, silent eye;
 Milton for classic taste, and harp strung high;
 Spencer for luxury, and sweet sylvan play;
 Horace for chatting with, from day to day;
 Shakspeare for all, but most, society.

But which take with me, could I take but one?
 Shakspeare—as long as I was unoppress'd
 With the world's weight, making sad thoughts intenser;
 But did I wish, out of the common sun,
 To lay a wounded heart in leafy rest,
 And dream of things far off and healing—Spenser.

PETITION OF THE POETS TO THE BRITISH REGENT

BY DR. WOLCOTT.

SINCE your highness makes knights
 As plenteous as mites,
 With neglect why so cruelly pass us?
 Pray take the old sword,
 By ambition ador'd,
 And dub a few knights of Parnassus,

We, sir, reverence your name,
 We add wings to your fame,
 And thunder your deeds in full chorus;
 Pray be quick as you can,
 As JACK KETCH and his man
 Are in hopes to be knighted before us.

* "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."—St. LUKE, vii. 47.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

ILDERIM: *A Syrian Tale. In four Cantos. 12mo. pp. 74. John Murray. London. 1816. Republished by Moses Thomas, Philadelphia.*

‘THIS poem (we are told in a brief advertisement) forms a part of a work, the plan of which was first conceived, and partly executed, in the countries which it attempts to describe; during the course of a journey, which was performed in the years 1810-11.’ We suppose these *four* cantos, like the *two* of lord Byron’s *Romant*, are ‘merely experimental;’ and we shall be somewhat mistaken if the result in this instance, as well as in the former, should not be flattering enough to provoke the remainder of the projected ‘work.’ The author has followed all the excellencies, while he has shunned all the defects, of his predecessor in the description of eastern scenery;—and, instead of filling up his pages with merely a succession of imagery, he has enlivened them with an interesting tale which forms by far the greatest portion of the work. When we speak of his *following* the excellencies of lord B. however, we must not be understood as intimating that he has absolutely attained them. We certainly think that some of his poetry is polished into more smoothness than that of his lordship; but neither in his language nor in his thoughts is he so rich or so copious as the author of *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*. Both have chosen the same stanza:—the poem of the latter contains about twice as many lines as that of the former; and we might observe that a work like *The Pilgrimage* ought to be twice as short, while one like *Ilderim* should be twice as long as it is. This difference does not result from any intrinsic superiority in the poetry of the latter,—but from the advantage of containing an eventful story which is calculated to keep the attention constantly awake. For a poem, indeed, which professes to describe the country in which its scene is laid, the adventures of the dramatis personæ of *Ilderim* compose too great a proportion of its stanzas.—We shall give the story as briefly as possible.

Balbec, a city at the base of Mount Lebanon, is the residence of Abdallagh,—who, to acquire his dominion, had murdered his emir (or prince) and, as he supposed, the whole male part of his family: nor had spared but one of the female, and that at the earnest solicitation of his daughter Azza. Elmyra, the rescued captive, was the niece of the murdered emir, and was tenderly beloved by his son. This son, left for dead by Abdallagh at the time of his usurpation, had been borne from the plain, cured of his wounds, and, changing his name from Caled to *ilderim*, had been for two years, the leader of a band of robbers, who dwelt on Mount Libanus, and made nightly inroads upon the lands and the peace of the usurper. In one of these rencontres with Abdallagh’s guards, Il-

derim became separated from his band by pursuing too far a traitor who had led them into an ambuscade; and Mirza, his steady friend, conjecturing that, though absent, he might still be fighting in some part of the field, and hoping, by the sacrifice of his own life, to preserve that of his chief, assumed the name of Ilderim, and rushed impetuously upon Abdallagh; who firmly sustained the assault, foiled the assailant, took him prisoner; and having gained, as he thought, the whole object of the adventure, immediately called off his soldiers, and took his way homewards. Proclamation was made to the citizens of Balbec that next morning they should have a sight of that recreant Ilderim who had so long been the object of their terror:—but just as the hour of exhibition approached, the usurper received information of his daughter's captivity; whom Mirza, by means of a subterranean passage, had found means to apprehend and send away during the course of the preceding night. The sport was at an end; and all the troops were immediately in quest of Azza; when a peasant brought Abdallagh the intelligence that his daughter was a captive with Ilderim, and would be released only in exchange for Mirza. It was at this exchange that the two captives first had a sight of each other; and, as the poet would have it, the consequence was an immediate reciprocation of the tender passion.

That very night Ilderim assaulted Balbec for the last time. The gates were forced:—all was bustle, and noise, and confusion; Abdallagh is driven back; and just in the crisis of success Ilderim drops his disguise, cries out “Caled, the heir of the emir,” and challenges the murderer of his sire to try their claims at the point of the sabre. Abdallagh turns: they meet; and a single stroke lays the usurper low. The citizens gladly hail their lawful ruler:—but Balbec was nothing without Elmyra; and, as Caled was assured that she had shared the fate of his other relations, he would gladly have accepted death from any hand which might be kind enough to give it. While he was retiring from the field, filled with such wishes, he was accosted by a wounded soldier, who told him that a little previous to the fight, Abdallagh had enclosed his daughter together with his whole harem in the tower, with orders to put them every one to the sword if the fortune of the night should go against him. Caled immediately collected his band; and, by means of Mirza's aforesaid subterranean way, arrived in the centre of the tower, just in time to beat off the murderers and save the shrieking females. It was not till the work was entirely completed that he caught the well-known voice and well-known countenance of his Elmyra. What become of Azza and Mirza, need not certainly be told.

We shall have room for but very few extracts. The initial stanzas of the three first cantos are extremely picturesque:

‘ The pale beam, stealing through the matted trees,
Kist Balbec's walls and stern Abdallagh's tower;

Cool through Abdallagh's garden stream'd the breeze,
 Wak'ning each folded leaf and sleeping flower:
 Bright was the scene, and calm the soothing hour:
 Heav'n still its blessings shed on earth beneath,
 In silent dews that gemm'd the verdant bower;
 Earth pour'd her thanks in sweets from ev'ry wreath,
 Freshness was in the air, and life in every breath."

"The plain was lost in shade—a moment yet,
 Oh Libanus! on steepes of giant size,
 The sun delay'd—a moment, ere he set,
 Crimson'd the snow-clad heights, and ting'd the skies
 With streaks of roseate light and purple dyes,
 (Such tints as western eyes in vain desire,)
 Then plung'd and disappear'd—at once arise
 Heav'n's myriad lamps, and gem the vault with fire,
 So bright, that scarcely mourn'd the beams of day retire."

"Down Balbec's vale a train of horsemen ride,
 Amongst them one who seems on air to move:
 He darts along, excites his courser's pride,
 And eyes the groves around, the skies above,
 With rapture, such as souls enamour'd prove.
 'Tis the freed captive, snatch'd from dungeon gloom,
 Light, his enjoyment; liberty, his love;
 At once revers'd the terrors of his doom,
 For him each passing breeze from Eden seems to come."

Azza's relation of the circumstances attending her capture is beautifully given:

"From some deep dream of self-concenter'd thought,
 As the voice ended Azza seem'd to start;
 Then (inly pleas'd to hold discourse on aught,
 Save that the subject nearest to her heart:)
 'How little is't that Azza can impart!
 'Thou may'st remember when we parted last,
 'All reckless then of ambush'd force or art,
 'Parch'd by the heat that sultry summer cast,
 'I stood to catch the breeze, that fann'd me as it past.

"Long time I stood, regardless of the hour,
 'And trac'd the gaudy meteors as they flew,
 'And heard the crane's shrill clatter from the tower.
 'At length on yonder couch, that caught my view,
 'Rob'd as I was, my wearied limbs I threw.
 'Unknown to grief, and unsuspecting harms,
 'Full soon I drank the sweet oblivious dew:
 'A sudden motion gave my first alarms,
 'I wak'd—and wak'd within a man's—a robber's arms.

"I know no more—for, overcome with dread,
 'I swoon'd—and when again I liv'd to fear,
 'Without the walls I preat a grassy bed,
 'The robber watching o'er—with words of cheer
 'He tried to soothe—and from the fountain near

‘ Sprinkled my brow—then hastily unbound
 ‘ A ready courser from the fasten’d spear,
 ‘ And vaulted up, and rais’d me from the ground:
 ‘ The plain was overpast—the mountains clos’d around.’ ”

To the volume of Essays which, as we announced in our last number, Mr. Ogilvie is preparing for the press, he intends to add a second part; which will contain a narrative of the circumstances that led him to undertake the pursuit of public oratory, of the degree of success that has hitherto attended him in it, and of his plans with regard to its further prosecution;—together with the principal part of his oration entitled “ *The Rostrum*,” select passages from other orations previously delivered by him, and a few pieces of philosophical criticism.

A new national work, entitled The Champions of Freedom, &c. &c. By Samuel Woodworth. *Copy-right secured according to law*:—a precaution which was quite superfluous; for that printer must be desperate indeed who should think of publishing a surreptitious edition of a work like that of which the author has given us specimens in his proposals. Our readers will only wish to hear the first clause of the first sentence: “ In vain a leaden hail-storm beat upon the advancing phalanx,” &c.

“ Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
 Keep out this tempest:”

And if the whole book is of the same description, the only means of avoiding such a “ leaden hail-storm,” is by advising the author to keep the remainder in its parent skull.

If our readers are not satiated with merely the above short extract, we are sure of giving them enough by the following paragraph:

“ For a moment they paused on the steep brink of the deep-yawning trench that encircled the fortress. ‘ Leap the ditch!’ exclaimed the intrepid leader of this undaunted column; ‘ cut down the pickets! give no quarter! advance!’ Instant, on the word, they poured down the bank, like a mountain cataract, whose sounds are whispers to the clashing of their jostling arms. The ditch was filled, and a bristling row of iron pikes, fixed in the heads of the pickets, impaled several of the impetuous assailants. Again the voice of their leader urges them forward: ‘ scale the pickets, and show no quarter! storm!’ ”

We cannot resist the temptation of applying to ourselves a sentence which almost immediately succeeds this belligerent paragraph:

“ ‘ Quarter! Quarter!’ exclaimed the colonel, who had, a moment before, exhorted his men to give none; but he called too late.”

Wells and Lilly, of Boston, propose to publish by subscription, an elegant edition of the British Poets. The text collated with the best editions, by Thomas Park, Esq. F. S. A.

This edition is commonly known by the title of Sharpe’s British Poets; so denominated from the name of the publisher. By

omitting the works of several authors of the least general interest, Chaucer and Spenser, and also some of inferior merit, the publisher has been enabled to afford, at a moderate expense, the great mass of English poetry; including a great number of poems which have hitherto formed no part of a regular series.

The edition will consist of forty-four volumes; to which are added five, supplementary to the main work.

It will be printed in an elegant form, similar to the English copy, and upon paper of the best quality.

Each volume will contain from one to five engravings, amounting in all to one hundred and eleven; which the publishers engage to have executed by the first artists, and in the best manner.

The price to subscribers will be one dollar and twenty-five cents each volume, delivered in neat boards.

The first number of Mr. Elliott's work on the Botany of South Carolina and Georgia, (already announced in this Journal, vol. 7, page 189,) will be published in this present month, and the subsequent numbers at intervals of two months. Subscriptions for the work will be received by M. Thomas.



FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, &c.

(From Recent British Publications.)

FRANCE. Five years since the Class of Sciences of the Royal Institute of France proposed as the subject of a double prize, *the theory of the planets whose eccentricity and inclination are too considerable to allow of the exact calculation of their distances by methods already known.* The class did not require any numerical application, but only analytical formulas, yet disposed in such a manner, that an intelligent calculator might be able to apply them with certainty either to the planet Pallas, or to any other hitherto discovered, or which may hereafter be discovered. Two memoirs only having been received, in which the authors have not sufficiently conformed to the intentions expressed by the class, it has prolonged the time for another year. The prize will therefore be adjudged in January 1817, and consist of a gold medal of the value of 6000 francs (250*l.*) Essays must be written in French or Latin, and none will be received after the 1st October next.

As nothing worthy of the annual prize founded to reward researches undertaken for the advancement of galvanism has been received, the class suggests the following points as still wanting to complete the theory of this important part of science. As it has been determined in a great number of cases what combinations result from the action of a calculable electricity, it would be important to determine, on the contrary, what measure of electricity results from the different combinations in which bodies pass to a

sensible and calculable electric state. A tolerably complete set of experiments undertaken with this view, would probably possess considerable interest and utility. Another phenomenon not less interesting, and which particularly concerns the animal economy, is that which manifests itself when alternate portions of nerves and muscles of the same animal, or of different animals, are capable of forming a circuit, the contacts of which produce the same excitations that result from a circle composed of metals, intermediate between the muscles and the nerves. This experiment might, perhaps, by its developments, tend to throw new light on the still obscure theory of the nervous influence on the organic actions, and on the result of these actions.

M. QUATREMERE DE QUINCY has just published a work in folio with fifty plates, mostly coloured, under the title of *The Olympian Jupiter, or the Art of Antique Sculpture considered in a new point of view*. It comprises an essay on the style of polychromian sculpture, an explanatory analysis of the toreatic, and the history of the statuary art in gold and ivory among the Greeks and Romans. The author has subjoined the restoration of the principal monuments of that art, and a practical demonstration or revival of its mechanical processes. In this performance he has found means to combine the solidity of science with the charms of ingenious hypothesis.

In the night of the 22d of January, M. PONS, assistant astronomer at the Observatory at Marseilles, discovered a comet in the northern part of the heavens, between the tail of the Little Bear and the head of the Cameleopard, at about 241 deg. of right ascension, and 86 deg. north declination. The fogs prevented this comet from being observed at Paris, till the 1st of February, on which day, at eight o'clock p. m. it had 59 deg. 57 min. of northern declination, and 341 deg. 25 min. of right ascension. This comet exhibits no trace either of tail or nucleus, and it is not discernible with the naked eye.

Abbate ANGELO MAJO, some of whose recent literary discoveries in the Ambrosian library at Milan we have already noticed, has just published a hitherto unedited work, for which the world is indebted to his researches, under the title of *Q. Aurelii Symmachi Octo Orationum ineditarum Partes* (90 pp. 8vo.) Symmachus, a celebrated Latin orator, flourished about the middle of the 4th century, and was admired by his contemporaries for his eloquence. He wrote and delivered a great number of orations, as we learn from the testimony of Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, Cassiodorus, Photius, and Nicephorus, but especially from the collection of his own letters, the only performances of his that were yet known, as all his oratorical works were given up for lost. Fortunately, two copies of considerable fragments of eight of his

orations, have been preserved in a MS. in the Ambrosian library. They consist of four panegyrics, two addressed to the emperor Valentinian I, one to Gratian, and one to the Roman senate. The four others are to private persons, to the father of the orator, Trygetius, Synesius, and Severus. They bear the stamp of their age, and are full of fire, fancy, bold images, ingenious antitheses and sentences, and great erudition. The learned editor has annexed another fragment of an ancient orator, likewise discovered in a MS. of the same library, together with some variations to Pliny's panegyric from similar sources. He has also accompanied this first edition with an excellent introduction; critical and historical notes, and fac similes of the characters of the two MSS. in which these treasures have been so long concealed.

GERMANY. A new journal for astronomy and the sciences connected with it, began to be published with the present year, by Cotta of Stutgard. It will appear in monthly numbers of from two to six sheets, so as to form about 48 sheets annually. The names of the conductors and contributors afford the pledge of a work of sterling value. The editors are M. VON LINDENAU, director of the observatory of Seeberg, and professor BOHNENBERGER of Tübingen. They have secured the assistance of the most eminent German astronomers and mathematicians, as Beigel, Bessel, Brandes, Bürg, Buzengeiger, David, Ende, Gauss, Gerling, Harding, Heinrich, Horner, Ideler, Mollweide, Münchow, Nicolai, Olbers, Olthausen, Pasquich, Pfaff, Soldner, Triesnecker, Wachter, and Wurm; and baron Zach, who is in Italy, has promised the support of his contributions.

A friend on the Continent has transmitted to us a small tract in Latin, just published at Munich, by the chevalier DE LANG, lately keeper of the archives of the kingdom of Bavaria. Its contents, wholly extracted from the papers of the provincial superior of the Jesuits, recently discovered at Munich, exhibit a most frightful picture of the enormities committed in the latter half of the 17th century by the monks of that dangerous order, in the education of youth in Germany. "Never," says our correspondent, "was *tocsin* more seasonably sounded than in this tract, and all Europe must feel obligation and respect for the author, who, animated by the love of truth, and fearless of consequences, scrupled not to affix his name to the title. Whilst even in France disguised Jesuits are already again playing their atrocious game, and many, in other-respects, worthy characters immediately about the person of Louis XVIII have expressed their opinion, that the neglected youth of France cannot be reclaimed except by the Jesuits; whilst even at Vienna itself, the superior authorities are consulted respecting the practicability of recalling the fraternity—this *Cave Canem* is no superfluous warning. Lang's tract ought to be cir-

culated in every country in Europe, and above all, to be laid upon the pillow of every sovereign."

The lectures held by Dr. Spurzheim in England have drawn considerable attention to the system of craniology founded by Dr. Gall. To such of our readers as are interested in this subject, the following notice, communicated by Dr. MARTINS of Munich, of a volume of imp. fol. just published there by Dr. SPIX will be acceptable. It is entitled: *Cephalogenesis, sive Capitis ossei Structura, Formatio et Significatio per omnes Animalium Classes, Familias, Genera et Aetates digesta, atque Tabulis illustrata, Legesque simul Psychologiæ, Cranioscopiæ ac Physiognomonix inde derivatæ*. The head is here considered in its evolutions throughout the whole series of animals, from man to the insects, at all periods of life, from the embryo to old age. Its relations to the other parts of the human body, and its functions as the principal organ of the soul, are illustrated in a new manner; and the work contains also a critical review of all that has appeared on the subject. Of the engravings nine are shaded, and nine in outline for demonstration. They are from drawings by the masterly pencil of Koeck, painter to the academy of Munich, celebrated for his admirable designs for the works of Sömmering, Wenzel, Fischer, &c. They exhibit exact representations of the skulls of animals of all classes, and afford an accurate medium of comparison, which discovers the laws followed by nature in the formation of the different varieties of the head. By the evidence of these laws the author has attempted to solve the wonderful problem involved in the structure, composition, and proportion, of that part of the animal frame. Psychology will thus obtain a true foundation in nature itself; cranioscopy and physiognomy will be reduced by some new measures to laws both simple and comprehensive; zoology will be enriched with views and principles of the greatest importance with respect to the classification of animals; and the whole of natural history will be improved by the discovery of an organic law, hitherto overlooked, which the author calls *Lex Circuitus Organorum*.

Dr. MARTINS farther informs us, that the king of Bavaria has it in contemplation, to send a scientific expedition into the interior of America.

DENMARK. The academy of arts and sciences in Denmark has, in consequence of an observation in a prize essay laid before it, appointed a committee to investigate the asserted efficacy of tannin as an antidote against all poisons, whether mineral or vegetable.

NORWAY. WALENBERG, in his *Journey through the Laplandic Alps* in 1807, observes, that the limits where the region of snow commences, are found to be gradually higher as you quit the north pole and travel towards the equator, whilst they rise to a still

greater and more sudden height on reaching the southern hemisphere.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—*A Reply to Mr. Ricardo's Proposals for an economical and secure Currency.* By Thomas Smith.

MR. RICARDO's pamphlet proposes three questions: the first asks, whether the bank shall be required to pay their notes in specie on the demand of the holders; and the other two regard the profits of that institution. This gentleman proposes to prevent the rise of paper above the value of bullion, that the bank should be obliged to give their paper in exchange for standard gold, at the rate of 3*l.* 17*s.* per ounce. Mr. Smith thinks that it would not be necessary to employ any force to oblige the bank to take gold at the price mentioned, and that the bank would be, in a very different sense, *obliged* to Mr. Ricardo to let them know where they could get it, and our author has no doubt that they would be ready to enter into a contract with him to give their notes in return for all he could furnish at that rate.

Mr. Smith considers that there are two principles which Mr. Ricardo would have been acquainted with if he had taken the trouble to read the existing pamphlets on the same subject: the first is; "that the price of bullion is entirely regulated by the issue of bank notes;"—the other, which Mr. Smith opposes, is, "that the precious metals are the standards of value and of currency." Lord Lauderdale insists that the term value, whatever might have been its original sense as it is used in common language, does not express a quality inherent in any commodity; and his lordship argues further, that *there is nothing which possesses a real intrinsic or invariable value*, and that the possession of no quality, however important, can confer value.

LEGISLATION.—*Idea of a new Law for the Civilized World, recommended to the consideration of France, Great Britain, and the American States.* By the author of a letter written from Athens, &c.

THE writer of this pamphlet considers that the question of war is a subject of too much importance to be entrusted to kings and ministers, and he proposes, that before any determination upon it be made, the opinion be collected of the community; assuming that the French cabinet were to decide on war, the following expedients he recommends should be adopted.

As soon as the ministers have decided on hostile measures, the minister of the interior will cause to be opened several great books: one set will be inscribed *OUI*, the other *NON*. Two of these, that is, one of each description, will be sent to the prefect of each department, to be laid open at his residence for the reception of signatures. The individuals signing must be possessed of certain descriptions of property to be explained.

Prefixed to each of the great books, is to be a statement of the causes for war. These books, at the close of three weeks, are to be transmitted to the legislature. If, on the scrutiny, the Ours predominate, war is to be declared; if otherwise, peace is to be preserved, and the ministry is to be dismissed.

The author then distinguishes the property authorising the parties to sign; the punishment for not signing being possessed of such property; the punishment for signing being unqualified; the fines for influencing parties signing; and those to be paid by any minister who shall issue any letter of marque, or sign or publish any war-manifesto, &c. unless war be sanctioned by the majority of signatures.

Other punishments are proposed against ministers of foreign affairs who suffer a year to elapse without making overtures of peace, and against ambassadors treasonably endeavouring to subvert the government of the state in which they reside.

EDUCATION.—*Jean et Jeannette, ou les petits aventuriers Parisiens.*

THE author of this production is one of the most interesting romance writers of France. His works are distinguished for natural grace, and for the animated scenes they present, adapted to the instruction of early life. This new effort is considered equal to any former one by the same writer, and for its spirit and originality to merit peculiar attention.

HISTORY.—*Histoire particuliere des provinces Beligiques, sous le gouvernement des Ducs et Comptes, pour servir de complement a l'histoire general: par M. Dewez.*

THE author of this work is tutor of what is called the Walloon division of public education in the department of the arts and sciences; he is also a member of the literary societies at Brussels, and that of emulation at Liege. This is the second volume of the work, and like the first, it shows extensive acquaintance with the history of Flanders, and a patriotic feeling highly meritorious. The third volume is expected to appear in the following month, with which the entire work will be completed.

Memoires Historiques sur les Revolutions d'Espagne: par M. de Pradt.

THE writer of these memoirs is no less a personage than the archbishop of Malines. He likewise wrote a work intituled "Le Congrès de Vienne," and several others. He has also figured away in the character of an ambassador. For what purpose of modesty it is we do not know, but the name and rank of the author are not introduced in the usual way, but are placed in a parenthesis in the title-page. Perhaps this may have been only an expedient of the bookseller, who considers the ecclesiastical dig-

nitary a little out of his proper situation in these memoirs. Under such circumstances, we perhaps might take the liberty to consider M. de Pradt merely as a man of letters, who condescends both to write books and to sell them. Gil Blas teaches us, that no oratorical display, no brilliancy of figure can soften the severity of criticism; and perhaps the French prelate, notwithstanding his liberal notions, deserves no more mercy than the Spanish bishop. However, passing over the phraseology of M. de Pradt, our limits will perhaps allow us to notice a little contradiction in an interesting part of the production. In page 222 is given the moral portrait of Napoleon, and from this view of him it might be concluded, that the only defect of Bonaparte was an extraordinary impulse of mind, which led him to incessant versatility. Seeing always new relations of things, and constantly generating new ideas (to use his own words) "*il changeoit tant qu'il y trouvoit plaisir et avantage, et faisoit, pour satisfaire son penchant a la mobilité, ce qui portoit avec soi l'apparence de l'ambition ou de défaut de sincérité. Dans plusieurs cas on l'a cru perfide, il n'étoit que changeant.*"—On this principle, the deformity of vice exhibited at Bayonne is but a trifling change of temper, and with such an extraordinary spirit of charity, we might even pardon Mr. Pradt himself. When our bishop, accustomed to the pleasures of a court, and to the indulgence of wealth during his mission to Warsaw, contented himself with a mean apartment unsuited to his office and his duties, because it cost him nothing, he was thought to be avaricious, but it was merely this frivolous defect of versatility; when he violently declaimed against the journalists, after having employed them to publish articles most gratifying to his pride, it was thought he was insincere, but it was mere versatility. When he revealed the secrets of his old master, and threw the dirt of abuse at him, after worshipping him as a god, it was conjectured that he was ungrateful, but it was simple unconscious versatility.

The numerous accidents that occur by the clothes of females and children taking fire might be prevented, by the linen, of which their dresses are made, being passed through a solution of *alum*, which is an effectual security against their catching fire.

Several beautiful petrifications have been found at Wood-End, by Mr. Ryde of Awre. He has, also, from the wasting of the shore, occasioned by the subsiding of the Severn tides, discovered a petrified tooth of some enormous unknown animal.

The school of sacred music in Edinburgh, at this time reckons more than 250 pupils: they are taught upon the German plan, viz. by means of a large black board, on which the master writes his lessons with chalk.

Mr. J. A. Pope, translator of the *Ardai Viraf Nameth*, proposes to publish by subscription, the *Maritime Philology of Hindustan*, comprising a dictionary of all the sea terms used by the nations of Bengal, as well as those of Western India; with their derivations, and from whence adopted, with most of the proper names, in Arabic, Guzeratee, Concanec, and in the common jargon of Hindustan, in Chinese, and many in Malbaree and Malays; with a dissertation on the present state of Arabian, Indian, Chinese, and Malay navigation; and notices respecting all the maritime tribes. The work will include, beside the sea terms and phrases, many geographical and commercial terms and descriptions. To which will be prefixed a dissertation on the poems sung and recited by all the maritime tribes of Arabia and India.

The readers of the *Asiatic Journal* cannot have failed to remark the literary activity which distinguishes all communications from Java. It would probably be derogating unjustly from the merits of the several members of the Literary and Scientific Society in that settlement, were we to forget any of them in our grateful acknowledgments for the industry which so manifestly prevails; but, at least till we are otherwise informed, we shall attribute a very large proportion of what we so much admire, to the excitement and example of its excellent president, governor Raffles. To the valuable account of a tour in Java, contained in the two preceding numbers of this journal, is added, in the present, a portion of a discourse delivered by the president on the 11th of September last, (see page 341.) The remainder will appear in the succeeding number. In that paper, the research, penetration, and grasp of mind of the president, have enabled him to present us with a hive of new and interesting materials. The theatre of his observations embraces the Eastern Islands, and extends to Japan. His philological remarks on the language of Celebes and Java are highly estimable, and important both to history and to the philosophy of the human mind. With respect to the Eastern Islands, he opens a new world of antiquities, of all the bearings of which he is not himself, perhaps, at present aware. Those who do not subscribe to all his conjectures, will yet thank him for all his information. The views and character of Japan, communicated on the authority of Dr. Ainslie, in this discourse, will be found gratifying, and, to most readers, unexpected in the extreme. The applause bestowed by the Japanese upon the work of Kœmpfer is a singular literary anecdote; and the fact, that the English language is studied by order of the emperor, and English books eagerly asked for in Japan, strongly marks the age in which we live, and the progress of human intercourse. "It is an extraordinary fact," says the president, "that notwithstanding the determination of the empire of Japan not to enter into foreign commerce, the English language, for seven years past, since the visit of captain Pellew,

has in obedience to an edict of the emperor, been cultivated with considerable success, by the younger members of the college of interpreters, who, indeed, on occasion of Dr. Ainslie's mission, were anxious in their inquiries after English books." Mr. Raffles says, a commerce between this country and Japan might easily be opened; and we find it rumoured that the court of directors of the East India company is far from differing greatly in opinion with this gentleman upon the subject.

To the ardent and indefatigable mind of Mr. Raffles, all external stimulus is perhaps superfluous; and still less can any increase of industry be expected from the humble tribute of applause which this journal is able to convey. Mr. Raffles is treading in a field of inquiry in which it seems probable that his name will never be forgotten. It is earnestly to be hoped that he has the means of procuring accurate drawings of the antiquities he describes.

Though it has been said above, that much of that literary lustre which has been mentioned as now spread over Java, is probably derived from the excitement and example of Mr. Raffles, it is also to be confessed, that the president appears to be not without worthy associates, in major Johnson, captain Baker, lieutenant Heyland, and Drs. Horsefield and Ainslie; and, on the whole, there seems good reason to lament, that if any copies of the transactions of the Literary and Scientific Society of Java have reached England, they have at least, been very few in number.

The twenty-fourth article of the *Classical Journal* contains, amid a variety of articles in classical, biblical, and oriental literature, an essay, the design of which is to trace the Abyssinians to a Hebrew origin, and a continuation of professor Scott's inquiry into the causes and diversity of the human character in various ages, nations, and individuals.

Governor Raffles is said to be engaged in a translation of one of the old Javanese poems described in his discourse.

The literary spirit in Java is not confined to the English inhabitants. "The angry discussions on Dutch colonial literature," says a Bombay paper of July last, "which have lately agitated the patriotic spirit of all genuine Hollanders have not yet subsided. The gazettes of every succeeding week are vehicles of long philippics; several of which contain a considerable share of point and humour, and must be exceedingly amusing to those acquainted with the subject under disquisition, and the individual combatants."

The excavations at Pompeii are prosecuted after a certain plan, so as to go round the whole town, which, when cleared from the

ashes which cover it, will probably become one day the most remarkable monument of antiquity.

Some men employed to sink a pit in Reading abbey, have found an ancient stone sarcophagus, which there is little doubt, from its being placed to the right of the altar in the church, formerly held the coffin of Henry the First, the founder of the abbey. The end of a thigh bone, nearly perished, was also discovered. The sarcophagus is seven feet in length, two feet six inches wide at the head, and two feet at the bottom; and seven inches and a half thick. It is carved round in columns, and iron rings are fixed in the sides, and at each end.

Several MSS. have lately been discovered in the house of Madame Lavater, belonging to her late husband.

A Greek literary society has been recently established at Athens. It is composed of the most distinguished native and foreign literati residing in that city.

JUST PUBLISHED.

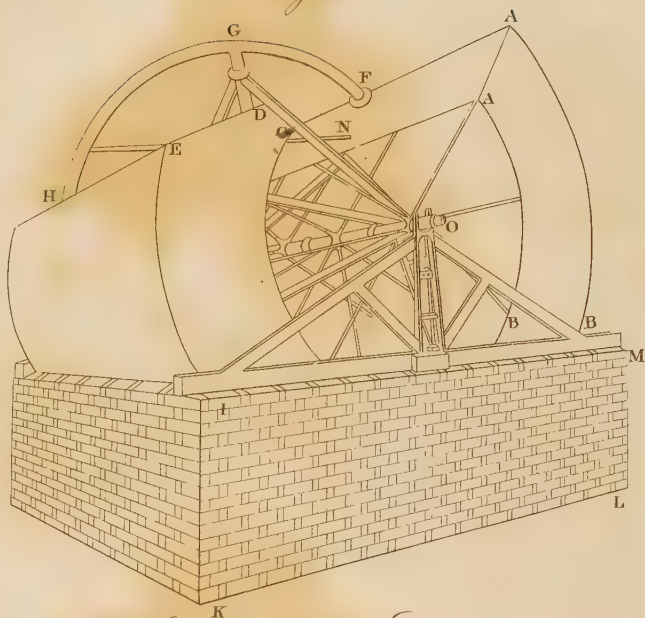
NEW MAPS. A topographical map of the province of Lower Canada, in two parts, which, when united, form an entire length of eleven feet by four and a half, on a scale of two and three quarter miles to an inch. This map displays the divisions of districts, counties, seigniories, and townships; the settlements, roads, rivers, and streams, with all the most prominent features of the country; the islands, rocks, shoals, soundings, &c. of the river St. Lawrence.

A Topographical Description, in one volume royal octavo, containing accounts of all the seigniories and townships; their state of cultivation, and other peculiarities, with a great variety of local information, never before offered to the public; embellished by seventeen landscape views, plans, &c.

Geographical Map (four feet by two and a half) of Upper and Lower Canada, and part of the United States of America; extending westward to the source of the river Mississippi, and eastward to Newfoundland, taking in all the territory between the 39th and 52d degrees of north latitude, thereby including the cities of Washington, Philadelphia, &c. By Joseph Bouchette, esquire, his majesty's surveyor general of Lower Canada, and lieutenant-colonel C. M.—Price 7*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

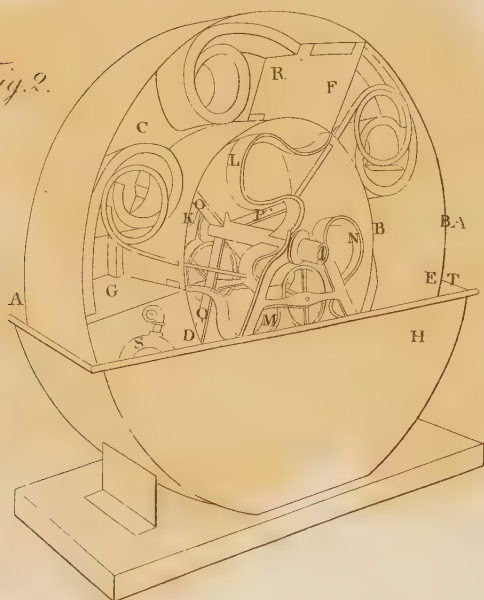
At a late meeting of the society for encouraging arts, manufactures, and commerce, in the Adelphi, London, the vice-president, J. C. Curwen, Esq. M. P. delivered to lieutenant-colonel Bouchette, of Quebec, the gold medal voted to him by the society as a mark of its approbation of the skill and ability shown in the construction of his topographical map of Canada; he was also elected a corresponding member of the society.

Fig. 1.



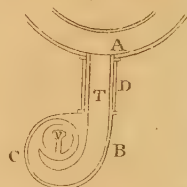
Mr. Clegg's Rotary Gasometer.

Fig. 2.



Mr. Clegg's Gas-meter or Gauge.

Fig. 3.



ANALECTIC MAGAZINE

AND

NAVAL CHRONICLE.

OCTOBER, 1816.

ORIGINAL.

A Statistical View of the Commerce of the United States of America: its Connection with Agriculture and Manufactures: and an Account of the Public Debt, Revenues, and Expenditure of the United States. With a brief Review of the Trade, Agriculture, and Manufactures of the Colonies, previous to their Independence. Accompanied with Tables, illustrative of the Principles and Object of the Work. By Timothy Pitkin, a Member of the House of Representatives of the United States from the state of Connecticut. Charles Hosmer, Hartford, 1816, 8vo. pp. 436.

OUR readers need not be told, that, by the right of discovery, Henry VII, of England, laid claim to the whole of North America; and that, between the 29th and 48th degrees of latitude, it was parcelled out by him and his successors in grants, principally to single, enterprising individuals. Avarice was originally at the bottom of the scheme; and accordingly the colonies were always considered as mere appendages to the mother-country. The whole system of maternal policy was calculated to make them entirely subservient to the interests of England:—all their wants were to be supplied from what was then usually denominated *home*; nor could their own produce be carried in any but British vessels, or

be landed in any but British dominions.* To render the latter provision the more effectual,—it was enacted by parliament, in 1660, that all colonial produce should be ‘laid on shore,’ in some port belonging to his majesty’s kingdom,—under the penalty of forfeiting not only the goods themselves, but the vessels in which they were carried. By another parliamentary enactment of 1663, no European commodities could be imported into the colonies,—except they were shipped in English vessels and from English ports: a disability which was a little ameliorated, however, by a drawback of duties on their exportation to this country.

The policy of these regulations was three-fold:—to draw from the American settlements an immediate supply of agricultural productions,—to prevent the dangerous increase of their wealth, by circumscribing the extent of their commerce,—and to secure their perpetual subjection to the mother-country, by making them continually feel the ties of dependence. This system of cramping and exsiccating the colonies was gradually made more and more rigorous; and subsequently to 1766 their trade was entirely limited to Great Britain, to the West-Indies, to certain parts of Africa, and to that section of Europe which lies south of Cape Finisterre.

But in spite of every restriction the increase of the colonies, both in numbers and in wealth, created ere long the jealousy of the parent state. Besides the commerce with Africa of negroes and New-England rum, they—particularly the northern colonies—carried on with the West-Indies a very lucrative exchange of lumber, fish, grain, and other provisions,—for rum, sugar, coffee, salt, molasses, and every other article, the exportation of

* There was a distinction, however, between what were called *enumerated* and *non-enumerated* commodities,—between such, in other words, as were exclusively confined to the market of the parent country, and such as might be transported to any part of the world. The distinction was hardly worth making; for the former embraced all the most important articles of commerce,—such as sugars, tobacco, cotton wool, indigo, ginger, fustic, and other dying woods; to which were added, molasses, tar, pitch, turpentine, hemp, masts, yards, copper ore, pig and bar iron, pot and pearl ashes, beaver skins, whale fins, hides, &c. Rice and lumber were at first *enumerated*; but they were subsequently permitted to be shipped to any European port south of Cape Finisterre,—where also a statute of 1766 obliged all the *non-enumerated* articles to be carried.

which was not prohibited. This trade was indiscriminate; and as there were several foreign West-India islands whose superior fertility gave them an advantage over those possessed by the English, the greater commerce of the former was a subject of discontent to the merchants and planters of the latter. Again, the introduction of a few domestic manufactures,—such as some woollen and linen cloths, iron, hats, paper, &c.—very naturally accompanied the increased population of the colonies,—and quite as naturally excited the jealousy and complaint of the manufacturers in the mother-country. In 1731, the murmurs of the merchants, planters, and manufacturers had grown so vexatious and loud that parliament was obliged to direct the board of trade and plantations to make a report concerning those prosperous parts of colonial economy which were ‘*detrimental* to the trade, navigation, and manufactures of *Great Britain*,’—a direction which exhibits at once the light in which the colonies were held, and the miserable mistake of English statesmen in that period—who thus gratuitously assumed that the interests of the colonies could be incompatible with the general interests of the empire.

From this report it appears that, though some woollen and linen cloth was made in New-England, New-York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, the grievous manufacture of the former extended only to the wool of such sheep as every agriculturist was obliged to have on his farm: and that what linen was manufactured consisted merely of ‘coarse cloths, bags, traces, and halters for their horses,’—articles which surely could be no great subject of commercial jealousy, and which the colonists had ventured to make for themselves, because their own flax and hemp were more durable and more easily raised than those which they could get from any part of Europe. What should have quieted still more the jealousy of the mother-country,—the report goes on to state, that the high price of labour in America rendered the manufacture of linen 20 per cent. and the manufacture of woollen 50 per cent. dearer in the colonies than in Great Britain.—About this time was commenced the system of sending circular *queries* to all the colonial governors in order to learn the interior state of each settlement: and by their own accounts,—which, however, must not be too implicitly relied on,—there was not in all the provinces a sufficiency

of domestic manufactures to supply *one sixteenth* of their whole demand.

The British West-Indians still continued their importunate cries against the trade of the colonies with those islands which belonged to other nations;—and in 1733 a parliamentary statute imposed a duty of 9d. sterling on every gallon of rum, 6d. on every gallon of molasses, and 5s. on every hundred weight of sugar, imported into Anglo-American plantations from foreign sugar colonies. The duty on rum was subsequently reduced to 6d.—that on molasses to 3d. on the gallon: but it was always considered in the just light of a sacrifice to the West-Indian interest; and every possible expedient was adopted for the evasion of its payment. In 1732 the exportation of colonial hats was forbidden under severe penalties; and in 1750 the manufacture of pig and bar iron was alike the subject of statutable prohibition. Its importation into England, in the raw state, however, was encouraged both by bounties from parliament and by premiums from the society instituted at London ‘for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce.’ Bounties and premiums were, also, bestowed, at successive periods, upon the importation into the mother-country of almost all the articles of Colonial produce,—such as tar, pitch, rosin, turpentine, indigo, hemp, flax, logwood, and lumber of every description.

In 1749 the population of the North American colonies was estimated at 1,046,000; and their annual imports from England at about 900,000*l*. At the commencement of the war of 1755, between England and France for colonial boundaries, the imports of those provinces which are now the United States rose at once to nearly double their former value; and during the five years of its continuance there was an annual increase of about 300,000*l*. sterling. The previous encroachments of the French made the British colonists feel a great interest in the result of the contest; and they voluntarily assumed more expense in carrying it on than was absolutely demandable.

As a smuggling trade was carried on between the colonies and the foreign West-India islands, it is impossible to ascertain from the custom-house books the precise state of their exports and imports previous to the year 1776. These, however, are the only

documents we have; and from them it appears, that the exports for 1769 amounted to about \$13,000,000,—of which nearly one half was shipped to England; and that the imports for the same period amounted to about \$12,000,000,—of which, again, more than the half was received from the mother-country. On the same imperfect data it may be calculated, that, previous to their rupture with Great Britain, the colonists possessed about 300,000 tons of shipping; and that they were in the habit of increasing the amount of their shipping at the yearly rate of about 21,000 tons,—of which more than one half was built in New-Hampshire and Massachusetts.

During the revolution the foreign commerce of the colonists was entirely destroyed; and they were thrown back upon their own resources for a supply of every thing necessary to the prosecution of an expensive war. It cost them more than \$135,000,000;* and they came out of the contest with a debt of \$42,000,000,—with no funds to pay the interest or to redeem the principal,—and with no powers in congress to provide such funds by the imposition of mercantile duties, or by any other expedient whatsoever. The delegates of the old confederation made several struggles to obtain from the state governments the power of levying imposts; but their struggles were all abortive; and for the want of returns from our own custom-house officers, we are under necessity of recurring to books of the English,—in order to make any thing like an estimate of our exports and imports for the two years directly subsequent to revolutionary war. From these we ascertain that, in 1784, the latter were about 18,000,000—in the next year about 12,000,000,—in both about 30,000,000 of dollars; while the former for the same period amounted to no more than about 8 or 9,000,000:—a disparity which soon exhausted us of the little specie we had at the close of the revolution, and removed us still further from the prospect of relieving the public burthens. Almost every individual of the nation—as well as the nation itself—was greatly involved in debt: many were of opinion that they had gained worse than nothing by the achievement of independence, and sought to remedy their

* According to the specie valuation. In continental bills the amount was—375,476,541 dollars of the *old*, and 2,070,485 dollars of the *new emission*,—in all 359,547,026 dollars.

desperate fortunes by means of domestic insurrection: public credit was no more; and our affairs appeared to be fast dissolving into that anarchical confusion, out of which one strong arm alone can bring order and government. There was no time to be lost; and, at the proposition of Virginia, commissioners from that state, as well as from Pennsylvania, New-York, New-Jersey, and Delaware, convened at Annapolis in September, 1786, to institute some uniform and co-operative plan of national administration. But as they were only a partial representation of the United States they could adopt no measures which would be cogent upon the whole; and it was not till May 1787 that,—in consequence of their recommendation to the several state legislatures,—a convention was held in Philadelphia, and that system of government devised, which gave to congress the general power of superintending our commercial, as well as our other public affairs; and which has made us—with a few intervals of adversity—the most prosperous, and perhaps we may add, the most happy people on the globe.

We must now divide our exports into,—those of domestic,—and those of foreign, produce. The *first* are subdivided, again, into the produce, 1st, of the sea—2d, of the forest—3d, of agriculture—and 4th, of manufactures. Cod and whale are the most important products of the sea; and, until the late treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, they composed a great and integral part of all the revenues of the northern states. The cod-fisheries experienced the general shock of revolutionary devastation; nor did they recover their former activity and vigour until 1790. In consequence of a representation of their embarrassed state, by the legislature of Massachusetts, the general government offered, in that year,—as a sort of drawback of the duties on imported salt,—a bounty upon the exportation of salted fish,—and subsequently to that period a pecuniary allowance to such vessels as were employed in those fisheries for a certain number of months. These measures operated as vigorous stimuli; and from 1791,—when the quantity was 383,237 quintals of dried, and 57,424 bls. of pickled fish,—up to 1808, the annual exportation increased by an average rate of 10,000 quintals and 500 barrels. The *restrictive system* made a sudden abridgment of about two-thirds of the yearly quantity: it recovered about one-

third in 1809; but since that period it has dwindled at the average rate of about 63,000 quintals of dried, and about 9,000 bls. of pickled fish annually. In 1814 the former amounted to no more than 31,310—the latter to no more than 8,436.

In 1795 the enrolled tonnage of ships employed in the cod-fisheries was 24,887, and the tonnage of vessels licensed under 20 tons 6,046:—in 1807 the former amounted to 60,689, the latter to 9,616; showing in all a yearly increase at the average rate of about 3,000 tons. In 1808 the whole amount of tonnage—both enrolled and licensed under twenty tons—was 51,997; which by an average annual ratio of about 5,000 tons fell down to 18,522 in the year 1813. —For the ten years between 1791 and 1800 the average amount of tonnage employed in the cod-fishery was estimated by the secretary of the treasury in 1803 at about 33,000 annually: between 1801 and 1807 the average amount was about 44,000; and through both periods it was of course about 38,000 a year.

The value of exported fish and the number of seamen employed in the fisheries must of course experience fluctuations correspondent to the number of quintals and the amount of tonnage. From 1803 to 1807 the average value of dried fish exported was about \$ 2,000,000,—of pickled fish about \$ 440,000 annually: in 1808 the former fell off to \$ 623,000,—the latter to \$ 98,000; in the following year they almost reached their former height; but from 1810,—when the first amounted to \$ 913,000, and the second to \$ 214,000,—they declined at the average annual rate of \$ 156,000, and \$ 33,000 respectively; and in 1814 one was only \$ 128,000,—the other only \$ 50,000.

The number of seamen employed in the cod-fishery between 1791 and 1800 was about 5,000,—between 1801 and 1807, about 7,000; and during both periods about 6,000, on an annual average. —In 1744 the *French* employed in this fishery about 24,520 men—14 large ships; and took 1,149,000 quintals of fish. For several years previous to the late war, ourselves and the English were almost exclusively engaged in them:—but the late treaty was silent on the subject; and orders were despatched by earl Barthurst from Downing street, June 17, 1815, to deprive us of the only privilege which renders the fishery of any value,—the privilege of

drying our fish upon the unsettled parts of the British territories.

Fortunately the *whale*-fishery stands in no need of such a privilege. The inhabitants of the little island of Nantucket,—about 15 miles long and 2 or 3 broad,—commenced the American whale-fishery; which at its institution, in 1690, was carried on in boats and confined pretty much to the shore. In 1715 they employed six sloops of 88 tons burthen; and began gradually to extend their adventures from the American coast to the western islands—to the Brazils—and finally to the northern and southern seas. The Dutch at first monopolized the whale-fishery; but in 1788 this shared the fate of every other branch of their commerce.

From 1771 to 1775 the whale-fishing vessels of Massachusetts, or rather of Nantucket, amounted in number to 304, and in tonnage to 27,840:—from 1787 to 1789 the former was 122, and the latter 10,210. During the first period the number of seamen was 4,059; who took annually 39,390 bls. of spermaceti, and 8,650 bls. of whale oil:—while during the second period the seamen were only 1,611, and the barrels of oil 7,980 spermaceti,—13,130 whale. The quantities exported from 1791 to 1814 are so fluctuating from year to year that no average would give an adequate idea of the fishery. Thus, leaving out the thousands, the quantities of spermaceti oil are as 134, 63, 140, 82, 80, 164, 27, 129, 114, 222, 92, 28, 46, 5, 73, 43, 44,—but in 1808 the gallons were only six hundred and twelve,—in the following years they recovered their thousands,—51, 64, 136, 63. As this oil is chiefly carried to Great Britain, the exports for 1813–14 of course amounted to nothing. The gallons of whale oil exported yearly during the same period were quite as irregular:—447; 436; 513; 1000; 810; 1176; 582; 700; 421; 204; 215; 380; 550; 646; 626; 826; 933; 198; 421; 545; 187; 106; 5; 0.* These fluctuations,—that part of them, we mean, which was not occasioned by government,—are undoubtedly owing in a great measure to the uncertainty of the business.—The yearly values of the exports have, of course, the same irregularity. Thus in 1803 the value of whale oil and bone was \$ 280,000; and in the subsequent years up to 1804.

* We have dropped the thousands as before.

(dropping the thousands) 310; 315; 418; 476; 88;* 169; 222; 78; 56; 2; 1;—the annual value of spermaceti oil during the same period, 175; 70; 163; 182; 130; 33;* 136; 132; 273; 141; 10; 9.—In 1804 the cod and whale-fisheries furnished more than \$6,000,000 of our exports:—ten years afterwards their united value was only \$316,000.—The West-Indies, and southern parts of Europe were the markets for cod-fish;—the West-Indies, Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal for common whale oil.

We come *secondly*, to the products of the forests;—which consist of staves and heading, hoops and poles, shingles, boards, plank, scantling, and timber for masts, spars, buildings, &c.—tar, pitch, turpentine, and rosin; pot and pearl ashes; skins and furs; ginseng; oak bark, and other dyes. The official value of exported lumber for 1770 was \$686,588;† and from 1803 to 1807 the average yearly value was more than \$2,500,000.—In 1770 our exportation of tar was 82,075 bls.—of pitch, 9,114 bls.—of turpentine, 17,014 bls.; of all which the official value was \$144,000. The attempt of the Tar Company of Sweden, in 1703, to enhance the price of these articles induced the British government to offer the colonists a bounty of 4*l* a ton on the importation of tar and pitch, and 3*l* a ton on the importation of turpentine and rosin; and since the separation of the two countries the mere profits of the trade have sufficiently rewarded its continuance. In 1805–6–7 we exported 64,917 bls. of tar, 9,008 bls. of pitch, and 74,607 bls. of turpentine; the united average value of which was about \$500,000. These articles are principally the produce of North Carolina.

In 1761 the society instituted at London for the encouragement of *manufactures*, as well as of arts and commerce, offered premiums and sent over treatises to stimulate the colonists in the production of pot and pearl ashes; who in 1770 exported 1,173 tons of the former, and 737 tons of the latter,—the joint value of which was then estimated at about \$290,000. The trade in these articles has greatly increased; and in 1807 the whole value of their exportation was \$1,490,000.—Furs and peltry have always constituted a considerable item in American commerce. In 1770 the

* In consequence of the Embargo.

† We state all values in our present currency;—though it was not instituted in 1770.

official value of the exports from all the northern colonies, inclusive of Canada, was about \$ 670,000; from 1791 to 1803 the average annual value was about \$300,000; from 1804 to 1807 about \$900,000,—a sudden increase which is explained by supposing that through the latter period a large portion of the furs were brought from Canada and exported from the United States.—In 1770, the North-American colonists exported 74,604 pounds of ginseng,—valued at about \$ 5,000; and in 1806, no less than 448,394 pounds,—valued at \$ 139,000.—In 1803 the exportation of oak bark and other dyeing woods was valued at \$225,000.—From 1803 to 1807 the average yearly value of exported articles under this head was about \$ 5,000,000: for the next year they were only \$1,399,000; but thenceforward to 1813 the average was about \$ 3,400,000. In the next year they amounted to \$570,000 only. Except staves and heading, our lumber was chiefly carried to Great Britain and Portugal;—to the former of which countries, also, nearly all the naval stores—pot and pearl ashes, were transported.

We have always been an agricultural people. The facility of supporting families by the cultivation of our cheap lands has operated as usual in encouraging early marriages: the necessary increase of numbers re-acts upon the production of substance; and thus we go on by the curious involution of political arithmetic to grow in population and in wealth beyond any other nation on the earth. Our agricultural products may be divided into,—1st, those of vegetables, such as wheat-flour, rice, Indian-corn, rye, peas, beans, potatoes, &c.—2dly, those of animals, such as beef, tallow, hides, butter and cheese, pork and lard,—or the animals themselves, such live cattle, horses, mules, sheep, &c.—3dly, tobacco,—4thly, cotton,—5thly, some of minor importance, such as indigo, flax-seed, wax, &c.

I. Wheat was introduced by the first emigrants to this country; and for a long time was abundantly productive in the eastern states;—but of late it has nearly failed in New-England; and has become the staple commodity of the middle states. In 1770 the colonies which now compose the United States exported 752,240 busneis of wheat; of which no more than 11,739 were carried to England,—while about 149,985 were transported to Ireland, 955 to the West-Indies, and the remainder 588,561 to the south part

of Europe. During the same year 260 tons of flour and bread were exported to England, 3,583 to Ireland, 18,501 to the southern part of Europe, 72 to Africa, and 23,449 to the West-Indies. The joint official value of exported wheat and flour was about \$2,862,190. From 1791 to 1794, the average annual export was about 1,000,000 bushels of wheat, and more than 820,000 bls. of flour; from 1795 to 1800 a little more than 24,000 bushels; and a little less than 611,000 bls.; during 1801-2, about 260,000 bushels, and a little over 1,000,000 bls.; in 1803 about 686,416 bushels, and 1,311,853 bls.—valued jointly at \$9,310,000; from 1804 to 1806 little more than 74,000 bushels, and 789,000 bls.—valued together at about \$7,300,000 on an average; in 1807 about 767,000 bushels, and 1,249,819 bls.—value \$10,753,000; in 1808 about 87,000 bushels and 264,000 bls.—value \$1,936,000; from 1809 to 1811 about 320,000 bushels, and 1,029,000 bls.—value about \$9,000,000 on an average; in 1812 about 53,832 bushels, and 1,443,492 bls.—value \$13,687,000; in 1813 about 288,535 bushels, and 1,260,943 bls.—value \$13,591,000; in 1814, no bushels, but 193,274 bls.—value \$1,734,000.

Spain, Portugal, and Great Britain,—but chiefly the West-Indies have been the markets for our wheat and flour; in all of which countries the average annual prices from 1806 to 1813 were about \$1 50 per bushel for the former, and \$8 20 per barrel for the latter. The scarcity of 1801 created in Great Britain a demand for 216,977 bushels of our wheat, together with 479,720 bls. of our flour; and in 1807 the same country imported 669,950 bushels of the former, together with 323,968 bls. of the latter. In 1811 the war of Spain and Portugal opened a market for no less than 835,179 bls. of American flour, and 76,232 bushels of American wheat; the joint value of which was \$8,000,000, at our own ports, and must have been not less than about \$12,000,000, at the place of importation. To the Peninsula, also, we exported in 1813 as many as 973,500 bls. of flour, and 288,950 bushels of wheat,—the joint value of which in the foreign market could not be less than \$15,000,000.—Including rice, the annual average value of grain exported from the United States in 1805-6-7 was about \$12,000,000—in 1811-12-13 about \$18,000,000.

The chief support of Carolina depended upon the wreck of a

Madagascar vessel in the year 1694,—from which Landgrave Thomas Smith, the governor of that province, obtained a bag of rice-seed; sowed it in his garden; found it grew luxuriantly; and hence established the practicability of cultivating the grain in the low grounds of the southern states. In 1724, about 18,000 bls. of rice were exported from all the colonies in 1733, about 36,580 bls. from South Carolina; in 1739, about 71,484 bls.; in 1740, about 91,110 bls.;—from November 1760 to September 1761 about 100,000 bls.; and in 1770 no less than 150,515 bls.—value \$1,530,000—nearly one half of which was shipped to England. From 1791 to 1796 the average annual export was about 126,000 tierces;—in 1791 they were only 60,111; from 1798 to 1802 the average number was about 104,000; from 1803 to 1807 about 83,000,—value on an average about \$2,300,000; in 1808 only 9,228 in number,—in value \$221,000; but from 1809 to 1813 the former was on an average of 113,000,—the latter \$2,336,000; when in the next year the tierces fell to 11,476, and their value to \$230,000.

For Indian corn we were not obliged to depend upon shipwrecks;—nature had made it indigenous; and nothing was wanting from man but a little cultivation and care. It grows in every section of the United States; and is exported either in the raw state, or as manufactured into meal. The West-Indies are the chief market for meal,—though in times of scarcity it has now and then been carried to Europe. In 1770 the colonial exportation was 578,349 bushels,—valued at \$149,000; of which 15 went to Ireland, 175,221 to the south of Europe, 20 to Africa, and the remainder 402,958 to the West-Indies. The average annual export from 1791 to 1802 was about 1,487,000 bushels of corn; and 351,000 of meal:—from 1803 to 1807 about 1,386,000 bushels of corn, and 121,000 of meal,—average annual value \$1,648,000; in 1808 about 249,533 bushels of corn, and 30,818 of meal,—value \$298,000; but from 1809 to 1813 the average annual export nearly recovered its former quantity, and amounted to about 1,579,000 bushels of corn, and 86,600 of meal,—value on an average \$1,671,600; from which in 1814 the corn fell to 61,284 bushels, and the meal to 26,438,—value \$170,000.

We grow considerable quantities of rye: but we export very little,—both because there is commonly enough raised in Europe

to supply its own consumption, and because too many Americans had rather consume it after it has passed through the distillery. In 1801 the gallons of spirits distilled from grain and fruit amounted to 10,000,000; but ten years afterwards, in 1810, to no less than 20,000,000. The proportion of the materials to the product is about one bushel of rye to two and a half or three gallons of liquor; and of course during that year no less than about 6,000,000 of the former were worked up in our distilleries. To the above quantity we must add about 6,834,878 gallons of imported foreign spirits, together with about 5,000,000 of domestic manufacture from molasses;—and we have for the annual consumption of the United States nearly 32,000,000 of gallons, or on an average about four and a half gallons to every individual. In 1801, the scarcity in Great Britain demanded an exportation of 392,276 bushels of rye;—but the average annual number from 1791 to 1811 was no more than about 6 or 8,000. In 1812 the number was 82,705; in 1813 about 140,136. —Of oats the average annual exportation for the last 20 years has been about 70,000 bushels; of peas, about 90,000; of beans about 30, or 40,000; and of potatoes not more than 60,000.—From 1802 to 1807 the average value of annual exports consisting of vegetable food was about \$ 12,850,000: in 1808 it was only \$ 2,550,000 but from 1809 to 1813* it rose more than to the former amount and was \$ 14,446,000 at an average. In 1814 it was as low as \$ 2,179,000.

Our exports of animal produce are chiefly from the northern states, and to the West Indies. In 1770 the colonists exported 244 bls. of beef and pork to the south of Europe, and 2,870 tons to the West Indies—or in all about 28,944 bls.; the value of which was then estimated at about \$ 277,000. In 1791 the quantity of beef exported was 62,771 bls.—in 1807† about 84,209; the quantity of pork in the former year 27,781 bls.—in the latter‡ 39,274: and the average export of the 17 years was about 87,000 bls. of beef, and 58,000 bls. of pork. From 1808 to 1811 the beef rose from 20,101 bls. to 76,743 bls.; but sunk again through the three

* In 1811 it was 20,390,000 dollars.

† In 1804 no less than 134,896 bls.

‡ In 1804 as many as 111,532 bls.

following years to 20,297 bls. and during the first period the pork rose from 15 to 37,000 bls.; but sunk during the second to only 4,040 bls.

In 1770 the colonists exported 177,613 lbs. of butter—55,997 lbs. of cheese—and 185,143 lbs. of tallow and lard: and since we could obtain any authentic returns from our custom-houses, the yearly average exportation of these articles has been between 1 and 2,000,000 lbs.; for the greater part of which, as well as for beef, pork, and live stock, the West India islands have afforded a market. During the late European war the *British* West Indies received large quantities of our beef and pork;—and in 1804, particularly, they opened a market for no less than 45,656 bls. of the former, and 47,926 bls. of the latter. The war of Spain and Portugal, also, rendered it necessary to export to the Peninsula, during the year 1811, about 15,000 bls. of beef.—From 1803 to 1807 inclusive the average annual exports of animal produce may be estimated as follows:—of beef, tallow, hides, and live cattle \$ 1,336,000; of butter and cheese \$ 492,000; of pork, bacon, lard, and live hogs \$ 1,260,000; of horses and mules \$ 317,600; and of sheep \$ 23,300*—aggregate value on an average \$ 3,827,000 yearly: in 1807 the first fell to \$ 265,000; the second to \$ 196,000; the third to \$ 398,000; the fourth to \$ 105,000; and the fifth to \$ 4,000—the aggregate value to \$ 968,000: whence to 1811—when the aggregate value was nearly \$ 3,000,000 again—there was an annual increase of about \$ 666,666 on an average; but from that year to 1814,—when the whole was only \$ 482,000,—there was a yearly average diminution of about \$ 625,000.

III. Tobacco was an aboriginal American plant; but it is now used in some shape or other in almost every quarter of the globe. About the year 1584 it was introduced into England by sir Walter Raleigh against the violent opposition of his sovereign king James I:—in 1624, however, it became a royal monopoly; and it has always been the staple commodity of Maryland and Virginia.—For ten years preceding 1709 the average annual export of tobacco to England was about 28,858,666 lbs. A great part of what Great Britain receives is exported again to the continent of Europe;—

* In 1805 only 1,500 dollars.

inasmuch as between 1761 and 1775 the average annual import of England was more than 48,000,000 lbs. and that of Scotland more than 36,000 lbs.; of which the former exported more than 39,000 lbs., and the latter more than 34,000 lbs. The article of tobacco has always composed about one third of our exports;—and from 1791 to 1801 inclusive—though the fluctuation was extreme—the average yearly quantity was about 80,000 hogsheads of the raw,—and about 174,500 lbs. of the manufactured*—together with about 80,000 lbs. of snuff;† and from 1802 to 1807 inclusive the first was about 77,000 hogsheads, the second about 303,000 lbs., and the third about 36,000 lbs.—value of the raw about \$ 6,000,000 on an average; but the next year they sunk respectively to 9,576 hogsheads; 26,656 lbs., and 25,845 lbs.—value of the raw as before \$ 833,000. Between 1809 and 1812 inclusive the average export of raw was about 50,000 hogsheads—of the manufactured about 531,000 lbs.—of snuff about 26,000 lbs.—value of the raw, a little more than \$ 3,000,000 on an average: but in 1813–14 the first was only about 4,000 hogsheads, the second 82,000 lbs. the third nothing,—value of the raw as before \$ 189,000. From 1806 to 1814 the average prices per hogshead at the place of exportation were 79, 88, 87, 70, 60, 60, 70, 67, 74 dollars.

“IV. Cotton is a native of the tropical regions, in every quarter of the world. It is mentioned by Herodotus as growing in India, at the time he wrote his history. It was found among the Mexicans and Peruvians, on the first discovery of America; and among the latter, the manufacture of it was carried to no inconsiderable extent. Previous to the American revolution, it was cultivated in the southern states for domestic use.

“Soon after the peace of 1783, small quantities were exported from Georgia.‡ It was not, however, cultivated to much extent, for exportation, in the United States, until about the year 1791 or 1792. Since that period, it has become the great staple of the states of South-Carolina and Georgia, and next to grain, the most valuable of all the exports of the United States.

“American cotton has been generally known by the names of sea-island and upland cotton. The former grows along the sea coast, has a black seed; is of a long staple, and is easily cleaned or separated from the seed; the latter grows

* In 1791 the number was 81,122—in 1791 only 12,801—but in 1801 no less than 472,282.

† In 1791 only 15,689—in 1796 as many as 267,000—but in 1801 only 52,297.

‡ Ramsay's History of South-Carolina.

on the upland, at a distance from the coast, has a green seed, is of a short staple, and until the invention of a machine for the purpose, was so difficult to be cleaned, or separated from the seed, as to be scarcely worth the trouble and expense of cultivation. This machine was invented by Mr. Eli Whitney, a native of Massachusetts, who was accidentally in Georgia, in the year 1795; a gentleman of education, and distinguished for his mechanical genius. This machine has enriched the southern planter by enabling him to cultivate, to the greatest advantage, one of the most valuable staples in the world.

"Before its invention, very little upland cotton was cultivated, and scarcely a single pound was exported from the United States; afterwards, the culture of this species of cotton became the principal object of the planter in South-Carolina and Georgia; and in the year 1807, more than fifty-five millions of pounds of upland cotton was exported, and which was valued at more than eleven and a half millions of dollars. It has rarely occurred, that the invention of a single machine has, at once, changed the employment of so many thousand people, and has added so much to the wealth and resources of a nation. In the year 1792, the value of the exports of the United States, was only \$20,753,098, (upland cotton, the growth of the United States, constituted very little, if any part of these exports,) and in the short period of fifteen years, a new article of export is produced, amounting in value to more than one half of that sum."* pp. 110-11.

So rapid has been the increase in the culture of cotton that though in 1791 the export was but 189,316 lbs.; the amount in 1807 was about 65,000,000 lbs.!† In the following year it sunk to about 10,000,000 lbs.; and, though more than 90,000,000 lbs.‡ in 1810, it had dwindled down to 18,000,000 lbs. in 1814,—at the average rate of about 6,000,000 lbs. annually. Great Britain has always afforded the chief market for this article;—and though our mutual commerce has at times been restricted, she received her portion by the way of the Floridas, the Azores, Madeira, Spain,

* Mr. Whitney obtained a patent for this invention, at an early period, under the laws of the United States; and has been liberally rewarded for the right of using it, by all the cotton planting states, except the state of Georgia. South-Carolina gave him, and Mr. Miller, who was concerned with him, the sum of 50,000 dollars, for the right of using the machine in that state. In the state of Georgia, his right to the invention was disputed, and his machine was used, with the exception of a few individuals, without making him any compensation. He was compelled therefore, in that state, to have recourse to the judicial tribunals for redress. Owing, however, to a defect in the first patent law, and to the powerful interest opposed to him, he was unable to obtain a decision in his favor, until thirteen years of his patent had expired. This decision was had, before the circuit court of the United States, in which judge Johnson, of South-Carolina, presided. In his charge to the jury, on the trial of the case, the judge did ample justice to Mr. Whitney, as the original inventor, as well as to the importance and utility of the invention itself.

† Value \$14,232,000.

‡ Value \$15,108,000.

Portugal, and Sweden. In 1807, according to our own custom-house books, the value of cotton exported to England was \$11,953,378; but according to the valuation of the English inspector-general the sum was about \$13,481,580; which together with what Scotland received could not have made the whole value of the import into Great Britain less than about \$15,000,000. In 1787 Great Britain imported more than 22,000,000 lbs. and in 1800 about 56,000,000 lbs. of cotton; not one pound of which was shipped from the United States:—but in 1807, when the former imported 282,667 bags, our own country furnished 171,267,—at least 40,000 more than the half; and the same proportion was continued up to 1810–11 when the whole amount in the respective years was 561,173 and 326,281 bags,—of which 240,516 of the former, and 128,482 of the latter were the produce of the southern states. Each bag or bale contains about 300 lbs; and accordingly we furnished the English in 1810, by their own accounts, with 72,154,800 lbs.—considerably more than half of their whole import. By our own custom-house books it appears that the export from the United States in 1800 was about 16,000,000 lbs.,—and in 1807 about 53,000,000 lbs.—showing an annual increase of more than 4,600,000 lbs., on an average. In the following year they fell down to 7,992,593 lbs.; but between 1809 to 1811 they rose again from 13 up to 47,000,000 lbs. by an average yearly increase of more than 11,000,000 lbs.—Europe must always depend upon tropical countries for a supply of cotton. It was one among the many projects of the late emperor Napoleon to make France supply her own consumption of this article. Circular requests were sent to the prefects of the different departments for the encouragement of its cultivation: a treatise was written by M. Lasteyrié ‘*du cotonnier, et de sa culture*’; the seed was sent for to Spain, Italy, and our own country; a premium of about 10 cents was offered on every pound which should be raised; and—that was the last we ever heard of it. France has always received the greater part of her fine cotton fabrics from Great Britain; and in 1806 her import from that country was estimated at no less than \$13,000,000. From our own country she imported about 3,800,000 lbs. upon an average between the years 1800 and 1808;—but if she received any during 1809, 10, and 11, it was by some indirect transporta-

tion.—During 1811, 12, and 13 our own consumption was on an average about 20,000,000 lbs. annually.

The next article of importance is flax-seed; of which, in 1770, the North-American colonies exported 312,612 bushels,—6,780 to England and 305,083 to Ireland,—valued then at about \$139,000. From 1791 to 1802 inclusive the yearly average export was about 280,000 bushels; and from 1803 to 1807 the number was nearly 300,000,—value about \$445,000 on an average; but in the following year the former fell to 102,000,—the latter to 131,000; and though from 1809 to 1813 inclusive the number averaged more than 224,000 bushels, and the value about \$393,000, the one sunk in the next year to 14,800 and the other to 31,000. Ireland has been the chief market for flax-seed.

Indigo is indigenous to Hindostan only;—but it was naturalized in South-Carolina, about 1741, by a miss Eliza Lucas, daughter of George Lucas, who was then the governor of Antigua;—where as well as in the other West-India islands it had been cultivated with success. Before cotton became an object of so much importance indigo was one of the principal articles exported from South-Carolina and Georgia;—inasmuch as in 1794 the quantity shipped from these two states was no less than 1,550,880 lbs.;* but in 1814 it was hardly worth the trouble of being reported. In 1748 the British parliament granted a bounty of 6d. a pound on plantation indigo, when it was worth three-fourths as much as the best that was brought from France; and in 1754 the quantity exported from South-Carolina alone was 216,924 lbs. From Nov. 1760 to Sept. 1761 the export amounted to 399,366 lbs.; and, soon after the revolution, to 1,107,000 lbs.

But besides our agricultural produce we export some manufactured articles; such as, 1st, those of domestic materials,—soap, tallow-candles, leather, boots, shoes, saddlery, hats, spirits, beer, starch, furniture, coaches, cordage, canvass, linseed-oil, iron, snuff, silk-shoes, wax-candles, tobacco, bricks, turpentine, wool, cotton-cards;—and 2dly, those of foreign materials,—rum, refined-sugar, chocolate, gun-powder, brass, copper, and medi-

* This is the greatest quantity ever exported in one year; and a part of it was probably of foreign production.

cines. From 1803 to 1807 the export of the first class amounted to an average value of \$1,512,000; and that of the second to about \$604,000; in all to a little more than \$2,116,000: but in the following year the numbers stood respectively at \$309,000 and \$35,000,—total \$344,000; and though through the four next years they almost recovered their lost amount and were above \$1,455,000 of domestic materials—\$333,000, of foreign—of both about \$1,788,000 on an average; yet during 1813 and 1814 they were lower than ever,—being about \$300,000 of the former and \$16,000 of the latter—in all \$316,000.—The subjoined table will exhibit a summary view of the value of each department of our domestic exports from 1803 to 1814:—

Years.	Of the sea. dollars.	Of the Forest. dollars.	Of Manufac. dollars.	Total of the 3 dollars.	Of Agri. alone dollars.
1803	2,635,000	4,850,000	1,355,000	8,840,000	32,995,000
1804	3,420,000	4,630,000	2,100,000	9,880,000	30,890,000
1805	2,884,000	5,261,000	2,300,000	10,445,000	31,562,000
1806	3,116,000	4,861,000	2,707,000	10,684,000	30,125,000
1807	2,804,000	5,476,000	2,120,000	10,400,000	37,832,000
1808	830,000	1,399,000	344,000	2,573,000	6,746,000
1809	1,710,000	4,583,000	1,506,000	7,799,000	23,234,900
1810	1,481,000	4,978,000	1,917,000	8,379,000	33,532,000
1811	1,413,000	5,286,000	2,376,000	9,075,000	35,556,000
1812	935,000	2,701,000	1,325,000	4,991,000	24,555,000
1813	304,000	1,107,000	390,000	1,801,000	23,119,000
1814	188,000	570,000	246,000	1,004,000	5,613,000

From this it appears that in ordinary times the produce of agriculture constitutes about one-fourth,—of the sea about one-fifteenth,—of the forest about one-ninth,—and of manufactures about one-twentieth, of our domestic exports. In 1813 a great deal of flour and provisions was exported to Spain and Portugal; and ac-

cordingly the abridgment of our agricultural produce did not keep pace with that of the other articles.

Thus we have followed Mr. Pitkin through that part of his valuable statistical work which is devoted to the commerce of our domestic productions;—and our readers will perceive that the labour has been little else than to tread the same old beaten track of the nine digits. In order to compress our analysis into as small a space as possible, we have generally assumed some epoch when the commerce of the country has been affected by the measures of government, and, instead of following our author by stating the exports of each year seperately, we have been contented,—and we believe our readers will be contented,—with the mere average yearly numbers for the respective periods. This process has had the double effect of diminishing our article and of increasing our labour:—but the subject is well worthy of our pains; and we hope at some future time to finish the two remaining divisions of the work,—that which is devoted to our commerce of foreign productions,—and that which contains the history of our national debt.



1. *Edgar: A National Tale.* By Miss Appleton, author of *Private Education*, &c. In three vols. 12mo. pp. 826. London 1816.
2. *Carmen Nuptial: Or the Lay of the Laureate.* By Robert Southey. London, 1816. 12mo. pp. too many.

THE first of these books is dedicated to her royal highness the princess Charlotte of Wales, and of Saxe Cobourg Saalfeld; and is one of those silly rhapsodies with which loyal enthusiasm has so often gorged the public of Great Britain. The authoress was resolved that it should be thoroughly original; and, as any body could write in prose, and call the production a *Novel*, Miss Appleton thought she would gain no distinction without writing a book “between poetry and prose” (Pref. p. 8,)—and inventing a new title of Grecian and Roman etymology. *Epicast*, from *επος* and *castus*—chaste narration—was to be the new term with which the

authoress intended to enrich our literary nomenclature:—but fortunately she had friends; and they were friends indeed; for it was by their suggestion that Miss Appleton consented, for this time, not to make herself absolutely ridiculous. This, however, we are given to understand, is only a temporary abandonment; and our authoress has substituted the plain, unvarnished word *Tale*—merely because ‘it is (she thinks) sufficiently authorized by general use.’

But to be serious,—we have chosen to take some notice of the books before us in order to correct a prejudice which is too widely diffused through our country—that every production of the English press must of course be excellent. We will hazard the assertion, that, proportionally to the whole number of books published in the respective countries, there are more nonsensical productions in British, than in American literature. In England there are nearly a *thousand* professional authors,—in the United States there is hardly a dozen:—in the former, again, we suppose there cannot be published less than *twelve hundred* new original books every year,—in the latter we question whether there are more than *fifty*. All the good English authors are sure of finding their way across the Atlantic; while the bad ones,—like our own bad ones,—are obliged to slumber at home. Our judgment on the general character of English literature will necessarily be formed from a perusal of such works as we are permitted to see; and we have no chance of being disabused, except when the nature of the subject or some other circumstance extraneous to the merits of the book itself, is sufficient to import one of their bad productions into our own country. Such we suppose to have been the fate of the novel on our table:—and to show those of our readers, who do not know already, that there are writers in England of what Englishmen sneeringly call the true *American stamp*,—we shall proceed to make a few extracts from Miss Appleton’s national *Epicast*. They will then be able to judge for themselves, whether it merits the epithet of *chaste*, in any thing but the matter of the Tale. Thus the first book opens:—

“Hail, my country! thou England greatly superb and generously tender—guardian of liberty, protector of innocence;—thou who hast for ages immemorial succoured the oppressed, subdued the proud, and wept on the fallen. Fair Isle, which hast a tear for every misery, a hero for every exploit, a heart for

every sentiment; whose smile is caught up with ecstasy by surrounding empires, and whose frown causes nations to tremble. Sweet Albion, I salute thee!

"And thou precept, child of virtue, without whose influence the soul of man degenerates from its noble purpose; thou who alone drawest the line between civilized man and savage, I bow to thy supreme influence, and I hail thee!

"I would chant thy renown of old, my country; precept, I would tell of thy power: angel of virtue, guide my pen, and genius of England, do thou inspire me!

We hardly know where to begin next; for it is all alike. But read, if you can, the following description of a table. 'The dainty head of the fine ox,' 'the *sweet-breathing* cow,' the '*generous* plants,' and 'the *jocund* ale' will be peculiarly relished.

"Three tables of an hundred feet in length were filled with guests. The pure flocks of British sweet pasture; the bleating calf which had two days before, bounded among wild thyme and marjoram of the southern mountain; the fine ox that had tossed his dainty head at the tenderest blade—all had bent to the necessity of man. They graced the hospitable board, submissive to the lord of creation. The sweet breathing cow refused not her share of nutriment; bowls of the richest cream and milk, with the most healthful roots, and, above all, the staff of life from the least and most generous of plants, were added in noble profusion. No one needed solicitation; no heart would wrong the host, or draw a crimson blush of shame on the cheek of the young baron, by desiring an assurance of welcome. Edgar watched his father.—"Heed me not, my son," returned he; "fill the spacious goblet; send round the enlivening mead; broach the *jocund* ale, and let merriment shake the vaulted roof."

The sentence which follows is still more exquisite. Here, in pursuance of her determination to be original in all things, Miss Appleton inverts the vulgar order of nature, by making liquor rise *headlong* to the *surface*; and we almost wonder she did not think of inverting the common form of typography, by introducing the old method of boustrophedon. "The fomented liquor mantles *headlong* to the *surface* (says she) and turbulently hisses over the brim; the lip stoops down to kiss the *firetty* anger, and quells its bubbling rage." A writer in this strain, could not long prevent herself from breaking out into downright poetry. Even here the words *hiss* and *kiss* had like to have jingled into rhyme; and on the next page the authoress could contain no longer:—

"Bellow, ye trumpets of fame!

For whom?

For him that is brave,

That can ride on a wave,

That can sing on a spear,
That can grin at death near,
When country or king needs the same.

Blast the trump!

'Tis for the dead.

Hark! they toss the haughty head."

From these peaceful scenes we are now to conduct our readers to the field of battle,—where 'innumerable *shoals* begin their *archery*,' and some of the combatants must stop occasionally to 'give wonder breath,'—a thing, by the way, which *we* have often stopped to do in the perusal of the *Epicast*.

"Now the innumerable shoals of French begin their archery; which is hotly returned upon them by the men of England. Arrows whirled in the air as the dust, which is poised for a moment in the hurricane's top, and then clouds as it precipitates. The horse of the enemy, assailed from every point, fall back over their lords, and open the confusion. A few English men at arms dash forward, and broach close carnage.

"Meantime, in front of the battail, with his four esquires, fought the lord James Andley. Opposition sank at his approach, and even the most valiant of the foe startled, and stopped to give wonder breath. But now the earls of Warwick, Salisbury, and Suffolk, tear down another quarter, with sword, spear, and battle axe; and the enemy's second battail, in dismay, falls back upon their commander, the duke of Normandy. Hotter than ever waxed the strife, thick fly the arrows from every side, whilst proud England's banner waved high over the enemy's ground."

We could amuse our readers with recitations of many more passages in the same strain;—but we are afraid they will listen to us no longer. Miss Appleton has been unfortunate in almost every particular:—and it is hardly possible to conceive how she should think of complimenting the princess of Saxe Cobourg by Elgiva her parallel character,—a name which is associated with every thing unfortunate in English royal matches.

We are more disposed to commiserate than to criticise Mr. Southey on this occasion. Every topic in the circle of his profession had been successively resorted to from 'his master Spencer' down to himself: they had all sung the same tune in its different changes till the permutation and combination of the eight notes were absolutely exhausted; yet a *carmen nuptiale* must be produced:—and what could he do? We can only tell our readers what

he *has* done. The prince and princess of Cobourg are placed in a convenient nursery; where they sit and receive successive lectures from personifications of Britannia, the British constitution, and all the numerous departments of English church and state. When the exhibition is over,—which by the way is the most monotonous imaginable,—he winds up his Lay with an *envoy* of “go little book,” &c.

Here then let us quit these tame productions; and see if it be not possible to obtain from other British publications on the same subject, something of more interest and importance relative to prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg. As Englishmen have no more fighting to do for the present, the whole energies of the nation are turned to reading all sorts of books; and if any subject accidentally acquires importance, or can be forced to acquire it, the whole literary corps immediately set themselves to work: every language and every library is laid under contribution; nor do the pursuers give over the search until every item of information is hunted up and sent into the world. This has been particularly true with respect to the marriage of prince Leopold with princess Charlotte. The covers of almost all the English magazines are filled with advertisements of books relating to one or the other of the parties; and, however obscure might have been the history of the house of Saxony at the beginning of this year, it will be as familiar as the spelling-book before the commencement of the next.

Prince Leopold was born Dec. 16, 1790; and is the third son of Frederic Josias, who commanded in chief the allied armies at the commencement of the French revolution, and whose name was associated by his enemy with that of Pitt as a bye-word of reproach. As the house of Saxony was somewhat connected with that of Russia, prince Leopold entered the Russian,—and for a similar reason his brother prince Ferdinand entered the Austrian army. When the former was about fifteen years old, (in 1806) the French stormed and took the castle of Saalfeld: prince Leopold was driven away with the rest of the family; and as soon as Buonaparte was informed that his brother prince Earnest, now duke of Cobourg, was in the Prussian army, he ordered possession to be taken of his territories, and a contribution to be levied upon the circumjacent country. In 1810 Napoleon insisted that

prince Leopold should quit the Russian, and prince Ferdinand the Austrian service:—but they both were resolute in refusal; and accordingly the French minister,—to whom was referred, under the mediation of Russia, the adjustment of the limits of Cobourg,—told the negotiators plainly—*que l'empereur ne ferait rien pour ses ennemis*—that the emperor did nothing for his enemies. Prince Leopold went to Paris for the purpose of remonstrating;—but he was briefly assured that the alternative was the loss of the principality, or the resignation of his office: such an assurance was decisive; and he sacrificed his own prospects to the welfare of his family. During 1811 he devoted himself to the reparation of the family estate; but in the following year he again tendered his services to the emperor of Russia. Alexander thought the step permature; and the prince accordingly set out on a distant tour to *Vienna, Italy, and Switzerland.*

In 1813 he co-operated with his two brothers in attempting the emancipation of Germany; and while Ernest was negotiating at Berlin, and Ferdinand at Vienna, Leopold first repaired to Munich, and afterwards to Poland,—where the emperor of Russia accepted of his second offer of entering the imperial army. Thus he acquired the reputation of being the first to break the Confederation of the Rhine. On the 2nd May, of the same year, he was in the battle of Lutzen,—on the 20th and 21st, in that of Bautzen: and during the negotiations at Prague he is said to have been the only stranger who was admitted to interviews with the Emperor Francis. When the armistice was at an end he repaired to the frontier of Saxony; and on the 26th, assisted prince Eugene of Wurtemberg in defending the fortress of Königstein against a brisk attack of general Vandamme. On the following day the corps took position on the side of Pirna: prince Leopold was entrusted with the command of the cavalry; and the French were repulsed in a second attack. But Osterman's division—to which he had been attached—was now obliged to retreat; and on the 29th, he was so closely engaged with the enemy that the capture of prince Leopold was stated in the bulletin of the emperor Napoleon. During the whole retreat, in short, prince Leopold was now and then obliged to turn and fight; and his conduct on these occasions procured for him the cross of the military order of St. George,

which was bestowed by Alexander on the field of battle, the 30th of August, 1813. For the same reason he was subsequently invested with the Austrian military order of Maria Theresa.

Prince Leopold, with his cavalry, assisted in beating the French at Leipzig, on the 16th, 17th, and 18th, of October; and thenceforward continued with the allies till their entry into Paris on the 31st of March, 1814. He accompanied the sovereigns to England; and though they left the island in *June*, he continued there till *July*, &c. &c.

Previous to 1815 the principality of Cobourg comprised seventeen and a half German square miles,—with a population of about 57,266 souls, and an annual income of about 50,000 pounds sterling. The congress of Vienna made an addition of territory, which increased the number of inhabitants and the amount of revenue about one-third.

The Travels of Ali Bey, in Morocco, Tripoli, Cyprus, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Turkey, between the years 1803 and 1807.

Written by himself, and illustrated by nine engravings. London, 1816. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 339 and 373. Philadelphia. M. Carey. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 402 and 388.

THE publishers of the London edition pledge themselves, and offer in support of their assertion what appears to us very satisfactory testimony, that this is the genuine work of a real traveller, who is now living on the continent of Europe, much respected by the learned:—and we are assured from other sources that he is a Spaniard, by the name of Badia; who was well known in England some years ago, and was in London in 1814. Indeed there can be no question as to the genuineness of the book or the qualifications of the author. He was master, it appears, of the Arabic language; and so skilfully did he sustain his assumed character of Syrian and mussulman, that he was every where received among the jealous Moors, Arabians and Turks, not only with-

out suspicion, but with esteem and friendship. They acknowledged him as the son of Othman Bey, of the royal race of the Abasides, and gave him the titles of *el emir*, ‘the prince;’ *el fakih*, ‘doctor of the law;’ *escherif*, ‘of the blood of Mohammed,’ and, ‘servant of the house of God.’ In his work, however, he does not admit that he played the impostor. On the contrary, he tells us, with very amusing gravity, of his ablutions, his fasts, his prayers, and his opinions on controverted doctrinal points. But he speaks occasionally of the superstitions of his fellow-disciples in a manner so irreverent, and his sneers are so often visible in the midst of his professions, that we should be satisfied, without any other proof, that he was no true believer in the prophet of Medina.

He acquaints us, in the introduction to his book, that, having studied the sciences which are cultivated in Europe, he determined to visit the Mahometan States, and, while engaged in performing a pilgrimage to Mecca, to observe the manners, customs and nature of the countries through which he should pass, in order that he might make the journey of some utility to the country which he might at last select for his abode.

Accordingly, on the 23d of June, 1803, he embarked at Tariffa, in Spain, and, after crossing the straits of Gibraltar, in four hours arrived at Tangiers. His remarks on this occasion are striking:

“The sensation which we experience on making this short passage for the first time, can be compared only to the effect of a dream. Passing, in so short an interval of time, to a world absolutely new, and which has not the smallest resemblance to that which we have quitted, we seem to have been actually transported into another planet.

“In all countries of the world the inhabitants of the neighbouring states are more or less united by mutual relation: they amalgamate in some degree together, and intermix so much in language, habits and customs, that we pass from one to the other by gradations almost imperceptible. But this constant law of nature does not prevail between the inhabitants of the two shores of the straits of Gibraltar: they, notwithstanding their vicinity, are as much strangers to each other as a Frenchman to a Chinese.

“In the countries of the east, if we observe successively the inhabitants of Arabia, Syria, Turkey, Walachia and Germany, a long series of transitions marks, in some manner, almost all the different degrees which separate the barbarian from the civilized man. But here the observer, in the same morning, touches the two extremities of the chain of civilization, and, within the petty

space of two leagues and two-thirds (which is the shortest distance between the two coasts), he finds a difference of twenty centuries." Vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

The name and attainments of Ali Bey soon gained him notice. His manners and address were so insinuating that he associated with the most powerful and distinguished of the inhabitants, and obtained considerable influence over them. His accurate predictions of eclipses especially, caused him to be regarded by them as a wonderful being. Muley Suliman, the sultan of Morocco, happening at this time to visit Tangier, Ali Bey was presented to him, and very favourably received. The sultan asked him many questions concerning the countries he had visited, the languages he spoke, and the sciences he had studied,—praised God for having caused him to leave the country of the infidels,—regretted that he had deferred so long his visit to Morocco,—and invited him to accompany him to Mequinez and Fez. The traveller proceeded to these cities, and afterwards to Morocco; where he met with the sultan again, and received from him many honourable attentions and gratifications;—among others, the absolute donation of a villa called Semelalia, with the lands, gardens, olive-tree plantations and town-house attached to it. He next visited Mogador, and returned to Morocco, where he was attacked with a severe illness. On his recovery he informed the sultan of his approaching departure for Mecca. The sultan, he assures us, was very anxious to detain him still longer, and made him very brilliant offers for that purpose; but without success. The traveller was inflexible; and he set out for Algiers, by the way of Fez, where he was delayed a considerable time. From thence he proceeded to Oushda, and here his progress was again stopped, in consequence of the news he received that a revolution had broken out in Algiers, and that much blood had been shed between the Turks and Arabs, in that part of the country through which he had purposed to pass. At the same time the sultan, whom the intrigues of Ali Bey's enemies had now rendered inimical to him, sent a military party to watch his movements. The commander of this escort took him back to Larash, where he was compelled to embark alone,—his people being forcibly prevented from accompanying him,—on board a corvette, bound to Tripoli, which the sultan had ordered to be prepared for his reception. The traveller suffered much during

this journey, in crossing an extensive sandy desert, entirely destitute of water, and in which not a tree was to be seen, nor a rock which could offer a shelter or a shade. ‘A transparent atmosphere, an intense sun darting his beams upon our heads, a ground almost white, and commonly of a concave form, like a burning glass, slight breezes, scorching like a flame,’—present (we are told) a faithful picture of this frightful district. The narrative of the sufferings of the party in this desert, and of their providential deliverance from perishing with thirst, is highly interesting.

The greater part of the first volume is occupied with the traveller’s observations on the government, religion, customs and manners of Morocco. The administration of what is called justice in that country is thus described:—

“The kaid, lying on a carpet and some cushions, prepares to hear both parties, who are placed, squatting down, near the door of the hall, and the discussion begins. Sometimes the kaid and the parties begin speaking, or rather bawling aloud, altogether, for a quarter of an hour, and without any possibility of understanding each other, till the soldiers, who are always standing behind the parties, strike them violently with their fists, to make them silent. The kaid then pronounces his judgment, and directly afterwards both the parties are turned out of doors by the soldiers, with redoubled blows, and the sentence is executed without remission. It is a remarkable circumstance that all who present themselves for judgment before the kaid, are, after the decision, turned out in this manner by the soldiers, who continually cry out, “*sirr, sirr*” (run, run) Sometimes the kaid gives audience at the door of his house: In this case he is seated in a chair, and a crowd presses round him.” Vol. i. p. 34.

In extraordinary cases he sometimes sends the parties to the *cadi*, or civil judge. The proceedings before the last mentioned officer are said not to be quite so tumultuous as those before the kaid. ‘His decisions are taken from the precepts of the Koran and from tradition, so far as they are not in opposition to the pleasure of the sovereign. After a case has been judged by the kaid or by the *cadi*, there is no appeal for the parties but to the sultan himself. There are no intermediate tribunals.’

Concerning the mode of living of the Moors, their food, the arrangements of their repasts, their dress, their domestic economy, their amusements, their architecture, their music, their sciences (if they may be so called), their nuptial and funeral cere-

monies, the author presents us with many minute and curious particulars.

“ When the marriage contract has been signed, the family of the bridegroom sends generally some presents to that of the bride: they are carried thither by night, in much ceremony, with a great number of lamps, candles and torches, and accompanied by a band of those wretched musicians whom I have already noticed, and also by a troop of women, uttering shrill exclamations.

“ The bride is conducted in form to her husband, with a retinue like that which attends the children at their circumcision. The first time that I saw this ceremony at Tangier was about six in the morning. The young bride was carried on the shoulders of four men, in a kind of cylindrical basket, which was lined on its outside with white linen, and covered over with a lid of a conical form, painted of various colours, like those which they put on their tables. This basket was so small that I should have thought it impossible to have placed a woman in it: it looked altogether as if they were carrying a large dish of victuals to the bridegroom. When it arrived he lifted up the lid, and then for the first time beheld his future wife.” Vol. i. pp. 39, 40.

“ The mahometan religion is extremely simple; it has no mysteries, no sacraments, no intermediate persons between God and man, known by the name of priests or ministers; no altars, images or ornaments. God is invisible, the heart of man is his altar, and every mussulman is high priest. According to the *El Hhaddiss*, or the canonical tradition, the prophet has declared the essence of his religion to consist in the following sentence: “ Mahometanism is established on “ five fundamentals; viz. The profession of the faith; ‘ *There is no God but one God, and Mouhammed is his messenger;*’ the saying of prayers, giving of “ alms, fasting on Ramadan, and making a pilgrimage to the house of God.” Notwithstanding this simplicity, there is, perhaps, not a religion in the world which has had so many commentators, expositors and writers. Its worship is divided into four orthodox rites, which are the *Hhaneffi*, the *Maleki*, the *Hhanbeli* and the *Schaffi*, names of the four Imans who founded them. The first of these rites is that observed by the Turks, the second by the people of Morocco and by the western Arabians, and the two others are followed by various tribes and nations of Arabia and Asia. With regard to the dogma these rites do not differ; their variation is only in their religious ceremonies.” Vol. i. pp. 105, 6.

Besides a firm belief in the doctrines of his religion, the obligation of giving alms is imperious on every mussulman, according to his circumstances. These alms consist of the charitable tithes, the paschal alms, the foundations of a pious nature, and the alms of common charity. The charitable tithes are equal to nearly two and a half per cent. on the amount of a mussulman’s annual

revenue. The paschal alms are those given before sun-rise to the poor, the first day of Little Easter. The paschal sacrifice consists of a sheep or a camel, which is to be killed on the first day of Great Easter. Every mussulman who keeps house must conform to this rule. After having killed the animal with his own hand, he eats a part of it roasted, and gives the rest, which must exceed a third part, to the poor. The pious foundations consist of the erection of mosques, fountains, hospitals, schools, or places of rest for the travellers. The acts of common charity, which in other religions are only recommended, are almost of absolute obligation on a mussulman. 'He dares not sit down to dinner without inviting those who are near him to partake of it, of whatever condition or religion they may be; and he cannot refuse assistance to any poor person who may apply to him, if he have the means.' In some respects, however, this religion has degenerated into a mischievous, cruel and barbarous superstition. The following account is given of the pretended Mahometan *saints*:—

“ Among the mussulmen, to be a saint is a condition of life, or rather a trade; and it is taken up and quitted arbitrarily. Sometimes it is obtained by inheritance. *Sidi Mohamed el Hadji* was a saint greatly respected at Tangier. After his death they revered his sepulchre, which was placed in the chapel which I have described; and his younger brother, who has inherited his sanctity, is also venerated. This man is a great rogue, who from time to time came to pay me a visit, which was considered as a great favour by the inhabitants. His chapel and his house are a safe retreat for all criminals who want to escape the pursuits of justice. No mussulman would dare to enter his dwelling, without having prepared for it by a legal ablution, with water taken from the well which is close to his door; but I, who, by a special grace granted to my high birth, was looked upon as superior to any of them, entered sometimes on horseback, with my servant, into the saint's abode, without any ablution whatsoever.

“ There is another saint, much respected at Tangier, who also became my friend. He was a better sort of man; for, after telling him that he was a rogue, who was cheating his fellow-citizens, he owned the truth, and laughed with me in secret at the credulity of the world. He repeated often his favourite saying, that fools are made for the amusement of men of ability.” Vol. i. p. 48.

In the persecution of the Jews these musselmen hardly fall short of the most intolerant of their christian neighbours. The

very children of the Mahomedans 'will insult and strike a Jew, whatever be his age and infirmities, without his being allowed to complain, or even to defend himself.' The quarter for the Jews, at Morocco, is by itself; and they dare not come into the town, unless barefoot. They are treated with the utmost contempt.

"Among the women of this religion who go into the streets with unveiled faces, I have seen some that were handsome, and even of great beauty. Most of them are of a fair complexion. Their rose and jasmin faces would charm Europeans; their delicate features are very expressive, and their eyes enchanting. These perfect beauties, worthy to serve as models to a Grecian sculptor, are treated with disdain, and, like all others, obliged to walk barefoot, and to prostrate themselves before ugly negro women who live with the mussulmen. The male infants of the Jews are also handsome; but as they grow up they get common, and the Jews of a certain age are all ugly. It is possible that the shocking slavery in which they live may cause this change in their countenances." Vol. i. p. 180.

These Jews, too, have their pretended saints, 'who live, and live well,' at the expense of their unfortunate, deluded brethren.

The principal cities of Morocco have numerous mosques, of which Fez alone is said to contain more than two hundred. The principal one can boast of the singularity of having a covered place for women, who may choose to participate in the public prayers. This circumstance is peculiar to this building; 'for, as the prophet has not assigned any place for women in his paradise, the Mahometans give them no places in the mosques, and have exempted them from the obligation of frequenting the public prayers.' To this circumstance, perhaps, the degradation of the female sex, in the Mahometan nations, may, in a great degree, be attributed. The mosques and sepulchres dedicated to the Mahometan saints serve as asylums for innocence against the attempts of despotism: but they also yield a shelter to the most atrocious criminals; and, in some of them, even those who commit high treason are protected.

The two greatest saints of all the empire of Morocco are *Sidi Ali Benhamet* and *Sidi Alarbi Benmate*; who almost decide on the fate of the empire. The districts in which they reside have no governor appointed by the sultan: the inhabitants pay no taxes, and are entirely ruled by them. They preach submission to

the sultan, domestic peace, and the practice of virtue. There is not a woman in the empire who would not seek an occasion to consult them; our traveller himself had once the honour of an interview with Sidi Ali, who quieted, as he gravely asserts, *some scruples in his too delicate conscience.*

The despotism which for such a long time has weighed down these countries, has brought the inhabitants to the necessity of hiding their money, and to dress and to manage their domestic economy with all possible dissimulation. ‘None of them affects the show of luxury, be he ever so rich, except the near relations of the sultan and the scherifs Edrissi.’

From Larash our traveller set sail for Tripoli, where he arrived, after a dangerous voyage, on the 11th of November, 1805. He was soon presented to the pasha, who showed him much politeness and respect. The population of this city he computes at about 12 or 15,000 souls. The civilization is much more advanced than at Morocco. European renegadoes are appointed to places of trust, and may obtain the highest rank. The christian slaves are well treated: they are permitted to serve any one, on condition of giving a part of their earnings to the government.

The income of the sovereign is not more than 1,000,000 of francs (\$200,000) annually. His guard is composed of 300 Turks and 100 Mamelukes, mounted. Besides these he has no regular troops, except in time of war: but the Arabian tribes appear at his summons, to the number of 10,000 cavalry and 40,000 infantry. The maritime force, in 1805, consisted of 11 vessels of war, mounting altogether 103 guns.

The state, or kingdom, as it is called, of Tripoli, contains, in all its vast extent, only 2,000,000 of inhabitants. The greater part of the country is a desert, and, except the capital and its vicinity, is peopled by the most miserable of the Arabs. The authority of the government is so weak that it is dangerous to leave the capital at any distance without a powerful escort.

Ali Bey, having embraced his Mahometan friends in Tripoli as usual, *with tears in his eyes*, embarked in a Turkish vessel for Alexandria; but he was compelled, by storms and the ignorance of the captain, to land, first at Modon, on the coast of the Morea, and afterwards in the island of Cyprus, where he resided two

months. He visited Cithera, Idalia and Paphos, those celebrated places, once sacred to the goddess of love and beauty, and which all the muses have contributed to embellish. A great part of the island is still adorned by the most enchanting landscapes. Its soil is fertile, and its plains are clothed with the finest verdure. Cithera, however, is now but a miserable village. The little district in which it stands furnishes a wood of mulberry trees for silk-worms, some olive and other fruit trees, and vegetables. The women of Cithera are still said to be renowned for their beauty, and much disposed to intrigues. Idalia, too, so celebrated for its groves, is now the dullest place imaginable. Its houses are badly built, and its inhabitants are very poor.

The ruins of the ancient Paphos are on the sea coast. Adjacent are some detached and isolated rocks, the inside of each of which is excavated with regularity, so as to form habitable houses. Some of these subterranean edifices have the appearance of a palace, with courts, galleries, columns, and all the elegances of architectural ornament. The vast extent and great antiquity of these ruins induce our traveller to believe that many interesting objects might be found in them, if well directed researches were undertaken, as at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Not far from this place lies what once was the sacred garden of Venus. It is a plain on the sea coast, about two miles long, and slopes gradually towards the water. ‘All the garden is now sown with grain and tobacco: there are no trees, except a few in the hollows of the rocks, and no spontaneous vegetable productions, except some miserable plants;’—‘so that the celebrated spot, which was the delight of Greece and Asia, is now become the dwelling and the tenement of a poor farmer.’ Ali Bey is of opinion that, if the population of the island, which even now amounts to 100,000 souls, were increased in the manner of which it is susceptible—if a liberal government secured the liberty and property of individuals, it would become one of the most happy countries of the earth.

From Cyprus this adventurous traveller proceeded to Alexandria, and from thence to Cairo. His remarks on Egypt we shall pass over, as they have not much novelty to recommend them. On the 15th of December, 1806, he set out, with a numerous caravan, for Suez, where, on the 26th of the same month, he em-

barked for Djedda, in an Arabian vessel. The singular construction of these ships, and the singular mode of navigating the Red sea, which is studded all over with dangerous rocks, are minutely described. On the 22d of January, 1807, he arrived at the city of Mecca, where he remained a considerable time, and performed all the ceremonies appointed for the Mahometan pilgrims. This city, the kaaba, or house of God, which it contains, with the surrounding territory, to a considerable extent, is esteemed sacred, and is interdicted to all unbelievers in the faith of Islam. On this account Ali Bey's description of those places, and of the fanatical rites solemnized there, and in which he assisted, forms, perhaps, the most interesting portion of his work. When the pilgrims were upon the point of entering the great space where the house of God, or el kaaba, is situated, their guide arrested their steps,

“And, pointing with his finger towards it, said with emphasis, ‘Schouf, schouf, el beit Allah el Haram’—‘Look, look, the house of God, the prohibited.’ The crowd that surrounded me, the portico of columns half hid from view, the immense size of the temple, the kaaba, or house of God, covered with black cloth from top to bottom, and surrounded with a circle of lamps or lanterns, the hour, the silence of the night, and this man speaking in a solemn tone, as if he had been inspired, all served to form an imposing picture, which will never be effaced from my memory.” Vol. ii. p. 34.

Being arrived at the house of God, they repeated a prayer, kissed the sacred black stone, brought by the angel Gabriel, and performed the first tour round the kaaba, reciting prayers. The various circumambulations, the processions between the two hills of the city, the shavings, the potations of the water of the sacred well of Zemzem, are next described. The washing and sweeping of the floor of the kaaba are afterwards mentioned. In this sublime office, the performance of which confers the highest religious honour that a mussulman can receive in this world, the sultan scheriff of Mecca was assisted by Ali Bey, who was, in consequence, proclaimed *servant of the forbidden house of God*, and received the congratulations of the multitude. But there is an officer belonging to these ceremonies, whose functions are so extraordinary and so atrocious that we must make our readers acquainted with him. This personage is the chief of the holy well of Zemzem.

"He is a young man, about twenty-two or twenty-four years of age, extremely handsome, with very fine eyes. He dresses remarkably well, and is very polished. He has an air of sweetness which is seducing, and appears to be endowed with all the qualities which render a person amiable. As he possesses the entire confidence of the scherif, he fills the most important place. His title is the poisoner. Take courage, reader, lest I should make you tremble for me. This dangerous man was known to me the first time I went to the well of Zemzem, when he made his court assiduously to me. He gave me a magnificent dinner, and sent me every day two small pitchers of the water of the miraculous well. He even watched the moments when I went to the temple, and ran, with the most winning grace and sweetness, to present me a handsome cup, filled with the same water, which I drank to the last drop; because it would have been considered a sort of crime or impiety to have refused it.

"This wretch observes the same conduct to all the pachas and important personages who come here. Upon the slightest suspicion, or the least caprice that may arise in the mind of the scherif, he orders, the other obeys, and the unhappy stranger ceases to exist. As it is reckoned impious not to accept the sacred water presented by the chief of the well, this man is arbiter of the lives of every one, and has already sacrificed many victims.

"From time immemorial the sultan scherifs of Mecca have had a poisoner at their court; and it is remarkable that they do not try to conceal it, since it is well known, in Egypt and Constantinople, that the divan has several times sent to Mecca pachas, or other persons, to be sacrificed in this manner." Vol. ii. p. 40.

Such are the crimes and sufferings to which superstition can reconcile its abject votaries!

Mount Arafat is a principal object of the pilgrim's attention. It was in that Mount, we are told, that the common father of all mankind met Eve after a long separation; and it is believed that it was Adam himself who built the chapel upon it.

"It is here that the grand spectacle of the pilgrimage of the mussulmen must be seen—an innumerable crowd of men from all nations, and of all colours, coming from the extremities of the earth, through a thousand dangers, and encountering fatigues of every description, to adore together the same God, the God of nature. The native of Circassia presents his hand in a friendly manner to the Ethiopian, or the negro of Guinea; the Indian and the Persian embrace the inhabitant of Barbary and Morocco; all looking upon each other as brothers, or individuals of the same family united by the bands of religion; and the greater part speaking or understanding more or less the same language, the language of Arabia. No, there is not any religion that presents to the senses a spectacle more simple, affecting, and majestic! philosophers of the earth! permit me, Ali Bey, to defend my religion, as you defend spiritual things from those which are material, the plenum against vacuum, and the necessary existence of the creation."

But what a misfortune, remarks this hypocrite, that with so many advantages we should not be better than the Calvinists!

The holy land, of which Mecca is the capital, is without a single river. The political situation of this country was very singular. The sultan scherif was the immediate sovereign, but the sultan of Constantinople was acknowledged there as supreme monarch. The latter sends kadis every year to Mecca, Djedda and Medina, to exercise judicial power, but they are not permitted to interfere in the government.

The eighth chapter of the 2nd volume is devoted to the history of the Wehhabites. The founder of this sect was a rigid musulman reformer, whose object was to restore Islamism to its pristine simplicity. Confining himself to the text of the Koran, he rejected all the additions of the imams and doctors of the law. He forbids devotion or veneration to the saints, or even to the person of their great prophet. The worship which was rendered to them he held to be a grievous sin in the eyes of the divinity, because it was giving companions to God. In consequence of this doctrine, his followers have demolished many of the sanctified sepulchres and chapels. They do not trouble themselves much with polemic discussions:—They argue chiefly with their sabres; and when they cannot convert an opponent they put an end to the controversy, by cutting off his head. Ali Bey thinks that their rigid principles will prove a great obstacle to the propagation of their reform; but necessity may make them relax from their intolerance;

“And the commerce of strangers may gradually convince them of the vice of an austerity that is almost against nature. By degrees their zeal will cool. Superstitious customs, which are the support, the consolation, and the hope of the weak, the ignorant, and unhappy, will resume their empire; and from that time the reform wehhabitism will disappear, before its influence is consolidated, after having shed the blood of so many millions of the victims of religious fanaticism. Such is the melancholy vicissitude of human things!

On the other hand, I believe that the wehhabites, in the middle of their deserts, will always be invincible, not by their military strength, but by the nature of their country, which is uninhabitable by any other nation, and by the facility they have of hiding themselves in it, to withstand the attacks of their enemies. The latter may momentarily conquer,* Mecca, Medina, and the maritime towns; but simple isolated garrisons, in the midst of frightful deserts, could not hold out

* As the pacha of Egypt, Mehemed Ali, did last year.—Note of the Editor.

long. When a powerful enemy presented himself, the Wehhábites would hide themselves, with a view to fall suddenly upon, and to destroy him, at the moment when his troops were divided in search of food. This makes me imagine that they will never be subjected, for a long time at least, by the force of arms; and this is also the cause which has preserved Arabia, in all times, from a foreign dominion. Vol. ii. p. 129.

On the 2nd of March 1807 our traveller set out from Mecca for Djedda and thence proceeded to Jenboa. He attempted to visit Medina and the tomb of the prophet; but the Wehhabites, who had prohibited such visits as superstitious and sinful, arrested him and compelled him to return. Soon afterwards he sailed from Jenboa to Sucz and returned to Cairo; where he was well received by the most distinguished persons of that city. On the 3d of July he set out for Jerusalem, where he visited the magnificent monument of Mahometan architecture called the temple, or the principal holy house in Jerusalem; which is erected on the site of Solomon's temple, and into which christians are not permitted to enter. He also visited the places distinguished as the sepulchres of David, of Abraham and the virgin, the mount of Olives, the manger of Christ at Bethlem, and Calvary. From Jerusalem he proceeded to St. Jean d'Acre, and pursuing his route through Nazareth and other celebrated places, arrived on the 22nd of August at the city of Damascus. Thence he journeyed to Aleppo, to Antioch, distinguished among the cities of the Roman empire as the queen of the east, and to Constantinople, the seat of nearly all that is left of Mahomedan splendour and greatness. The Turks in general he represents as serious and even melancholy, ignorant, and brutalized by the vices of the grossest sensuality.

"Although a mussulman myself, I must own that the Turks are still barbarians. I ask pardon of those who think differently; but when I see a nation which has not the slightest idea of public right, or of the rights of man; a nation in which hardly one individual in a thousand knows how to read and write; a nation with whom there is no guarantee for private property, and where the blood of man is ever liable to be shed for the least cause, and upon the slightest pretext, without any form of trial; in short, a nation resolved to shut its eyes to the lights of reason, and to repel far from it the torch of civilization which is presented to it in all its brilliancy, will always be to me a nation of barbarians. Let the individuals who compose it wear garments of silk, or rich pelisses; establish their own ceremonials; eat, drink, and smoke a hundred different mix-

tures daily; wash and purify themselves every hour; still I shall repeat *they are barbarians*" Vol. ii. p. 372.

And again,

"I think I may venture to conclude, that it is impossible for the Turks to civilize themselves. When mention is made in other countries of the name of the grand Seignior, men generally represent to themselves a despotic sultan; whose word is law, and who takes no other council than his own caprice. Let them undeceive themselves. There is not a greater slave in the world than the grand seignior. His steps, his movements, his words throughout the whole of the year, and in all the events of his life, are measured and determined by the code of the court. Reduced to the condition of an automaton, his actions are determined like the result of mechanical impulse, by the code, the divan, the ouléma, and the janissaries. He is covered with diamonds, intoxicated with incense, surrounded with flatterers and worshippers like the great lama, or a living divinity, but his existence differs in no way from that of a machine; and as such, he will always be viewed with the greatest indifference by people who have neither harm nor good to expect from him." Vol. ii. p. 379-80.

We must not dismiss our traveller without noticing his opinion respecting the interior geography of Africa. The source of the Nile and the mouth of the Niger,—if they be two different rivers,—remain still the subjects of curiosity and conjecture: a great many hypotheses have been invented to explain the few facts which we have been able to ascertain; but, like all hypotheses founded upon partial discovery, they are either inconsistent in themselves or irreconcilable with each other; and, notwithstanding Ali Bey has reasoned with great probability on the subject, the physical interior of Africa is still a matter of considerable uncertainty. He is of opinion that there exists a mediterranean sea in the middle of the African continent, which, like the Caspian, has no visible communication with the ocean; and that, as all the rivers of which we have any knowledge—except such as are known to flow towards the east—run in a convergent direction towards the center:* it is probable that they meet in this great reservoir, where they are lost by evaporation and absorption. It is highly probable, that the Niger never finds its way to the

* Those of the Atlas and of the Desert from the S. and S. E.; the Niger and those of the mountains of Kong, from the N. E. and E.; the Misselad, the Kulla, besides many smaller ones from the N. W.; the Kuku, the Gazel, and some others from the S. and S. W.

ocean. That river and the Senegal have a common source in the mountains of Kong,—the one taking its direction to the north-east, and reaching Gimbala, on the borders of the Sahhara, after running 400 miles,—the other directing itself to the north-west, and after a course of about an equal distance, arriving at Faribe, on the frontiers of the same desert. Here all declivity is at an end; and the Senegal is obliged to find the ocean by a great many sinuosities;—nor does it reach the coast at last without leaving behind a numerous collection of lakes and marshes:—facts which are almost demonstrative that were there 100 miles further to go, it would never reach the place of destination,—but be lost entirely in the flat and sandy country through which it has to pass. What then shall we say of the Niger,—which at Gimbola is yet 360 miles distant from the ocean, and is obliged to work its way through a country exactly the counterpart to that of the Senegal?—The same reasoning is applicable to all the other rivers which converge towards the center of the continent;—and in short there is no way of reconciling our present knowledge of Africa with geographical analogy, but by supposing a mediterranean sea like that which we have been considering. On no other hypothesis can we account for the existence of a tract of country thirty-three and a half degrees in breadth—the longitudinal distance from the source of the Niger to that of the Musselad,—and more than twenty degrees in length from the southern declivity of Atlas and the other mountains along the Mediterranean, to the northern declivity of the mountains of Kong and the sources of the river Bahar Kulla:—from all which not one drop of water flows into the exterior seas of Africa. It cannot be denied that our traveller has at least great plausibility on his side.

But all doubts on these subjects will probably be removed by the two exploratory expeditions which were sent some time ago from England to Africa;—the one to travel through the interior to the banks of the Niger and proceed down that river as far as possible,—the other to ascend and ascertain the sources of the Zahir, or great river of Congo.

On the whole we consider this work as one of the most interesting of the class to which it belongs. It is embellished with

several plates. In the translation from the French many gross errors have been committed.

The French word *voyage*, where it means a journey by land, is rendered by the English word *voyage*, which is only applicable to a journey by sea. Nor, is it only with gallicisms we have to find fault. On some occasions the translator appears ignorant of both the languages with which the task he undertook required him to be well acquainted. The word *commentations*, which he uses (vol. 1, page 94,) instead of commentaries, is neither French nor English, nor in the sense intended, is it Latin anglicised. Such blunders are disgraceful to English literature. If they had occurred in a work originally American, what a fine subject they would have afforded for the blunt satire and clumsy jokes of the Quarterly Reviewers! Should there be a second American edition of the work, we would recommend the publisher to rebuke his brethern of London by causing these errors to be corrected.

Poems. By William Maxwell, Esq. 18mo. pp. 168. Philadelphia. M. Thomas, 1816.

THERE are some good things in this little volume of American poetry. Mr. Maxwell seems to have that ability and ease of composition which is always indicative of practice; and there is now and then a vivacity and fineness of thought in these careless effusions which, if it cannot aspire to the character of true poetry, is nevertheless a pleasurable attribute in all kinds of composition. We have not space enough to prove our assertion by voluminous extracts; but our readers will perceive our meaning from the following introduction to "The Bards of Columbia,"—which by the way is the best poem in the book:—

How often will you ask me, dearest Dwight,
When I can live at ease, why don't I write?
Let me reserve the question if you please,
Why should I write when I can live at ease?
Perhaps indeed, if I could fondly hope
To write like Dryden, or his brother Pope,
And make myself immortal by my quill;
Why yes, I might go on to scribble still.
But now to write in these prosaic times,
When few, if any, care a fig for rhymes,
And still to write what nobody will read,
No doubt a fellow must be mad indeed. pp. 29--30.



CHRONICLE.

We present to our readers a letter, lately published in England, in order that they may see the usual style in which the American nation and its government are spoken of in that country, subjoining some remarks on the charges it contains.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD VISCOUNT MELVILLE.

MY LORD,

Harrow, 25th January, 1816.

BEING deeply impressed with the desire of my country's glory and prosperity, and being equally impressed with the undeniable truth, that these are so connected, so interwoven with the preponderance of her naval power, that it prompts me to continue a subject that must therefore be of the last importance to the nation. I address your lordship, because at the head of the naval administration of the country; but the subject claims the serious attention of every individual composing his majesty's government, of every man of influence, of every reflecting man in the island of Great Britain. I have already observed that it would be desirable the government should keep a watchful eye over those men to whom the nation must look as the principal guardians of her prosperity and commerce, and most minutely, that they be not seduced from their allegiance, and to rank themselves with a people notorious for the arts they have practised, the temptations they have held out, to effect this, and the impatient jealousy with which they view the naval power of Great Britain. I have no intention of adding to the breach that has been opened, nor any desire that it should not be perfectly closed up and heal-

ed; but I can in no manner perceive that it is to be done by hostile aggression on the one side, and dishonourable forbearance on the other. I can in no manner perceive that this is to be effected by the British nation tamely submitting to the seducing of her seamen from their allegiance, in the ports of the United States of America, or by suffering herself to be overborne by republican turbulence and clamour.

The impressing of American seamen out of their merchant vessels, by British men of war, has resounded, not only from one end of America to the other, but throughout Europe; but has the *infamous crimping* of British seamen, and the seducing of them from their allegiance, in harbours of the United States of America, has this been as publicly exposed? These transactions have borne such features, that even the honourable of that people have felt indignant at acts which stigmatised their moral character as a nation, and all their pretensions to rational liberty.

The following account is taken from a newspaper:—

“The Americans are using every exertion to place their navy on a formidable footing; not a vessel arrives at New York from this country, without her crew being immediately seduced into the American service. The *bounty* given to *deserters from the British naval service* is *forty dollars*; and their pay is *twelve dollars monthly*. Of the crew of the *Rolla*, consisting of sixteen prime seamen, *eight entered on board of the Java, American frigate*, the day after her arrival at New York, and the others entered on board of American merchantmen.

“Captain M'Ewen, of the *Rolla*, complained of these deserters, through the medium of Mr. Moore, the English vice-consul at New York; but, so far from obtaining redress from the American government, captain M'Ewen was fined *four hundred dollars, for unlawfully imprisoning American citizens*. It appears that the seamen belonging to the *Rolla* had been secretly *provided with certificates of American citizenship*, at the moment of quitting the vessel. Mr. Moore made every exertion to support the claims of Britain to her subjects; but the Americans set his *authority at defiance*.”

Who, my lord, can read this without indignation? Can there be any reason for doubting this circumstantial statement, coming from Liverpool, where the *Rolla* lately arrived; and, if well authenticated, was ever the government of the country more loudly called upon to interfere in behalf of the nation? Such proceedings are most hostile to the essential interests of Great Britain. If avowed by the American government, and the delinquents protected, can such transactions be viewed in any other light than acts of hostility? And what becomes of the decree of the legislature of the United States, “that no *foreign seamen* should serve on board of their vessels? and that six years' residence in their territories should be required, to give a title to citizenship?” If British seamen are to be converted in a moment into American citizens, by the arts of seduction practised by unprincipled men

in that country, shall this nation look on, in a state of apathy, at a measure of political hostility, which, if suffered to proceed to any extent, would ultimately prove pregnant with greater evil to these realms than the arms of America could have done, although leagued with the most cruel despotism that has appeared for centuries, and which has spread the fearful gloom of demoralization over the mass of the French population.

Whether it be known in America or not, it is well known in Europe, that the arms of Britain, for above twenty years, proved the firmest barrier against the universal triumphing of that despotism, and that into her arms the oppressed of the continent fled, and that to her power groaning nations became suppliants, to free their necks from the galling yoke. Is it not then shamelessly impudent in the turbulent trans-atlantic demagogues to accuse this nation of being at the head of every despotic plan in Europe? Indeed, such a perversion of truth deserves the most marked contempt, not only from every honourable mind in Europe, but also in America; by all men untainted with those false principles that have so long misled the nations from the paths of happiness and peace. Some allowance may be made for the ebullitions of those spirits, who, inflamed by the phantom of modern illumination, transplanted themselves into another soil, because that of the British isles would not yield inflammation equal to the demand of their towering imaginations; and also for the later flights of infidels from France, who, remembering the decisive and storming overthrow of Waterloo, may vent their disappointment in unjust reproaches against the nation that chiefly effected the accomplishment of an event so ardently desired by the congregations of Europe. But, after all those allowances are made, it must be grieving to every honourable mind in the old, as well as in the new continent, to perceive that this spirit is fostered in the official paper of the government of the United States, by which its spirit is manifested. It has lately sought occasions of quarrelling with Great Britain, that it might rank itself on the side of the late French government, the most fearful scourge of the nations that ever appeared, and invented accusations, the most popular of which, "the impressment of seamen," was even denied by its own subjects, who had the best opportunities of knowing how far the accusation was founded on truth. Many proofs might be adduced, during the period the American government was using every effort to inflame the minds of its subjects against this country, how it trampled upon the rights of British seamen, and even on the dictates of humanity; but I shall content myself with two in 1811, vouched by American authority, and publicly recorded in that country, by honourable men, who detested the false accusations and overbearing spirit of the demagogue faction that prevailed in their country.

"The schooner *L'Ant*, from Bourdeaux to the Isle of Bourbon, put into the harbour of New York. Amongst the crew were two American seamen, &c. and five British seamen, who, having

been for some years prisoners of war, escaped from the place of their confinement to Bourdeaux, where they passed for and shipped as Danes; but, their being British seamen having been discovered on the passage, when the schooner arrived at New York, *they were thrown into prison*, on the 26th of April. there to be kept, that they might be *sent back to France* in the schooner. Aware of the consequences of being taken back, the British seamen made affidavit before D. T. Blake, esq. commissioner for the Supreme court of the state of New York, of their being British seamen, and praying the protection of the British consul. They also solicited the interposition of other gentlemen, who, actuated by motives of humanity, and indignant at so *impudent an attempt* to pervert the municipal regulations of the United States to *instruments of abhorred tyranny*, interposed their exertions to prevent these unfortunate men being *taken back to France*, as intended, and finally, though with *great trouble*, procured their discharge, on the 26th of June last, they having been *two months confined*. And in three days after, Jacob Dudds, Anthony Amphine and William Berry, three of the British seamen, shipped in a vessel, supposed to be the *Hercules*, bound to New Orleans, and thence to Europe, having had *American protections* procured for them by a most notorious crimp, whose name and place of abode are well known; and, in four or five days after, Wm. Hunt, *alias* Michael Laughlin, and Thomas Evans, shipped in the American brig *Eliza*, on a voyage to Oporto, having protections provided for them by the unprincipled wretch above alluded to, and a certificate given by colonel Barclay, British consul in the district of New York, to Michael Laughlin, of his having been a prisoner in France, and effected his escape, to prevent his being treated as a deserter by any of the British men of war he might fall in with, was taken from him by the above-stated *manufacturer of American citizens*, and hawked about with every illiberal remark, as well as *indignity* and *contempt* that a being at once so despicable, and so dangerous to society, could offer to it, or make upon it."

Previous to this statement the writer observes, "that this is but one instance of the *many unjustifiable transactions*, of a similar nature, that *daily occur* in the city of *New York*, and of occurring there to such an *alarming extent*, what must they not be presumed to be in the cities and sea-ports of the United States collectively," &c.? Such is the testimony of an honest American; and the whole of the transactions, for tyranny, seduction and insolence, are worthy of the ally of the late French government. A *government* and *magistracy*, under whose eyes such scenes have been acted with approbation, or even indifference, must be seriously perverted, as to honour and morals, and transcendently presumptuous, in afterwards accusing Great Britain of exercising tyranny upon the seas, when searching for her *lawful subjects* on board of American vessels, thus tyrannically, dishonourably and hostilely

entreated and seduced from their allegiance, in aiding the views of a tyrant, who "opened not the house of his prisoners."

By an affidavit, "sworn before Charles Christian, esq. special justice of the peace for the city of New York, and certified by Mr. Robert McComb, clerk of the Sessions, and of Oyer and Terminer, at New York, August 1st, 1811, it appears that John Harrington, James Young, Joseph Armstrong, John Quinny and George Adamson, sailed from this port of Sunderland, in the brig Rachel, J. McDonald master, on a voyage to New York, and thence back to Greenock; that, while at New York, they had leave to go on shore, and continued until the morning, when, returning through East George street, they were accosted by a man, calling himself David Reed, and the friend of sailors, who insisted upon treating them, and introduced a *two gallon jug of milk punch*, with which he plied them, and afterwards with more, until they were intoxicated, when he endeavoured to persuade them to go on board of a vessel in North river, and they had nothing to do but say they were *American citizens*, and *no other questions would be asked*, as he was in the *habit of getting it done daily*. Reed then sent for a person, with whom he agreed to receive *forty dollars* for each; and that, after receiving the 200 dollars, he procured a number of *constables*, or *persons in that character*, and *compelled them, by force and violence*, to go into a boat, ready to take them on board of the *President*, commodore Rodgers. When on board they were brought before him, and required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, which they peremptorily refusing to do, he sent them on shore again, when they were *immediately arrested for the money advanced to Reed*, a small part only of which had been given them."

While on board of the *President*, they *saw and spoke to numbers of their countrymen*; who informed them that they had been *seduced and defrauded in like manner by Reed*. Now, my lord, these are indubitable facts, stated by honest Americans themselves, who admitted that numerous instances, of a similar nature, were daily transacted in their country, at the time mentioned, and which appear to be now in full exercise. Yet the ears of Europe are to be dummed, by the American government and its emissaries, with the cries of *sailors' rights* and *the freedom of the seas*.

In the cases recited it is evident what are, and what has been, the *rights of British seamen* in the ports of the United States, beset by the artifices of seduction, by infamous crimps, under the patronage of those in higher situations; their rights trampled upon in a manner which the bey of Tunis or the dey of Algiers would blush at.

If the American government were to own its want of power to correct such dishonourable transactions, such inhuman treatment, within its territories, of the subjects of a foreign power, or its *total ignorance* of such transactions, would it not acknowledge itself an imbecile and ignorant thing, altogether unfit for its situa-

tion, if it have no power to repress the hostile acts of its subjects against the rights of foreign nations, and those of their subjects.

The world knows the issue of the court martial on commodore Rodgers, for his contest with the *Little Belt*, British sloop of war, and that the evidence of *all his officers and men* (except two) affirmed that the sloop of war fired first into his *ship of the line*, carrying *thirty-two twenty-four long guns, and twenty-two thirty-two-pound carronades*, besides other cannon, making *sixty pieces*. Do you, my lord—does any man in this island—does any man in America, who is in possession of the fact, believe these affirmations? And, if they be contrary to truth, are they not a most dishonourable blot on national character? Englishmen, who were on board of the *President* at the time, *seduced*, as heretofore described, and who escaped to this country after her return into port, affirmed that the *first gun* was *fired from the President*, not designedly, but by accident, a man having incautiously entangled himself with the laniard by which the trigger was drawn. This is also well known in America. Such evidence as that produced by the *President*, is then worthy of the Neys, the Lavalettes, and all the tribe of French atheists.

It is evident that the desire of the honourable and peaceable contained in the population of the United States of America is at variance with the demagogue faction by which the government of that country is connected. It is also evident that, while this faction countenances and abets such transactions as have been described, there can be no prospect of a lasting peace between Great Britain, and a government actuated by such a spirit; for, by sanctioning the acts of seduction of the nation described, it becomes amenable to the nation whose rights are thus invaded, and by such hostile aggression commits itself, together with the people over whom it is suffered to preside.

I pretend not to the spirit of prophesy; but I certainly believe, that the measures adopted by the American government, for some years past, its ambition in extending its already unwieldy territory, and the hostility it has breathed towards Great Britain, manifestly injurious to the best interests of its subjects, and even upon pretences denied by those subjects, who had the best opportunities of knowing the truth of its accusations;* these acts, however they be considered by the generality of mankind, are plain indications of a hastening to a dissolution of the United States. The

* The accusation of British men of war impressing American seamen from American vessels was publicly denied by the trading interest of the state of Massachusetts, who asserted that for *thirty years* they had frequented the ocean, had been visited by many British men of war, but never knew a *real American* impressed during the period.†

† In the face of this public denial of the trading interest of Massachusetts upwards of 2000 impressed American seamen were given up by the British government at the peace of 1815.—*Ed. N. C.*

seeds are already sown, and have appeared. Happy will those provinces be, who shake off a connection with men influenced by views hostile to the interests of their country; and by passions at variance with humanity, and debasing to the character of any people, much more so of those who would wish to be thought amongst men, the most just, and most peaceably inclined.

But before that vast extent of territory assumes a political appearance, differing from its present aspect, there is, to say the least, a great probability of another appeal to arms between them and the land of their progenitors. Every true son of this Island must earnestly desire that the appeal should be energetic and decisive; that our naval character be not again committed by vessels of war having to contend with those of the same *nominal rate*, though far superior in number of men and cannon, in weight of metal, and size of vessel. Of this description have been the American triumphs, shamelessly represented to the world as gained over an equal force, yet they may be justly challenged to produce *one instance*. We know, that British ships of war have triumphed over Americans, superior in equipment; and may we not hope, through the blessing of divine Providence, that, while, as a nation, we pursue the paths of honour and justice, we shall always have the inclination and ability of giving the false detractors of our arms, practical lessons that will refute their calumnies.

No friend to humanity and peace can have any desire to witness a renewal of hostilities between the two countries; but if the insulted honour of the British nation should be compelled to demand reparation, by a continued system of those acts that have been mentioned, as the government of this country is now well acquainted with the nature of the *force* the British navy will have to contend with, must it not be considered a most imperative duty to prepare for the probable event, that must prove highly important to this country, as the eyes of Europe would be intensely fixed to behold the issue of an event, which has hitherto appeared covered with doubt? And how, my lord, is Britain to make preparation? by suffering her *prime seamen* to man American ships of war? Can there be a more decisive proof of the opinion of Americans themselves (notwithstanding their boasting) respecting these men, than the arts they have and do practise to seduce them into their ships of war? Either the Americans are averse themselves to enter, or British seamen are preferred for the purpose of war. Whichever be the case, Britain must be in a state of fatal insensibility, calmly to suffer the most valuable of her sons to be placed in a situation where they may lift up their hands in rebellion against her, and add to the martial reputation of her enemies.

Should ever the dire necessity occur again, the American coast ought to be invested by *twenty or thirty thousand chosen men*, in vessels and ships of war, every way adequate to meet an enemy of the same descriptive force; while the Canadian lakes are also furnished with armaments in no manner inferior to their adversa-

fies. There are other important considerations connected with war between Great Britain and the United States of America; but, for weighty reasons, they ought not to be promulgated.

If the American government be, indeed, pacifically inclined, it must be anxious to prove this, by discountenancing and punishing every act of seducing British seamen from their allegiance. It must be anxious to prove that its own decree of not permitting *foreigners to serve on board of the ships of the United States*, is not a mere nullity; and that of *six years' residence* only entitling to the rights of citizenship, is a substantial truth, and not a mere appearance on paper.

I do not know what modern reasoners may call such arts as have been mentioned, who fritter away the substance of justice by sophisticated arguments; but I am certain what the common sense of any nation would call it, when practised against itself; and to this the impartial of all nations will agree.

I had written thus far, when I read the president's message to congress; but it has in no manner altered my opinions, save with respect to the employing of British seamen in the marine of the United States; if indeed it be in earnest.

You are well aware, my lord, that there are cogent reasons which demand of the American government to preserve peace with this country; at least for the present. It has experienced, that the finances of that growing empire are in no manner calculated to contend with those of a nation long established, that has stood the severest trials, and that, for a quarter of a century, has made exertions which, in a quarter of the time, would have drained the United States of America, not only of the last dollar in specie, but also of the last *dollar of credit*.

The American government has *experienced the foolish temerity* of exposing the vast extent of its sea coast to the attacks and occupation of a people it had wantonly made an enemy; where their flag flew triumphant, and their arms penetrated to the seat of government; while the only consolation it had to boast of, was seven or eight victories, by vessels that had *stolen out of its harbours* during night, or thick stormy weather, over those, in every respect greatly inferior; but which it did not hesitate to pronounce of equal force. When *three* becomes equal to *four and a half*, then, and not till then, will this assertion be true.

The American government has at present no hope of an ally on the continent of Europe, that could in a great degree interpose, so as to prevent the weight of Britain's strength pressing upon its coast; alarming the population; fatiguing and thinning the military ranks; drying up the sources of prosperity; and spreading the fearful gloom of national bankruptcy.

The sober and temperate part of the population of the United States of America is well convinced, that instead of Great Britain being the fomentor of war among the nations, the lawless invader of their rights, the despotic shrine of power, as represented by

the late unprincipled governments of France, their unprincipled agents, and the unprincipled demagogues and writers in America, that she has been the scrupulous observer of treaties, the respecter of the rights of nations,* that she has sympathized with those who were groaning under the yoke of the oppressor; that her arms and her purse were employed for their deliverance;† That, although threatened with the fiery vengeance of a mighty and inveterate enemy, who had triumphed over the arms of all the nations on the continent of Europe, she resolutely and magnanimously disdained to sacrifice at the shrine of his ambition, her honour or her rights, and set the example to the astonished nations, what a people can do, who hold their faith inviolate as their existence; who, while contending against a powerful enemy for their own existence, extended the helping hand to the distressed, consolation to the afflicted nations; and although hourly pressed by demands of long and extended war, she withheld not her offerings from the altars of the most high God,‡ who has crowned her with honour before the eyes of the first of the nations, however she may be falsely vilified by faithless and ungrateful governments, by the unprincipled insinuations of concealed ambition and envy, and the proud ravings of self-conceit. Let but the government of the United States possess the same spirit as that of Great Britain has done, for the last twenty years, amidst the severest trials, for *good faith*; for *humanity*; for *generous forbearance*, for unparalleled efforts in the *real cause of freedom*; and then there will be no fear of any serious dispute arising between the two countries.

The reflecting and impartial part of the population of the United States know, that before their country can *seriously* contend with Great Britain upon the ocean, she must be able to raise annually a surplus revenue, such as would at present engulf her in national bankruptcy in the course of a few years; and that they have been but badly recompensed, by the victories already mentioned, for the evils inflicted upon their country, provoked by the hostile spirit and unjustifiable pretences of their government, to claim to itself *the right of seducing and arming the subjects of a foreign nation against their own country*, and threatening retaliation if these *rebels* should be treated according to the *acknowledged law of all nations*. They are sensible that the government of their country has not discovered such wisdom as should induce the ancient nations of Europe to bow to its dictates; nor power, to support pretensions striking at the roots of all established and legal authorities;

* Vide—Copenhagen—the East-Indies—and the United States.

† Vide—The support afforded Ferdinand of Spain—and the revival of all old abuses in that country, in Sicily, Naples and France.

‡ Vide—Robbing the church of St. Inigoes at St. Mary's river—and supporting the temple of Juggernaut.

and that it would be more beneficial for different states to withdraw from the union, than expose themselves to ruin, by making such extravagant and lawless pretences, to which the honor and independence of no nation would submit, much less one who had the ability of visiting such insults with the rod of effective chastisement.

Whatever may be the temper of the government of that country, for the weighty reasons enumerated, justice and moderation must be its surest path to the honourable respect of other nations, and the affection of the most worthy of its subjects; and might, for a longer period than a different spirit can premise, prolong its existence. To suppose that such a government is suited to rule its present extent of territory, when the different states feel the vigour of maturity, is to suppose that the vigour of manhood is to be restrained like the desires of the puling infant. It would be to argue against the experience of manhood from the remotest ages. If, indeed, a general spirit of peace and benevolence, of integrity and moral rectitude, were to arise over that land, so far removed from the seat of political storms that agitate Europe, and from which it might always keep itself clear, by the exercise of justice and prudent forbearance; then indeed it might become the Eden of the world; the happy seat of freedom and peace; having no neighbour to fear, and envying not the prosperity of any. Then would its inhabitants, instead of looking across the Atlantic with the eyes of malignity and insatiable avarice, hail the land of their great progenitors with hearts exulting in their immortal deeds; and feel the rays emanating from the never-fading sun of their glory, warming their own soul; and instead of entertaining a proud spirit, that sought to tarnish their well-earned renown, would breathe towards its shores, desires of peace, and fond remembrance of their origin. However desirable this might be, it is well known, my lord, that it does not at present exist; and the cupidity of traders from that continent is known from *Havre de Grace* to *Canton*. The hostility it has with little reason breathed towards this country, is notorious. To be then prepared for the worst event must be wise, while the country gives *no just cause* of offence to other nations, with dignified and firm demeanour, to maintain her invaluable rights inseperable from her independence.

I am, my lord,

Your most humble servant,

ARION.

Remarks on the preceding letter to lord Melville.

THE charge of "seducing" British seamen from their allegiance, has so frequently been urged against the government and people of the United States, by critics, journalists, editors, and statesmen, at home and abroad, that it seems worthy of examination. Those, who are acquainted with the relative state of the United States and England, and know the inducements held out by the superior advantages of the former, will be inclined to suspect that the British sailor requires no very seducing arguments to exchange one service for the other. They will suppose rather, what is probably the fact, that this charge of seduction has been invented, as a sort of offset to the forcible impressment and detention of American seamen, so long a subject of complaint and remonstrance on the part of our government. But even if the fact of this curious "seduction" of men who are known to desert from the service of their country whenever they have a desperate chance of escape, be true, a moment's consideration will show, that the two cases are entirely different in their nature: impressment is an act of force; seduction one of persuasion. The victim of impressment is not responsible for what he could not prevent; the man who is tempted from the path of duty, is justly responsible for the penalty of his crime. The one *could* not, the other *would* not resist; and therefore cannot relieve himself from the imputation of moral turpitude, by charging his transgression on the head of the tempter.

The instances adduced by the writer of the foregoing letter to lord Melville, in support of his charge of seduction, are at best but of doubtful authority. Newspapers are not gospel; and we know that there *have* been editors in this country notoriously devoted to the cause of England, who would not hesitate to distort facts, or invent falsehoods to further the ends of that government. We know also that England has more than once made use of the falsehoods so invented as a pretext for retaliatory measures, justifiable on no other ground than that of retaliation. It is known also that she had agents in this country expressly deputed to furnish excuses for acts of unjustifiable severity—and it is also known that many of the resolutions of mercantile, and legislative bodies,

operated upon as they frequently were by personal feelings, or labouring under the paroxysms of a political fever, were sometimes erroneous in their assertions, and not unfrequently erroneous in the conclusions drawn from facts thus assumed.

Such as these authorities are, we will shortly examine them. The first case is that of the schooner *Rolla*, quoted from "a newspaper," says the writer of the letter. If he had mentioned what newspaper, we should have been better enabled to judge of the credit due to its authority. From the blinded stupidity, and petty art so conspicuous in the paragraph, we think we could point out the paper; but it is scarcely worth while, and we will proceed to examine its most material assertions.

The first is that "*the bounty given to deserters from the British Naval service is forty dollars; and their pay twelve dollars monthly.*" This assertion is one further proof of the matchless dexterity with which some men can keep the word of truth, as the witches in *Macbeth* kept the word of promise "to the ear," and "broke it to the sense." The evident intention of the writer of this paragraph is to make his readers believe, that the bounty of forty dollars, and the additional twelve dollars per month, was a peculiar douceur offered exclusively to the British sailor to induce him to desert. The fact is however that these were then the terms on which all sailors entered into our service; and though it is perfectly true that a British seaman naturalized, according to our laws, would receive this bounty and pay, the insinuation of the writer, that they were exclusively appropriated as a temptation to "British deserters," is a mean and pitiful attempt to erect a falsehood on the basis of truth.

The next assertion respecting the crew of the *Rolla* is that "*the captain, through the medium of Mr. Moore, the English vice consul, complained of these deserters, but so far from obtaining any redress, from the American government captain M'Ewen was fined four hundred dollars, for unlawfully imprisoning American citizens.*" "*Mr. Moore,*" continues the newspaper, "*made every exertion to support the claims of Britain to her subjects; but the Americans SET THIS AUTHORITY AT DEFIANCE!*" Terrible! that the municipality of New-York, should thus impiously set at nought

the authority of the British vice consul! Why, this is "flat rebellion!"

The plain English of all this is, that the crew of the *Rolla* deserted, as British sailors are in the habit of doing—that captain M'Ewen forcibly seized and detained them—that the court on examination finding that they had entitled themselves to the privilege of American citizens in the manner prescribed by law, not merely to British seamen, but to all classes of emigrants, fined captain M'Ewen for a breach of the laws, in forcibly detaining men against their will. This is all that can be inferred from the facts, admitting them to be true. Yet this is one of the proofs of "seduction."

The next proof is that of *L'Ant*, which the writer of this curious epistle says is "*vouched by American authority.*" This is not the first, second, or third time, that "*American authority,*" as it is called, has been brought forward by English writers, to sanction the worst charges against the United States, and shame to the men, who have thus lent themselves as false witnesses, not against strangers and enemies, but countrymen and friends. We wish the writer had been more particular in citing his authority, that the people of America might know the backslider. This case is marked with stronger features of folly, absurdity and contradiction, than the other. The whole of it rests on the affidavits of the British sailors, who being released upon these affidavits, "three days afterwards," says the American authority, shipped on board American vessels, with "*American protections.*" To gain these protections at the custom-house, they must have made oaths to certain facts which were in direct contradiction to the affidavit on which they were finally released. Yet the writer of the paragraph relies on that affidavit entirely for his statement of facts! What credit is due to such perjured miscreants, or what extraordinary means of "seduction" are necessary to induce such wretches to desert their flag!

The third proof brought forward in support of the charge of "seduction," is another affidavit of some of these precious victims of the arts of these wicked Americans. These gentry, it seems, were "seduced" by "two gallons of milk-punch," given them by one Reed. They were only to "say" that they were Ame-

rican citizens, when they got on board the President frigate, and nothing further would be required of them. Finding, however, on their arrival that "the oath of allegiance to the United States" was a preliminary, these conscientious rogues, who, though they had no objection to tell a lie, were too moral to swear to it, refused and were *sent on shore*, and obliged to return their advance money, or go to prison—as is usual in all cases of this kind.

"While on board the President," continues the *American authority*, "*they saw and spoke to numbers of their countrymen, who informed them that they had been seduced and defrauded in like manner.*" What miserable absurdity is this! In the very same article a number of British "seduced" sailors are suffered to go on shore on refusing the oath of allegiance, while a number of others "seduced and defrauded," are forcibly detained. Such inconsistencies as these are sufficient to destroy the credibility of any statement. But when one considers that the affidavit brought forward in this case, rests solely on the testimony of men who could not withstand the slightest temptation, but yielded to the "seductive" charms of "two gallons of milk-punch," nothing but impenetrable ignorance or unconquerable prejudice, we think, can resist the conviction that the whole may be traced to the second "seduction" of these innocent novices, who were probably bribed a second time, by "two gallons of milk-punch" to tell such a story as might suit the purposes of party, or save their necks when they were sent to England. Pending the late war, whenever a deserter was caught by the British, he had only to make oath to his "seduction," and state some of the horrors of an American ship of war, to insure his pardon.

The remarks we have made on these several proofs brought forward to sustain the charge of "the seduction" of British seamen, are probably sufficient to show its total want of foundation. They are so weak, so inconsistent, so absurd, and contradictory, or they are marked with such distinct characters of falsehood, and false colouring, that no credit can possibly be given to them but by those who are disposed to acquiesce in every thing disadvantageous to the American name. But in cases where circumstances are so liable to be distorted, truth will be most certainly discovered by resorting to more general reasoning. Facts may be invented or misre-

presented—the hope of gain, or the fear of punishment may operate upon human hopes and fears, so as to impel the wretched being to fly in the face of the Deity, and outrage the purity of its nature by falsifying the truth, under the sanction of his name. In the conflict of national antipathies—in the shock of individual rivalry—in the war of opposing interests, prejudices, passions and animosities, the means of recrimination, and the instruments of revenge are sought for, too often with little regard to any other object than gratifying those turbulent, and monopolizing feelings. In such cases, he who is anxious for truth, will not resort to sources so questionable, and so impure. When testimony is produced resting on the authority of persons, who by their own acknowledgment are unworthy of belief; or when it is rendered doubtful by other authority, equally worthy of belief; all that is then left to the mind, is to inquire into the general circumstances that render the testimony of one or the other probable or improbable, and decide accordingly.

We will now, therefore, proceed to inquire, first, into the probability of the fact that the Americans are in the habit of “seducing” the British sailors (poor innocent creatures!) from the service of their country and king; secondly, the probability of the fact that British sailors require any “seduction” to entrap them into the service of the United States. These probabilities depend on the motives operating on either, and these motives obviously depend on the relative situation of the parties. If, in the inquiry, it should be found that motives universally operative induce the British sailor to prefer the service of one party to that of the other—if the two great blessings, most universal in their estimation, freedom and plenty, are more easy in their attainment in the United States than in England, we will seek no further for the real causes that produce the phenomenon. The imputation of “seduction” will excite the contempt it deserves, and the real source of this deplorable undermining of British power be found in the actual superiority of this country, in affording to the labourer, of every class and degree, the means of plenty and happiness, and in the degree of personal freedom which the sailor most especially enjoys.

In England, the seaman on board a man of war is actually a

slave—on board a merchant ship, he is continually under the apprehension of being made one. The conscription of Bonaparte and the impressment of George are pretty much the same thing; and doubtless an English sailor, notwithstanding his enormous patriotism, has as great an objection to being impressed as the soldier of Napoleon had to being included in the conscription. The latter, indeed, was rather better off, for the period of his service was limited, and he was solaced by a succession of triumphs, while, on the contrary, there is no limit to the term of impressment, and of late the poor English sailor has had very few victories to boast of, except he was “seduced” to serve on board of one of the American frigates. On the other hand, the sailor of the United States serves only of his own free will, and for the period he has voluntarily prescribed to himself. The marked distinction arising from this circumstance is most strikingly exemplified in the contrast between the conduct of the American and British seamen, in every situation. The former never, on any occasion, during the whole of the late war, refused to volunteer for every service proposed to them. At the commencement of that war every commandant of a ship of war offered to his men the alternative of remaining on board or going on shore. In no instance were there more than one or two who chose the latter; and these were renegado Englishmen, who had made oath, previous to their admission, that they were citizens of the United States. On the other hand, how stands it with the British sailors? “Seduced” by the very sight of our shores, they desert to them whenever they have an opportunity; and there is not a British ship of war that can venture into any of our ports, without losing many men, notwithstanding the most unremitting vigilance. The crew of one of the British frigates mutinied, off New London, and a seventy-four was obliged to be moored alongside her, with guns pointed, in order to reduce them to obedience. The crew of the *Plantagenet* were more than one half in irons when the frigate *President* offered her battle, off Sandy Hook, as the captain of the *Plantagenet* proved, in the court of inquiry, held at Bermuda, to ascertain the cause of his declining the action. A hundred other instances might be given to establish the disaffection which is so prevalent among British sailors; and, if any proof of their total and universal dis-

inclination to the service is wanting, it will be found in a case of recent occurrence. The other day, when lord Exmouth, one of the most distinguished British naval officers of the present day, addressed his fleet, for the purpose of inducing the sailors to volunteer against Algiers, not a man—not a single man volunteered! Do such sailors require “seduction” to induce them to desert?

In the ships of war of the United States the seaman serves voluntarily; in the merchant ships he receives higher wages, and is not so much exposed to impressment. In the ships of war of the United States, a mutual confidence and good will subsists, on the part of the officers and men: the former feel secure in the fidelity of the latter, because they voluntarily choose their situation; while the sailor looks to his officer with complacency, because he freely subjected himself to his command. The officer lies down at night, free from the apprehension of mutiny; the sailor goes to rest, exempt from the anticipation of perpetual slavery. On the other hand, the sailors on board a British ship of war see in the officers but the leaders of a pressgang, the gaolers that watch the outlets of their loathsome prison, the tyrants that stand between them and liberty. The officers cannot even trust the men with arms, at night, for fear they should make use of them, not against the enemy, but themselves. In the face of these facts, and the conclusions inevitably resulting from them, the idea of an English sailor being “seduced” into our service is equivalent to that of a man seduced from hopeless imprisonment to perfect liberty—from misery and despair to the enjoyment of peace, plenty and happiness. What is it that makes the English, Scots and Irish manufacturer and labourer, of every class, look to this country as a refuge? What is it that draws the Swiss, the German, from his various circles to the bosom of this country? What makes the persecuted patriot, the exiled general, the dethroned monarch, throw themselves into this noble republic? Why is it that, from every corner of this abused and suffering earth, however near or however distant, the impoverished and down-trodden victim of authority traverses half the globe, to reach at last this LAND OF THE EXILE? Are *they*, too, “seduced” from their country and accustomed home, by “a couple of gallons of milk punch,” or a bounty of forty dollars, and twelve dollars a month? No: they come with a conviction that, of all the countries of the

earth, *this* furnishes the asylum where the victim of legitimate vengeance will not be surrendered to his persecutors—where the exiled patriot can solace himself for his disappointment at home, in contemplating the successful exertions of others in the attainment of happiness, and where the industrious mechanic and labourer is sure to enjoy the free fruition of his labours. The vulgar pride of upstart wealth, the bloated vanity of hereditary rank, covering its own insignificance by the merits of its ancestry, may sigh for other countries, more favourable to the enjoyment of these ignoble distinctions, but it is here that the great class of mankind, those who create the enjoyments of the rich, without whose aid wealth and power would never have existed, and, destitute of whose support, they cannot sustain themselves—*these* will long be “seduced” into our country, by the irresistible allurements of freedom, plenty and happiness.

It has ever been, and, it is hoped, ever will be the policy of the United States to afford, under proper regulations, a participation of their rights to emigrants, from all parts of the world, and to permit their own citizens to go where they please. Our government, it is presumed, will never shut its doors against the coming of the one or the going of the other, and desires no citizens but such as come or stay voluntarily. If they cannot live happily here, they are at liberty to go whither they please; the world is before them, and, if they can find a place where human rights are better secured, or human happiness more widely diffused, there let them pitch their tents. That country must be in a miserable state where the exercise of authority is requisite to prevent the desertion of its people; and that country, we think, must be ill governed where such restraints are laid on the freedom of mankind, in their pursuit of happiness. It is the misfortune of England to afford this example, and it is the fault of her advocates that, while they cannot deny the fact of desertion, they ascribe it to causes that have no existence. If, instead of looking to “seduction,” they were to contemplate the natural and political advantages held out by the United States of America to every class of people but one, they would behold in these, and these alone, sufficient cause to produce the phenomenon. These, and these alone, are the “temptations” and “seductions” practised by the Americans; it is these that tempt landmen from the fields

which they sow, but do not reap, and "seduce" the seamen from their ships, without any effort on the part of the people or government of the United States, who merely fulfil the dictates of national and individual hospitality, by affording them the offices of good neighbourhood, and the shield of protection.

Our intention, in this essay, was principally directed to that part of the preceding letter to lord Melville relating to the "seduction" of British seamen. Exceptionable, pert, insolent and unfounded as are many other parts of the letter, it would be only fatiguing ourselves and our readers to enter into their examination. Most, indeed all of them have been separately refuted, over and over again, either by argument, or more effectually by the course of political events. The story of French influence is no more—the "emancipation of nations" is now pretty well understood, and the piety of England appears in all its real lustre. While corruption, like a burning stream of lava, is rolling through the streets of her cities—while every day men of the highest rank are appealing to the laws, to punish the adultery of women of the highest distinction, and the newspapers and the annual registers are filled with details of crimes that mark the extreme of moral turpitude, she is endeavouring to impose a character of exalted piety on the world, by sending missionaries to India and Africa, as if there was not enough wretches at home to give employment to all her apostles. Aware of the overwhelming influence now exercised by public opinion, in this reading age, all the ingenuity of sophistry and hypocrisy is employed to secure the good will of the honest and well meaning, who, let people say what they will, we believe, always constitute the majority of mankind. If they do not, on what foundation rest the laws of every country, and the rights of every people? Who is to enforce the one, and protect the other, if the majority are opposed to them? And opposed they certainly will be, since it is the nature of bad men to hate laws and disregard the rights of others.

In pursuance of this plan, and knowing full well the influence of religion on the human mind, which we do not hesitate to say, in answer to the calumnies so often uttered against mankind, is universal, since all nations cherish religion, in proportion as Heaven has vouchsafed to enlighten them.—Aware of this, England has erected herself as the sole patentee and patroness of re-

ligion. The immodest and ostentatious manner in which she attempts to sustain this character is disgusting in the extreme. The name of the Deity, which ought never to be mentioned without reverence, is now foisted into every inquiry by a certain class of writers. It is coupled with all the views of ambition, avarice and hypocrisy: under its sanction the character of other nations is assailed with the most unblushing scurrility; they are charged with being unprincipled, unbelieving and immoral, because they stand in the way of some ministerial project, or oppose some favourite plan of political aggrandizement. The hollow-hearted Pharisee, praying at the corners of the streets, that all might hear him, was but a type of that nation, which carries the bible in one hand, the sword in the other—sends missionaries to convert the Bramins, and armies to exterminate the Nepaulese—builds churches at home, and repairs heathen temples abroad*—which exemplifies its love of faith, by imposing on the belief of others, and exercises its charity, in impeaching the motives, and slandering the character of all the rest of mankind.

FOR THE AMERICAN NAVAL CHRONICLE.

TO THE YOUNG OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

PERMIT an old and sincere friend to the honour and prosperity of the navy to offer you a few plain rules for your government, either on ship board or on shore. Much of the prosperity of young men, and particularly of young officers, depends on their deportment, not only while on duty, but on shore, where they are especially called upon to support their characters as gentlemen. The following rules, it is believed, will attain both these ends.

When you are appointed a midshipman, you are immediately to consider yourself a man, and, for this purpose, you are never to be seen reading, or engaged in any branch of knowledge whatever, as this would derogate from the dignity of your character. You are especially to take every possible pains to learn to chew tobacco, and, that people may know you are master of this indis-

pensible accomplishment, you will take special care to spit in the most conspicuous manner.

N. B. The sooner you get a black eye, and a huge pair of whiskers, the better.

When on shore, take every opportunity of *kicking up a row*, and dont be ashamed of being clapt in the watch house, as this shows a most unofficer-like modesty, and brings your courage into question.

Always wear your hat on one side, in a knowing style; and, while on shore, be sure to take lodgings in the most conspicuous tavern, where you can stand on the steps, and stare modest women out of countenance, or tip those of another class a knowing wink, that every body may see you are acquainted with them.

N. B. If you were now and then to be seen in the third row of the theatre, it would go a great way to make you pass for a man.

Whenever you are in a public place, be sure to make as much noise as you can, and break as many rules of decorum as possible, for this will cause people to take proper notice of you.

Never employ the time of your furlough in going to school, because this will lessen the dignity of your station; and it is better to be ignorant than pass for a boy.

Take every opportunity to d---n your eyes and limbs; for this will make you pass for an experienced seaman.

Never blush; for this will infallibly ruin your character as a knowing lad, who has seen the world, kept his watch, boxed the compass, and crossed the line.

Always endeavour to get in debt to the purser at sea, and the landlord on shore, more than you can pay: never pay any debts but those you cannot help; and always get on shore, to spend money, in preference to staying on board, to save it, as this will show a manly spirit.

When you are on duty, on board the ship, in order to get the reputation of a good disciplinarian, you must use the seamen like dogs: never give them a good word, or look pleased with any thing they do; for this only spoils them, and makes them saucy and inattentive.

Always appear busy about nothing—bustle around the ship, and, if you find a sailor comfortably seated any where, rouse him

up, blast his limbs, and set him to work about any thing, no matter whether necessary or not.

Make it a point to have a spite against some one of the crew, in order that you may have somebody to vent your spleen upon. Keep a sharp look out—make him work twice as much as any body else, and reward him by finding fault with every thing he does. Be sure to stand over him, and d—n his eyes for doing a thing wrong, before he has done it at all. By this means you will confuse the poor fellow until he really blunders; and then you have a fair opportunity, if not of giving him the rope's end, at least of administering a sly pinch or two.

Never take much pains to learn your duty as a lieutenant, because, if you are set to hold a watch at night, and dont know how, you can always plead sickness, and get excused. I have known young gentlemen dispose of a whole cruise in this way.

Keep out of the way of service as much as you can, until your turn comes for promotion; then come out, and make a great noise, if you are passed over. I have known several succeed in this way, in making people believe they were treated with most crying injustice.

If you happen to get married, decline every service but that of the home department, until you are tired of your wife; and then demand of the secretary of the navy that some other officer, who has stuck to his duty, be displaced, to make room for you. If your request is not complied with, charge that officer with partiality, or being under undue influence.

Dont hesitate, when it suits your feelings, your views, or your caprice, to abuse any of the old officers of the navy, or find fault with their modes of sailing, governing or fighting their ships. This will give people an idea of your skill, show them how much more you know than they do, and convince them how they have been deceived in their estimation of those men.

N. B. Never hazard an opinion—let every thing be assertion; and, if people take offence at it, let them chew the cud, or fight.

These are the principal rules necessary to constitute an accomplished officer; and I trust that they will be carefully perused, and properly appreciated, by all our young officers, who cannot fail of deriving benefit from the experience of an

OLD LIEUTENANT.

EXTRACTS.

A Journal of Science and the Arts. Nos. I. and II. Edited at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Published Quarterly. London: John Murray, 1816. 8vo. pp. 328.

WE announced this publication in the *Analectic Magazine* for July; but as the second number is much better than the first, we think our readers can have no objection to being introduced to it again. From the auspices under which it appears,—emanating as it does from the Royal Institution—and from the persons who have engaged to supply its pages; consisting not only of the most active persons belonging to that Institution (such as Sir H. Davy, Mr. Thomas Brande, &c.) but of various literary and scientific gentlemen in different parts of the British empire, the *Quarterly Journal* promises to be one of the first periodical works of the present day. No expense is spared in composing its contents; and accordingly, all accounts of new inventions, or new modifications of old ones,—every article, in short, which requires illustrative diagrams is accompanied with an appropriate plate. As this great expensiveness, with the additional consideration that, to the bulk of American readers, the whole of its pages would not be very interesting, will doubtless prevent its total republication in this country, we shall, in future, extract such articles as we think will be of practical utility in our own domestic economy, accompanying them with all the plates and diagrams which we find in the original, or which their illustration requires. For this number we present our readers with a paper and plate relative to a new invented gasometer, which, as they will perceive, is intended to remedy, and does actually remedy, all the defects of the common apparatus, in regulating the admission and escape of gas. It was invented with a particular reference to the illumination of streets and public buildings, by means of carburetted gas; and as some of our large cities have already undertaken to illumine their streets in this manner—an example which, ere long we hope, they will all imi-

late—a description of the apparatus employed for the same purpose in England cannot fail of being subservient to the consummation of their labours. The substitution of gas for oil in lighting streets—like every other new invention which is calculated to abridge the occupation of a certain class of labourers—will unquestionably be obliged to encounter much opposition in its progress; but we believe it will eventually succeed. The history of this police regulation is somewhat curious; and we think an extract from an article on the subject of inventions, in the XXVIIIth number of the Quarterly Review, will be a useful preface to the paper we are going to subjoin.

“Lighting the Streets.”—This was a police regulation unknown to the Romans. In returning from their nocturnal feasts their slaves carried before them torches or lanterns. Public illuminations, on particular occasions, are, however, very ancient: Egypt and Greece had them. Rome, according to Suetonius, was lighted up on the occasion of some games, exhibited by order of Caligula. The Jews lighted up the holy city for eight days, at the feast of the dedication of the temple, and Constantine ordered Constantinople to be illuminated on Easter eve.

“It would appear, from some passages in the fathers of the Greek church, that Antioch was permanently lighted in the fourth century, and Edessa, in Syria, in the fifth, and that the lamps were suspended, as they now are in Paris, from ropes stretched across the street. Paris was not lighted until the early part of the sixteenth century. In 1524 a mandate was issued for the inhabitants whose houses fronted the streets to hang out candles, after nine in the evening, to prevent incendiaries and street robbers. In 1555 large vases, filled with pitch, rosin, and other combustibles, called *falots*, were placed at the corners of the streets. In 1662 an Italian abbé, of the name of Laudati, obtained an exclusive privilege, for twenty years, to let out torches and lanterns for hire. For this purpose he erected booths in every part of Paris, and had men and boys in waiting at each, ready to attend either foot passengers or carriages. Five years after this the whole city was lighted as it now is.

“The citizens of London, as Maitland says, were ordered, in 1414, to hang out lanterns, to light the streets; and sir Henry Burton, according to Stowe, ordered, in 1417, ‘lanterns with lights to be hanged out, in the winter evenings, betwixt Hallowtide and Candlemasse;’ and for 300 years afterwards the citizens of London were, from time to time, reminded, on pains and penalties, to hang out their lanterns at the accustomed time. In 1736 an application was made to parliament to increase the lamps from 1000 to 5000; and in 1744, on account of the number of robberies, an

act passed for completely lighting the cities of London and Westminster.

“ In 1553, at the Hague, lights were ordered to be placed before the doors, on dark nights; and in 1678 lamps were placed in all the streets. In 1669 Amsterdam was lighted with horn lanterns. Hamburgh was lighted in 1674. In 1679 every third house in Berlin was to show a light; and in 1682 it was lighted, but very badly, as it still is, at the public expense. Hanover was lighted in 1696; but Dresden, Leipzig, Cassel, Halle, Gottingen, Brunswick, Zurich, and some other German towns, not till the eighteenth century. Venice, Messina and Palermo are all lighted; so are Madrid, Valencia and Barcelona; but Lisbon is still in the dark, as is Rome. Sextus V. made an attempt to have the streets lighted; but the most he could accomplish was to increase the number of lamps placed before the images of the saints.”

“ Mr. Murdoch (says the *Ecclectic Review* of Accum's *Treatise on Gas Lights*) seems entitled to the credit of being the first to bring the new mode of applying coal gas to the purpose of illumination into practice, and Mr. Samuel Clegg, of Manchester, has the principal merit, as it regards the construction and application of the requisite machinery.” Mr. Ackerman has calculated that, while the old method of illuminating his printing office cost him no less than 160*l.* per annum, the expense by the new system is only 40*l.* per annum, or only about one fourth as great as the former.

“ Such (adds Mr. Ackerman) is the simple statement of my present system of lighting, the brilliancy of which, when contrasted with our former lights, bears the same comparison to them as a bright summer sunshine does to a murky November day: nor are we, as formerly, suffocated with the effluvia of charcoal, nor the fumes of candles and lamps. In addition to this, the damage sustained by the spilling of oil and tallow upon prints, drawing books and papers, &c. amounted annually to upwards of 50*l.* All the workmen employed in my establishment consider the gas lights as the greatest blessing, and I have only to add that the light we now enjoy, were it to be produced by means of Argand's lamps, or candles, would cost at least 350*l.* per annum.

“ With regard to the apparatus and machinery employed for the production and use of the gas, we cannot of course be expected to give in this place any description: indeed such description would be altogether unintelligible without the assistance of plates. Suffice it to say that the coal is introduced into iron cylinders, called retorts, which being made air-tight, and placed upon the fire, the gaseous products are made to ascend, together with other productions, in the form of liquid. These last are conveyed into proper receptacles, while the gaseous matter is conducted by pipes into places for purification; and then, thus purified, made to pass into the several conduits for use. The products of coal, treat-

ed in this manner, are, beside the gas in question, coke, coal tar, and an ammoniacal fluid, all of which are materials of much value and use, and, as we have seen by Mr. Ackerman's statement, cause a very considerable deduction of the required expenditure in the production of the gas."

Mr. Accum thus answers the arguments against gas lights which is drawn from the *danger* of using them.

"In fact (he says) no danger can arise from the application of gas lights, in any way, but what is common to candle-light and lamps of all kinds, and is the fault of none of them. Even in this case the gas lights are less hazardous. There is no risk of those accidents which often happen from the guttering or burning down of candles, or from carelessly snuffing them. The gas-light lamps and burners must necessarily be fixed to one place; and therefore cannot fall, or otherwise become deranged, without being immediately extinguished. Besides, the gas-light flames emit no sparks, nor are any embers detached from them. As a proof of the comparative safety of the gas lights, it need only be stated that the fire offices engage themselves to insure cotton mills, and other public works, at a less premium, where gas lights are used, than in the case of any other lights."

Some account of Mr. Samuel Clegg's improvements of the Apparatus employ'd in Gas Illumination. By William Thomas Brande, esq. F. R. S. and E. Prof. Chem. R. I.

(*From the Quarterly Journal of Sciences and the Arts.*)

IN the last number of this journal I have detailed such facts as I conceived might be generally useful, respecting the application of coal gas to the purposes of illumination. On the present occasion I am enabled, by the kindness of Mr. Clegg, to describe some new apparatus, and several important improvements which he has successfully adopted at the large establishment at Westminster, belonging to the Gas Light Company.

Since I wrote my former paper upon this subject I have had the superintendence of the construction of a gas apparatus, which the Apothecaries' Company have erected at their hall, near Blackfriars bridge, and by which their different laboratories and warehouses, as well as the exterior of the building, are now exclusively lighted. I have here learned several facts connected with the production and management of the gas, which are new to me and which, if verified by future experiments, will be detailed in this journal.

One of the most important parts of the gas apparatus, and at the same time most difficult of construction, are the gasometers and reservoirs. As these are commonly made they require a cis-

tern or vessel of water, of very large dimensions, in which they are suspended, and rise and fall perpendicularly, as the gas enters and escapes; and it is extremely difficult to prevent leakage, and other accidents, unless very great expense be incurred in their construction, by nicety and solidity of the workmanship. Upon the perfect regularity of their action, too, the steadiness and perfection of the flames will materially depend; and, owing to the mode of suspension generally employed, this is scarcely attainable where the instrument is of very large dimensions.

The following is a description of a rotary gasometer, erected by Mr. Clegg at the Westminster works, and in which, while the above objections are in a great measure obviated, several other advantages are incurred. Its action is so steady and regular that it has been found advantageous to suffer the gas to pass through it from the vertical gasometers, previous to entering the main pipes for the consumption in the streets and houses; and the cistern which it requires is comparatively small. [It is represented in our plate.]

Fig. I. A. A. B. B. C. D. E. represents about two thirds of a hollow rim of a wheel into which the gas is received. The end A. A. is closed; the end C. D. E. is open from D. to E; the pipe F. G. H. connects the two ends of the segment or hollow rim, and is made of sufficient weight to counterpoise the whole. This pipe is inserted air-tight into the rim at F., and contains a stop betwixt G. and H. At G. is joined a pipe, forming a communication with the hollow axis O., upon which the rim turns, and which supports it by arms and braces, after the manner of other wheels, and revolves upon a friction sector. I. K. L. M. represents the cistern of water, in which the rim is immersed sufficiently deep to counteract the pressure of the gas.

It is evident that the gas, being conveyed into the open end of the hollow axis O., which is closed at the opposite end, will proceed by the pipe G. F. into the closed end of the gasometer at F. The operation will be as follows:—Supposing the closed end A. A. at the surface of the water in the cistern, and the gas flowing in as just described, the end of the gasometer A. A. will begin to fill, and consequently to ascend, and the wheel will continue to move upon its axis, until the open end D. E. comes nearly to the surface of the water; and, when the gas is required to be discharged, it will return through the same channels by which it entered.

A sufficient power or pressure is given to the wheel for discharging the gas at the velocity required, by means of an adequate weight, suspended by a chain over a pulley; which chain is fixed to the wheel, upon a small circle, made fast to the arms, near to and round the end of the axis. Thus the wheel will retrograde as the gas is discharged, until the end A. A. again arrives at the surface of the water, when the whole of the gas will be discharged.

Fig. II. represents an instrument, invented by Mr. Clegg, of great importance to the wholesale gas manufacturer: he terms it a gasmeter, or guage, the object of which is to measure, by the number of its revolutions, the quantity of gas which passes through it in any given time, and which may be recorded, during the observer's absence, by a proper index. At present he who supplies the gas has no direct check upon the consumer; but, by connecting this guage with the pipes of supply, so that the gas entering any building or manufactory may pass through it, the quantity will be registered, and the charge may then be proportioned to the consumption. A. A. represents a wheel, the airtight rim of which, or hollow space from B. to B., should be apportioned to the number of burners it is intended to supply. A cubic foot should be allowed for eight Argand burners. This rim is divided into three equal parts; C. D. E., by three partitions, two of which are seen at F. G., and a third is placed about H. These partitions are provided with hydraulic scrolls or tubes, so constructed that, being supplied with water, the communication between the divisions is intercepted when required. The rim is supported from the hollow axis by six hollow arms, three of which conduct the gas entering at I. to the circumference, and three discharge it at the opposite extremity of the axis K., there being a stop or partition about the centre of the axis. The three crooked arms L. M. N. convey the gas to their corresponding divisions, and they are thus contorted to allow them so to contain water in their bends, as occasionally to prevent the passage of the gas into certain cavities of the circumference, which may be discharging. The three hollow arms O. P. Q. proceed in a straight line from the centre of each division, and, being continued along the edge of the rim, are inserted into the partition, so as to form a connexion, not with the division it appears to enter, but with the preceding one.

The pipe which furnishes the gas is connected at the axis at I. by a tube nearly fitting it, and secured by a semifluid; and the egress pipe is similarly connected to the opposite extremity K.

The scrolls fixed to each side of the division plates are alike. R. is a scroll of sufficient capacity to allow the water to pass freely through it, but at the same time to prevent the passage of gas. S. is another scroll, which will admit the water, when descending into it, to pass freely; and, when the wheel rises out of the water contained in the vessel H. at T., retains so much of it as to stop all communication with the gas contained in the next division, as long as required.

That the water may pass freely through the scrolls, when they enter it, the gas they contain must have free egress, and air should be admitted when they rise out of the water, in order that the water they retain may run to its level. This is effected as follows:—To the highest part of each scroll, when entering and

when rising out of the water, is fixed a tube of the following construction:

A. B. C. fig. 3, is a section of a worm pipe, of iron or glass, or any material which will retain quicksilver, and which is made tight into another tube at D. inserted into the scroll at A. There is an opening in the worm pipe at T. which forms a free communication between it and the pipe D.; and at V. is another opening, forming a communication between the worm pipe and the gas in the rim. The operation of this worm pipe is as follows:—Suppose a scroll entering the water, and the tube D. at its highest point: the worm pipe will then be nearly vertical, and the quicksilver it contains will be below T.; so that the air can pass from V. to T. to and from the scroll: but, when the worm pipe changes its position, and it is required that this opening should be closed, as when rising out of the water, the quicksilver will then occupy the bend B. C., and shut off the communication between T. and V.

The operation, therefore, of the guage will be as follows:—Supposing the wheel in the position represented in the plate, revolving from right to left, and to have made one revolution in the cistern of water, by which the scrolls will have received the water necessary for the performance of their office. There will be a free passage, through the bent arm N., into the division E., at the plate at H, which is just rising out of the water, and which, like a gasometer, will continue to rise until the next division plate comes to the surface of the water. While the division plate is descending the gas is discharged by the pipes before mentioned, at the other end of the axis. It will be observed that the wheel, in any situation, will always have one of the receiving tubes open, and one of the discharging tubes open, and consequently that it will revolve. A small tube is fixed to the periphery of the rim, for the purpose of admitting water, and keeping it at the same level as that in the cistern. The form of the tube is such as to shut off all communication with the interior of the rim and the external air, when above water; but it remains open while in the cistern.

Bertram, or the Castle of Aldobrand, a Tragedy. By the Rev. R. C. MATURIN. London. John Murray. 1816.

[From the Critical Review.*]

We are far from denying that this tragedy is a work of very considerable merit, but we cannot acknowledge that it has de-

* We mention it as a matter of some importance to literature, that a complete change has taken place both in the proprietors and conductors of the CRITICAL REVIEW. The numbers of the last and present month have been

served the success with which it has been received. All those who have seen it, have left the theatre disappointed, with no other pleasing impressions than those left by a few vigorous efforts by Mr. Kean, who seemed to throw his whole soul into the part. That he should exert himself is not singular, since he could not but be flattered by the fact that the piece was written expressly for the display of his extraordinary powers. But who, on seeing the representation, takes the least interest in its hero? Is he not, on the contrary, a being composed of all repulsive qualities—of bad passions, of malignant designs—in short, of nothing that can entitle him to love or admiration but the firm attachment he displays for Imogene?

In the invention of the character of Bertram, all persons are aware that the reverend author is not original; it is in fact an adaptation to the stage of one of the heroes of lord Byron, who has set the fashion of liking such beings at a very fortunate moment for Mr. Maturin—indeed, without Lara or the Giaour, it is probable that Bertram would never have seen the light. To this circumstance may, we think, be mainly attributed the run which this tragedy has already experienced. Holcroft's "Vindictive Man" was condemned for the one bad passion that appeared in the title; but now an evil taste has been acquired by the town, and we find a hero devoid of every virtue and of every affection, but one, received with rapturous applause.

Against the heroine we bring no complaint; indeed we should be devoid of all candour did we not allow that she is drawn with a simplicity and beauty scarcely so well portrayed since the days of our great dramatists. There is a delicacy in her thoughts and expressions that wins our hearts from the first scene, and ill prepares us for what is supposed to happen between the third and fourth acts. The spectators are not, we believe, in general aware of the gross insult there offered to morality—of the heinous crime of which Imogene is made guilty, which destroys the charm of untainted loveliness which the author at first had thrown round her character. The apparent ambiguity that prevails upon this

wholly under this new direction, and we observe some important alterations in respect to it: we see that foreign productions have not been disregarded, that recent publications of the most valuable description have been comprehended, and that a novelty to periodical works of this kind has been introduced, which in the present state of public taste will not be unacceptable: we mean, a department entitled *Bibliotheca Antiqua*, or a review of old works of much interest and curiosity which are not easy of access, either from the great expense of the originals, or of the reprints. For this part of the undertaking we are informed the editors have ample resources, and it is their intention not to rake from its dust the forgotten trash of early times, unless for the sake of illustrating some interesting question connected with the researches of the antiquary or the historian. The CRITICAL REVIEW has now been sixty years before the public, during which many of the best writers of the age have contributed to it; and we trust it will regain, under the present conductors, its former station in the republic of letters.

point, from the dark manner in which it is handled, saved the first piece from that indignation which assuredly it would have met with from a British audience, had the offence been made more apparent. Yet, without the belief of its commission, it is impossible to account for the dreadful catastrophe.

These two are in fact the only characters in the tragedy. St. Aldobrand, the injured husband of Imogene, is not seen till the third, and is killed in the fourth act, and the language of the part given to him, does not render him more prominent. The scene between him and his wife, after the fatal meeting of the latter and Bertram, has rather a ludicrous than a tragical effect, from the easy manner in which the good man is put off by the lady, who receives him with the utmost repugnance. Clotilda is merely a confidant made necessary by the scantiness of the characters—a sort of talking-post, upon the French model, for the reception of the heroine's thoughts and designs, which are, as generally happens in such cases, communicated with as little reserve as apparent motive. Four or five monks (among whom the prior of St. Anselm, the oldest and most infirm, is made to play a most active and courageous part,) complete the *dramatis personæ*.

With regard to the plot, action, and conduct of the piece, nothing can be more defective, tame, and injudicious. We do not mean that the fable is not, as far as it goes, interesting, but it is much too meagre to be spun out into five long acts: it might really be told in half a page, did we wish to repeat it to our readers; and for the action and conduct, they scarcely keep attention awake, more especially in the two last acts, where the whole catastrophe is as well known as the previous part of the play. Here, however, it fortunately happens that Kean is able to rescue his friend by some very fine, and we must say, without meaning to enter into particulars, some very bad specimens of his art. What can be better than the silent and repentant prayer in which he is interrupted? What can be worse than the manner in which he delivers himself up to the knights, with the words "my executioners, not my conquerors." Miss Somerville, in the general peal of whose praises we cannot altogether chime, was also of great service to Mr. Maturin; she had enough talent not to be ridiculous, and enough beauty not to be uninteresting.

The language of the tragedy receives our almost unqualified approbation as an effusion of poetry in a dramatic form; we could quote many beautiful passages, but rather of the descriptive than of the scenic kind, for the principal error of the author (who has acquired the habit from the composition of his romances) is, that he makes the persons enter too much into a detail of their own qualities and habits, when in reality there is nothing of which they could be more incompetent judges. The tragedy, as a whole, promises greater success on a second attempt.

(From the *Champion*.)*Mador of the Moor*—A Poem, by James Hogg.*Murray*, 1816.

THERE have been many men who have undeservedly obtained the reputation of poets. Such persons, we mean, who have been made poetical by reading. Their minds have been *recipient*—not inventive—imitative of the observations of others, not observant themselves. They have imbibed what is called the *language of poetry*, but they have not been able to grasp its *substance*. They may be said to have arrived at the banks of Castaly—to have plucked the flowers growing by its side—to have looked with complacency, and even pleasure, upon its waters;—but some secret-working, undefinable spell has paralyzed their power, at the instant when they attempted to plunge into the stream. That “mob of gentlemen,” who wrote with ease in the jocund days of the voluptuous Charles, was of this quality of mind. And of the numerous names that have come down to us from that time we think that the mighty disproportion of nine out of ten may be placed among this order of imitators.—We trust our readers will apprehend our meaning, without our entering into a long detail of names.

We have now, however, poets that forcibly set before us the genius of “olden times.”—The names of Wordsworth, Moore, Byron, and Coleridge,—whose

“Souls are like the stars that dwell apart,”

will throw their light into the bosom of after ages.

Mr. Hogg, the author of the poem before us, though it would be doing him prejudice, because injustice, to compare him with the above high names, must be a poet of considerable rank. He has much original genius. He seems to be “made in the poetry of nature”—that is, he loves all those fine parts of her which it is the province of poetry to love and cherish. The following stanzas, out of the introduction to “*Mador of the Moor*,” will show his close-eyed observations of nature; and his love of it:—

“There the dark raven builds his dreary home;
The eagle o’er his eyrie raves aloud;
The brindled fox around thee loves to roam,
And ptarmigans, the inmates of the cloud;
And when the summer flings her dappled shroud,
O’er reddening moors, and wilds of softened gray,
The youthful swain, unfashioned, unendowed,
The brocket and the lamb may round thee play:

These thy first guests alone, thou fair majestic Tay!

But bear me, spirit of the gifted eye,
Far on thy pinions eastward to the main,
O’er garish glens and straths of every kind,
Where oxen low and waves the yellow grain;

Where bustling cliffs o'erhang the belted plain,
 In spiral forms, fantastic, wild, and riven;
 Where swell the woodland choir and maiden's strain,
 As forests bend unto the breeze of even,
 And in the flood beneath wave o'er a downward heaven." p. 5.

There is great beauty in these descriptive stanzas; but we do not give them as the best of the poem, but merely by chance, to illustrate our observation of Mr. Hogg's love of nature—a feeling most valuable in the breast of a poet. Mr. H. seems quite at home in the fields. He loves

"To wander
 Adown some trotting burns' meander,
 And nae think long."

He derives all his figures and similes from the mountains, the fields, and the heavens. Even the passions of the mind are thus illustrated—as

"No beam of anger rayed her glistening eye,
 It sunk like star within the rubied west;
 Or like the tinted dew-bell seen to lie
 Upon the rose-leaf tremblingly at rest,
 Then softly sinks upon its opening breast." p. 123.

The shifting hues that sported o'er her face,
 Were like the streamers of the rosy Eve. p. 135.

We could give many other like passages, but these will do for our purpose.

He sometimes, however, shows that he can rise higher than mere description, and natural imagery, as in the following passage of an exquisite ballad in the first canto:

Than the caryl liftit the babe se young,
 And nemit hir with ane tremilous tung;
 And the lychte of God strak on his face,
 As he nelit on the dewe, and callit her Grace. p. 37.

We shall make but one more extract, which we think excessively beautiful:

The rainbow's lovely in the eastern cloud,
 The rose is beauteous on the bended thorn,
 Sweet is the evening ray from purple shroud,
 And sweet the orient blushes of the morn,
 Sweeter than all the beauties which adorn
 The female form in youth and maiden bloom,
 O why should passion ever man suborn,
 To work the sweetest flower of nature's doom,
 And cast o'er all her joys a veil of cheerless gloom.

O fragile flower! that blossoms but to fade!
 One slip recovery or recall defies!
 Thou walkst the dizzy verge with steps unstead,
 Fair as the habitants of yonder skies!
 Like them thou fallest never more to rise!

O fragile flower! for thee my heart's in pain!
 Haply a world is hid from mortal eyes,
 Where thou may'st smile in purity again,
 And shine in virgin bloom that ever shall remain. p. 50.

We have not space to make further extracts; but what have been given, we think, are sufficient to justify our remarks upon the style of Mr. H.'s poetry. Nor will our limits allow us to enter into the story of "Mador of the Moor." There is one thing, however, which forces us to disagree, and almost to quarrel with Mr. H.—. We allude to the management of his story. The first canto is all mystery—it is enveloped in a cloud! The forms are faintly shadowed out—not distinctly drawn to the size. The second canto is more natural,—and the third, quite so;—but the fourth is *supernatural*:—the fifth gains upon nature again, but cannot get free from romance.—This wavering between one and the other gives the poem a character of inconsistency, which for the respect we entertain for the talents of Mr. H.—, we are sorry to see. The *Queen's Wake* showed us the powers of Mr. H. in the ballad-style, in which he greatly excels,—and, in this, he has improved upon—not departed from—his former excellence.

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(FROM ACKERMAN'S REPOSITORY.)

SINCERITAS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

WILL you permit an unfortunate lover of truth to apply to you for assistance? Dont be alarmed, my dear sir, I do not mean pecuniary assistance; but, from the nature of your work, it may be in your power to serve me, and I will lay my case before you as briefly as I can.—From my earliest infancy, sir, I have been a martyr to my veneration for truth: the famed Candide himself never was more zealously devoted to Sincera than your unfortunate humble servant. I was the younger son of a good family, and was destined, even from my cradle, to make my way in the world by matrimony, although no plan could have been more unpromising; for I am, unfortunately, very ugly, and, being a younger son, was but scantily gifted with the favours of Plutus: but the machiavelian genius of my mother would, I believe, have conquered all the disadvantages of nature and fortune, had not my unlucky sincerity been a perpetual stumbling-block in the way. I shall not trouble you with a detail of the various misfortunes which I met with, in my childhood, from speaking the truth. At twenty I returned from the university, and, before I had been three days in the house of my parents, I had contrived to tell so many disagreeable truths to every one of the family that I had raised myself a host of enemies; and, had not my father unluckily prophesied that I never should get a wife, I believe my mother would

have relinquished the matrimonial speculations she had formed for me; but, as she always made it a rule to act in decided opposition to him, she determined to find a helpmate for me directly. Miss Prune, the daughter of an eminent grocer, with a fortune of nearly a plum, had been recently introduced to my mother, who was perfectly willing to overlook her want of birth in favour of her money. My prospect with this young lady was tolerably fair. Mr. Prune, though he could with difficulty make shift to read the for ign. intelligence in the daily papers, by skipping all the *hard* names, had a great veneration for *learning*; and, though he could not trace his family so far back as his great-grandfather, he was determined to marry his daughter to a gentleman. I had, therefore, the father's warmest wishes for my success, and, after my mother had spent a whole hour in exhorting me not to ruin myself by speaking the truth to the daughter, we set off to dine with the Prunes *en famille*. I conducted myself tolerably well in the beginning of our visit, for I scarcely spoke. Miss Prune was evidently a raw, uncultivated girl, but she appeared timid and silent—two qualities which I greatly admire in the fair sex. As my unlucky stars would have it, she had that day written a complimentary note, in French, to a friend of hers, who was newly married, and her papa desired her to show it to me. I saw my mother change colour, and, hastily snatching up the note, she ran her eye over it, and declared it was charming. "You are too partial to my Patty, my lady," cried the father; "but let us hear what the scholar will say to it." The precious *morceau* was handed to me; but, after making two or three attempts to read it, I was obliged to give it up, and return it to the young lady, with a declaration that it was not French. In fact, Mr. Editor, though I did not carry my love of truth so far as to tell her so, she might as well have called it Chinese. Miss blushed, and her meekness gave place to a degree of virulence which I think I never saw equalled. Papa was as much affronted, because it was impossible, with such a *dedication* as he had given to Pat, she could be so *hignorant*. My mother's excuses for my behaviour were unavailing, and I made my exit without any invitation to repeat my visit. My mamma's reproaches for what she called my absurd conduct were loud and bitter, and it was a considerable time before I was again exhibited to any of her acquaintance, in the character of a would-be Benedict. At length she sent for me into her dressing-room, and informed me that she had had a hint from the uncle of Miss Lofty that his niece would not be averse to receive my addresses. "But I should be extremely averse to pay them," replied I, "if her mind corresponds with her face; for I never saw an uglier woman in my life." My mother replied only by a significant glance at a mirror, near which I stood. I could not deny the *truth* of its *reflection*; but I consoled myself by thinking that I was only ugly, and that Miss Lofty was absolutely hideous; for every evil passion was pictured in her countenance. However, my mother gained

my father over to her party, and the two families became almost inseparable; the young lady put on the mask of amiability, and I was beginning to believe that there is no truth in *faces*, when an incident occurred that showed her to me in her real colours, and terminated my addresses. She had an acquaintance, a young lady, whose conduct had always been strictly correct, but who, to avoid a marriage which her parents wished to force her into, had eloped from them, and kept the place of her retreat a profound secret. In a day or two after her elopement one of the footmen absconded with some of the plate. The natural malignity of Miss Loftly prompted her to seize upon this circumstance to injure the fame of the young lady, and she circulated a report, which was speedily believed, that they had eloped together. She had hitherto veiled from me her love of scandal; but I happened to make my visit at the moment in which she was entertaining a select company with an account of Miss ——'s infamous conduct. She stopped when I appeared; but a lady present took up the cause of the absent fair one, and spoke so warmly in her favour that my intended was thrown off her guard so far as to declare that she knew the story to be true. "Mention not the sacred name of truth," cried I, "in support of an uncharitable assertion, which you cannot prove, and which candour should have prevented you from making. Know you not that the highwayman is, in comparison with the slanderer, an innocent character? Remember what our immortal bard says,

"Who steals my purse steals trash,
"But he who filches from me my good name—"

She did not give me time to finish my quotation, for she desired that I would instantly quit her house, and never enter it again. You may believe, Mr. Editor, I took her at her word; for, though she afterwards made some overtures toward a reconciliation, nothing could prevail upon me to listen to them.

By this time my disposition began to be pretty well known amongst the circle of our intimates, and my mother almost despaired of success in a third negotiation; but women, you know, Mr. Editor, have a great deal of perseverance. Miss Sparkle, a distant relation of her own, returned from a continental trip about this time, and I happened to be present when she paid my mother a visit. During a conversation which I held with her, of two hours' length, I found that I could be polite to her, without once violating the laws of my beloved truth. Her understanding was of the first order, and highly cultivated, and her disposition appeared most amiable. My attentions to Miss Sparkle were not lost upon my politic mamma, who would not suffer her to depart without extorting from her a promise to become our inmate for a few weeks; and no sooner was she gone than both my parents congratulated me upon the fair prospect I had of getting a rich

wife at last. To be brief, Mr. Editor, Miss Sparkle became our guest, and for nearly three weeks I had not an opportunity of telling her a single disagreeable truth; and, in spite of my plain face and want of fortune, she did me the honour to avow a partiality in my favour. In short, matters were going on swimmingly when my evil genius spoiled all. One day, while we were chatting together in her dressing-room, Mr. Dapperwit was announced, and a little man entered, whom I supposed, from his air and deportment, to be one of the numerous tribe of male artists whom ladies, in these days, employ to decorate their persons; but I soon found that I had committed a great mistake; for Miss Sparkle introduced him to me as a celebrated author; and, after a few compliments, he told her he had called to beg permission to dedicate to her a small volume of poems, which he had at press. He had, he said, written a poetical dedication, which he requested leave to read. She gave an assenting bow; but he had not repeated ten lines when I found truth so outraged that I interrupted his panegyric by a philippic on the gross flattery with which it abounded. Would you believe it, Mr. Editor, the impudent little retainer to the muses had the effrontery to declare that he had not said half the truth; and Miss Sparkle—(oh! Vanity, thy name is woman!) was evidently persuaded of his sincerity. I bridled my passion till he was gone; but the truths which I then began to tell his fair patroness were interrupted by her assuring me that she considered my conduct as a gross insult, and that she would never give her hand to a man who denied her those good qualities which all the world allowed her to possess. It was in vain that I assured her the perfections which Mr. Dapperwit's muse had bestowed upon her could not with *truth* be attributed to any human being; she would not listen to me; and that very day she quitted our house, though the time she had agreed to remain with us was not half expired.

I shall not attempt to describe to you the indignation of my mamma, who now began to think I was absolutely incorrigible, and for some time I enjoyed a little peace, which, as I had now completely established my character as an uncouth savage, whose manners were worse than those of an inhabitant of Otaheite, I was in hopes I should continue to enjoy; but I was once more compelled to appear in the character of an enamoured swain.—Mrs. Mature, a widow, who was a few years older than myself, but whose manners and person were very pleasing, was the next object whom my industrious mamma pointed out to my notice. I found her a very rational woman, and our sentiments were apparently very similar. She had some faults; but when I told her of them she listened to me with patience and good humour, and promised to correct them. Enchanted to find a woman who would listen without anger to the voice of truth, I thought I had found a second Fatimé, when an unlucky accident overturned all my bright prospects. One day Mrs. Mature, after praising the beauty

of a female friend of hers, asked me whether I did not think her a very fine woman. "She has been extremely handsome, no doubt," replied I, "when she was young." "When she was young!" replied the widow, "why, pray, sir, do you call her old?" "She cannot, certainly, with truth, be styled young," cried I, "for she is considerably turned of thirty; at which age she would, in many parts of the world, be considered an old woman." "We think differently in England, however," replied Mrs. Mature, with an air of pique. "My friend is hardly arrived at the prime of life, according to our ideas: she has not yet reached the fashionable age." "Your ideas, then, are erroneous," cried I; "but it is not wonderful that fashion should be at variance with truth." "What you are pleased to call truth I must style rudeness," replied she: "I am nearly of the same age as Mrs. —, and you may suppose I shall not be very ready to give my hand to a man who thinks me an old woman." It was in vain that I assured her my affection was founded upon her mental perfections, and that youth and beauty were qualities which I disregarded. This unlucky attempt to conciliate matters made them ten times worse, and she actually rang for a servant to show me the door.

I was by this time, Mr. Editor, so completely sickened of my matrimonial speculations, that neither threats nor intreaties could prevail on me to act the lover again; and in all probability I should have been suffered to do as I pleased, but for the death of my elder brother, which happened soon after I had attained my twenty-fifth year, and from that moment I have been plagued equally by my father and mother to enter into the holy state, which I am assured I may now do whenever I please; for it is truly astonishing, Mr. Editor, how much I am altered in the opinion of the ladies since I became heir to an estate and title. My figure, which formerly they never noticed, is allowed to be very genteel, and, as to my face, though it is plain, beauty is of no consequence in a man. My love of truth, which formerly they called ill manners and ill nature, is now transformed into an agreeable bluntness; and, with all my *oddities*, I am allowed to be a very pleasant animal, who would be very likely to make a good husband. But, my dear Mr. Editor, this favourable opinion which the ladies entertain of me has not its foundation in truth; for I should never become, in their acceptation of the word, a good husband; since my wife must expect to hear the truth, and nothing but the truth (however disagreeable it might be to her), from me. Now, sir, if, amongst your fair readers, there should be one, whose person is not deformed, whose age is under forty, whose temper and disposition are good, and who, above all, would cheerfully subscribe to the above conditions, I declare that the want of either birth or fortune shall be no obstacle to my bestowing on her the hand and heart of

Your very humble servant,

SINCERITAS.

POETRY.

FROM THE EXAMINER OF JUNE.

Harry Brown to his cousin Thomas Brown, Jun.

LETTER I.

Here, here sweetly murmur the bees,
Here talk the quick birds in the trees,
And the pines drop their nuts at their ease.

THEOCRITUS.

DEAR TOM, who enjoying your brooks and your bowers,
Live just like a bee, when he's flushest of flowers,—
A maker of sweets, busy sparkling, and singing,
Yet armed with an exquisite point too for stinging,—
I owe you a letter, and having this time
A whole series to write to you, send them in rhyme;
For rhyme, with it's air, and it's step-springing tune,
Helps me on, as a march does a soldier in June;
And when chatting to you, I've a something about me,
That makes all my spirits come dancing from out me;

I told you, you know, you should have a detail
Of Hampstead's whole merits,—heath, wood, hill, and vale,—
And threatened in consequence (only admire
The metal one's turned to by dint of desire)
To draw you all near me,—rain dog that I was,—
As the bees are made swarm by the chinking of brass.

(By the bye, this comparison, well understood,—
Is modestly speaking, still better than good;
For a man who once kept them in London, they say,
Found out that they came here to dine every day.)

But at present, for reasons I'll give when we meet,
I shall spare you the trouble,—I mean to say, treat;—
Yet how can I touch, and not linger awhile,
On the spot that has haunted my youth like a smile?
On it's fine breathing prospects, it's clump-wooded glades,
Dark pines and white houses, and long-allied shades,
With fields going down, where the bard lies and sees
The hills up above him with roofs in the trees?
Now too, while the season,—half summer, half spring,—
Brown elms and green oaks,—makes one loiter and sing;
And the bee's weighty murmur comes by us at noon,
And the cuckoo repeats his short indolent tune,
And little white clouds lie about in the sun,
And the wind's in the west, and hay-making begun?

Even now while I write, I'm half stretched on the ground,
With a cheek-smoothing air coming taking me round,
Betwixt hillocks of green, plumed with fern and wild flowers,
While my eye closely follows the bees in their bowers.

People talk of "*poor insects*," (although, by the way,
Your old friend, ANACREON, was wiser than they;)*
But lord, what a set of delicious retreats
The epicures live in,—shades, colours, and sweets!
The least clumps of verdure, on peeping into 'em,
Are emerald groves, with bright shapes winding through 'em;
And sometimes I wonder, when poking down by 'em,
What odd sort of giant the rogues may think I am.
Here perks from his arbour of crimson or green
A beau, who slips backward as though he were seen!—
Here over my paper another shall go,
Looking just like a traveller lost in the snow,—
Till he reaches the writing,—and then, when he's eyed it,
What nodding, and touching, and coasting beside it!
No fresh-water spark, in his uniform fine,
Can be graver when he too first crosses the line:—
Now he stops at a question, as who should say "Hey!"
Now casts his round eye up the yawn of an A:
Now resolves to be bold, half afraid he shall sink,
And like GIFFORD before him, can't tell what to think.

Oh the wretched transition to insects like these
From those of the country! To town from the trees!
Ah TOM,—you who have run the gay circle of life,
And squared it, at last, with your books and a wife,—
Who in Bond-street by day, when the press has been thickest,
Have had all the "*digito monstrosus*" and "*hic est*,"†
Who've shone at great houses in coach-crowded streets,
Amidst lights, wits, and beauties, and musical treats,
And had the best pleasure a guest could befall,
In being, yourself, the best part of it all,—
Can the town (and I'am fond of it too, when I'am there)
Can the town, after all, with the country compare?

But this is a subject I keep for my last,
Like the fruit in green leaves, which concludes a repast.—
Adieu. In my next you'll hear more of the town;
Till when, and for ever, dear Coz.

HARRY BROWN.

* ANACREON, "the wise," as PLATO called him, says in his delicious little ode, that he looks upon the grasshopper as next to the Gods; and I do not scruple to say, with the license becoming one of the BROWNS, that he spoke in the true spirit of one himself,—enjoying the creature's enjoyment, without any of the pettier assumptions of humanity. COWLEY, by the way, who has felt all this spirit of his author, though he lost sight of his simplicity, has a beautiful line in his paraphrase:—

Fed with the nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine.

† HORACE to his Muse, and PERSIUS in allusion to him:—

Totum muneris hoc tui est,
Quod monstrosus digito prætereuntium
Romanæ fidicen lyræ:—
Quod spiro, et placeo (si placeo) tuum est.

Lib. 4. Ode 5.

To thee alone I owe, dear muse of mine,
That people point me out, passing along,
As leader of my country's lyric song:—
Yes,—that I live and please (if please) is thine.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.

HARRISON HALL has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, DR. CAMPBELL'S WESTERN ANTIQUITIES; with additions, illustrations, and a biographical sketch of Dr. Campbell, by James R. Wilson, A. M. Dr. Campbell for many years had contemplated writing the history of Kentucky, where he resided. During his researches, with a view to that work, much of his attention was drawn to the antique forts, towns and natural curiosities which abound in the great central valley of North America; and he prepared, and determined to publish, a separate essay on those interesting subjects. The last three years of his life were almost wholly devoted to the collection of materials illustrative of the ancient history of our continent. The work will form one 8vo volume, illustrated with twelve engravings, and will be delivered to subscribers at \$2 50, in boards. All the profits of the work will belong to Dr. Campbell's widow and children.

From some late London Magazines we understand that the poem of Ilderim (noticed in our last number) is the production of H. Gally Knight, esq.

In our notice of the Antiquary we stated that it was written by a Mr. Greenfield. It seems, however, that we were not altogether correct. After making a great many pert remarks upon the subject (from which any body might know that they were tickled at possessing a secret), the Critical Reviews have this paragraph in their critique of the book:

"We have also our opinion upon this point, not founded in speculation, but upon authority which we have no reason to doubt. We understand that the name of the author of "Waverly," "Guy Mannering" and "the Antiquary" is Forbes; that he is the son of a Scotch baronet—that he was educated at the school of Dr. Valpy, at Reading, and that he is now in the twenty-seventh year of his age. We are not at liberty to disclose the source from whence we derive this information: it must suffice to say that the fact has our belief, and that it has been confirmed by circumstantial evidence."

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

FRANCE.—*Douanes de France.*—*Tarif Général des Droits d'Entrée et de Sortie, dressé en vertu de la loi du 28 Avril, 1816, par les soins de M. le conseiller d'état, directeur général, et approuvé par arrêté de son excellence le ministre secrétaire d'état des finances, en date du 3 Juin, 1816. Prix 6 francs.*
A Paris, de l'imprimerie royale. Large 4to, pp. 124. 1816.

THIS tariff of French duties is upon altogether a new plan, and commerce must now owe to France as much as chymistry

has long owed, for the accuracy and order with which she has classified its various articles. The outline of the scheme is briefly this.—Each page is divided into seven perpendicular columns; in the first of which the ‘denominations of merchandize’ are arranged in alphabetical sequence—beginning with the generic name, and thence descending through all the ramification of species. This column occupies about half the page, and the remaining six are devoted to the specification of duties on importation and exportation.

It is not our present intention to enter into any detail of all the subjects which the tariff embraces, but to transcribe that part only which relates particularly to this article. We learn, in the preliminary observations, that, “independently of the customs (*droits de douanes*), which, upon books imported in French vessels, are 25 francs; if in foreign vessels, 27 francs, 50 centiemes to the 100 killogrammes, or 200*l.* English; all books, printed in foreign countries, and brought into France, must pay a duty of 150 francs to the 200*l.* (if they are in the French language) and 75 francs (if in any living foreign language). Those which are printed in France, and thence carried to other countries, pay 51 centiemes by the 100 killogrammes (200*l.*) or 15 centiemes by the 100 francs in value—at the option of the owner or exporter. No importation can take place without the permission of the minister of the general police, pointing out the port of entry. Books presented, without such permission, are to be seized—at least if they are not addressed to the minister himself. Notices of the permits which have been granted must be sent to the custom-house officers (*directeurs des douanes*), in order to prevent all surprise. Books, admitted in virtue of special authorizations, must be immediately despatched to the nearest prefecture, with a specification of the number of the permit—a precaution which must also be scrupulously observed in the transmission of books destined for Paris. Travellers (*voyageurs*) are relieved of formalities; but to the catalogue of the books which they have with them, and which they aver are for their own use, they must subscribe a promise that they will not dispose of them; and there must be duplicate catalogues of such as are reputed the objects of commerce.” Such are what the French minister of finance is pleased to denominate *the formalities* of importing and exporting books. We have no very good means of ascertaining the state of the press in the interior of France; but we know that six individuals have lately incurred the sentence of transportation for an alleged libel, and that several others have been sentenced to ten and twenty years’ imprisonment, for a similar offence against the government. Some printers, however, have been bold enough to republish translations of some elementary English school books, such as Blair’s Universal Preceptor and Grammar of Philosophy, Goldsmith’s Elementary Geographies, together with some others, which are equally free from dangerous political tendencies. The following

extracts from British publications contain the only information we can present our readers relative to the state of French literature:

Among the curiosities of the day, we must not entirely pass over the *fac simile* copies of the last letter, or will, of Marie Antoinette of Austria, queen of France, written Oct. 18, 1793. It has been copied with the most scrupulous exactness, by more than one engraver, at Paris.

ROSES AND LILIES.—The work on lilies, by M. Redouté, which has been some years in a course of publication, is at length concluded in *Eighty* numbers, forming eight volumes in folio: the price is 3,200 fr. (150*l.*) subscription price. This seems to be a sufficient homage paid to a single flower, which, however, presents among the curious, a great variety of species, each marked by its proper form, manners, and beauties.—M. Redouté, whose work on lillies is now closed, proposes to direct his attention to a similar work on roses. He observes, very justly, that the culture of the rose is of late become a subject of study among a great number of naturalists and amateurs:—that most gardens of any magnitude, contain collections of roses, more or less extensive; while this beautiful flower, by its form, its fragrance, and its colours, has established its reputation, as an object of fashion, and, in short, may be deemed popular. When the rose was less in request, a small number of varieties was all that was known; and these were placed in gardens without much consideration or display; but, now, the number of beautiful species is increased, and these are more sought after and preferred. The author proposes to treat the rose as he has already treated the lily; that is to say, to furnish an exact representation of each species, drawn from nature, with a summary description; the whole coloured, &c. with strict fidelity. The subscription price for each number, containing six plates, is about sixteen shillings.

De Montucci occupies himself incessantly in advancing his Dictionary of the Chinese Language. About the end of the year 1814, he had cut 14,000 new characters; and he expected to be able to complete the number wanted—and being many more than 10,000, before the present year was far advanced.

The principal French journals, at present, in a course of publication, are, *Magazin Encyclopedique*, or *Journal of Sciences, Letters, and Arts*, by the Chevalier Millin. Yearly subscription, 42 francs.—*Annales de l'Agriculture Française*; by M. M. Tessier and Bose. Subscription, 25 francs.—*Bibliothèque Physico-Economique*, by Arthur Bertrand. Subscription, 10 francs.—*Annales de Chimie*. Subscription, 21 francs.—*Journal de Médecine*, by Dr. J. J. Leroux. Price, 10 francs.—*Gazette de Santé*, by Drs. Gardanne, Pinel, Poulet, Montégre. Subscription, 18 francs.—*Journal de Physique, de Chimie, d'Histoire Naturelle, et des Arts*, by J. C. de la Metherie. Subscription, 27 francs.—*Journal des Mines*. Subscription, 21 francs.—*Journal des Audi-*

ences de la Cour de Cassation, by J. B. Jalbert. Subscription, 24 francs.—Journal du Palais,—Subscription, 50 francs.—Journal du Commerce, de Politique, et de Litterature. Subscription, 68 francs.—Bulletin de la Société d'encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale, by J. N. Barbier de Wémar. Subscription, 30 francs.—Bibliothèque Britannique, chez Magimel. Subscription, 42 francs.—Journal Général des Theatres, by Ricard. Subscription, 42 francs.

††† The prices marked are those charged at Paris.

The French journals and lighter works of the same nature, have certainly an appropriate interest among the literati: this has been felt in Germany, where they have long maintained a certain popularity. Messrs. Henri and Richard, announce a work, to be supported in conjunction, that is intended to supercede the occasion for those foreign communications. It will appear periodically, and will be formed of extracts, critical analyses, and annunciations referring to the following objects.

1. The most interesting memoirs on the events of the times.—
2. Extracts from the descriptions and observations afforded by the best modern travellers —3. Biographical notices of distinguished contemporaries. 4. Historical illustration of passing events.—
5. Pictures of national manners, and character.—6. Selections from the most striking passages of the romances, tales, novels, fables, poems, &c which daily visit Germany in great numbers.—7. Critical analyses of the most considerable French works.—8. Extracts from the French literary journals. The title of the work will be *Le Nouvelliste Français*.

We are somewhat gratified in stating that the portraits of our greatest naval and military heroes,—such as Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Porter, Chauncey, Jones, Perry, Lawrence, Pike, Scott, and Brown, have been copied in France from the former numbers of the *Analectic Magazine*. Besides the officers abovementioned the engraver has included upon the same plate the action of the Constitution with the *Guerriere*, and of the United States with the *Macedonian*; and, as the whole is neatly executed, it forms a very beautiful picture.

ENGLAND.

The Elgin Marbles.—The greatest part of this celebrated collection of Grecian sculpture is taken from the Temple of Minerva, at Athens,—which was built under the superintendence of Phidias about 500 years before Christ. It consists of three orders,—of perfect statues, or such as are sculptured at full length and stand upon isolated pedestals,—of figures in the very highest relief, or such as are almost perfect statues and are fastened to blocks of marble by a very slight attachment,—and of figures in the very lowest relief, or such as rise but very little above the general superficies of the marble and seem to be on the boundary line be-

tween sculpture and painting.—From the Parthenon or Temple of Minerva there are seventeen of the first order, fourteen of the second, and fifty-two of the third. Lord Elgin obtained also a part of his collection from other buildings: from the Temple of Victory four pieces of the second class,—from the triple Temple of Erectheus, Minerva Polias and Pandrosa eighteen architectural specimens,—and from the Theatre of Bacchus three nondescript pieces. There are, still further, thirteen detached heads or fragments of heads; thirty-five detached pieces of various sculpture; eleven urns of marble and three of bronze, together with some hundreds of vases,—all of which were dug up near Athens: eight altars; thirteen sepulchral pillars; forty-four casts in plaister of Paris of the friezes of Parthenon, the Temple of Theseus, and the Choraic monument of Lysicrates;—sixty-six marbles with inscriptions (the famous Sigeæan among the rest;) an ancient lyre and two ancient flutes of cedar, found in making an excavation near Athens; sixty-six gold, five hundred and seventy-seven silver, and two hundred and thirty-seven copper medals. To this catalogue is also added a large collection of drawings of Grecian Antiquities.—It will be impossible to admit an account of all these Athenian relics. Two are said to be supereminently fine:—the first a statue of Theseus, or of Hercules—or at all events of a young god, reclining gracefully on the rocks of Olympus, which is covered with a lion's skin and an ample drapery: the second the representation of Neptune, or of Ilissus, who is also in a reclining posture,—but who appears, at the same time, to be springing up from the rock by an impulse of joy for Minerva's victory in the contest for Athens. This was a difficult undertaking; and the artist has chosen the moment when the whole weight of the body was thrown on the left arm, which, as well as the right foot, is resting on the rock. The expression of the skin is perfect;—and there is (says Mr. Visconti) an animation and a spirit of life in the figure, which are rarely to be found in the works of art. In representing *natural* beauty the Theseus and Ilissus,—in representing *ideal* beauty the Laocoon and Apollo of Belvedere,—are considered as the chefs d'oeuvre of sculpture. This is the concurrent opinion of West, Nollekens, Westmacott, Chanutry, Flaxman, Rossi, Wilkins, Visconti, and Conova;—in opposition, to which stands the solitary judgment of a Mr. Payne Knight; who thinks the statues of Lord Elgin are only in the second rank of excellence, because they are so polished as to exhibit no marks of the chissel;—for the same reason that Mr K. would probably look contemptuously upon perfect typography, because (unlike old black letter) it was too exempt from all errors of the press!—When we are speaking of these statues the reader must not imagine that they are by any means entire; for to every one of them we might apply a description similar to Shakspeare's:—they are 'sans heads, sans arms, sans legs, sans almost every thing'.—We have abstracted this account from an article in the Quarterly Review.

The author of "Conversations on Chymistry" is preparing *Conversations on Political Economy*.

An Irish clergyman has prepared for Dublin a periodical corn-table, exhibiting the reciprocal prices of corn at all the great corn-markets, reduced to their several standards of money and measures, and exhibiting the results of several hundred calculations. He proposes to transfer the same plan to the markets of Great Britain, and to publish in London, every week, a similar table, which, there can be no doubt, will be found highly useful to corn-dealers, factors, &c. &c.

A respectable quarterly miscellany has been commenced at Bristol, under the title of *the Bristol Memorialist*. The first part contains some specimens of composition, not inferior to any that is to be met with in the journals of the southern or northern metropolis, and also much curious information relative to local subjects, whose interest is, however, of a general nature.

Reliquiæ Hearnianæ, or the Genuine remains of Thomas Hearne, are preparing for the press, in 2 vols. 8vo. This celebrated antiquary left no less than a hundred and fifty (or more) pocket volumes, written in his own hand, containing what may very justly be termed a *Diary of his Pursuits*. This diary comprises his opinions on books and persons, a considerable portion of his correspondence, anecdotes of his acquaintance, and indeed of most of the literary and political characters of his day; with a variety of papers on subjects of history and antiquity; and from these volumes it is proposed to select such parts as appear the most interesting and authentic; and it is confidently hoped that they will form a work of great literary interest and curiosity.

A new work is nearly finished at press, entitled *Vulgar Errors, Ancient and Modern*, attributed as imports to the proper names of the globe, clearly ascertained; with approximations to their rational descents, investigating the origin and use of letters, Moses's hitherto misunderstood account of Eden, biblical long lost names, unknown names of heathen gods, of nations, provinces, towns, &c. with a critical disquisition on every station of Richard of Cirencester and Antoninus in Britain.

Speedily will be published a secret history of the marriage of the princess Charlotte with prince Leopold, and of the breaking off the treaty with the hereditary prince of Orange; with an outline of the policy of the court of Russia, and some anecdotes of the duchess of Oldenburgh.

Mr. Wright, of Liverpool, whose attachment to the principles of liberty are well known, and deservedly respected, announces a new weekly publication, to be entitled "*the Liverpool Freeman*," with this excellent motto, from Mr. Fox:—"If to inform the people of England of their actual situation is to inflame them, the

fault is in those who have brought them into that situation, and not in those who only tell them the truth " It will partake of the character of a magazine: political intelligence and discussion will be the primary object; but, by compressing the events, and reserving the space occupied with advertisements, a large portion of the paper will be appropriated to a greater variety of subjects, and to communications of merit. It will be printed a sheet of demy, in octavo pages.

The *Paradise of Coquettes*, attributed in this country to Mr. Leigh Hunt, was written by Thomas Brown, M. D. professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, who is also the author of two other late poems—the *War Fiend* and the *Wanderer of Norway*.

We are glad to find that Joseph Lancaster, undaunted by personal losses or opposition, still perseveres in his useful career. He lately stated, at a public dinner of the friends of his system, in London, that, in the space of little more than twenty months, he had travelled about 45,000 miles, lectured to above 113,000 persons, in near 450 lectures, and expended above one thousand pounds of the proceeds of these lectures in the expenses attendant on the promulgation of this great cause. He has above 600 schools on his lists, and he particularly noticed one at Cincinnati, on the Ohio, 700 miles from New York, for 900 children. Two pupils, conversant in his system, have gone down the Mississippi, to extend his system there.

ERRATUM.

Page 319, line 8 from the bottom, for *east* read *coast*.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE,

AND

NAVAL CHRONICLE.

NOVEMBER, 1816.

ORIGINAL.

Letters on England: Comprising Descriptive Scenes; with Remarks on the State of Society, Domestic Economy, Habits of the People, and Condition of the Manufacturing Classes generally. Interspersed with Miscellaneous Observations and Reflections.
By Joshua E. White, of Savannah. In two vols. 8vo. pp. 679.
Philadelphia. M. Carey. 1816.

THIS is truly an American book; and, for a great body of readers, is truly a useful book. Mr. White is a well educated, sensible merchant—who started from this country with some prejudices against England, but with no inveterate unwillingness to have them corrected—travels over the island in perfect good humour—and indeed displays throughout his letters that subdued and passive equanimity which is compliant with circumstances, submits without murmur to disappointment, and resolves to take all for the best. But to the majority of those who have an interest in knowing England, Mr. White has recommendations of another sort. He visited almost all the great trading cities on a tour of business; and if any of our countrymen are about to perform a mercantile journey from Liverpool to London, through Manches-

ter, Rochdale, Halifax, Leeds, Litchfield, Birmingham—and back again—they ought by all means to have one volume of these letters in their right pocket and the other in the left. They may be truly called general letters of introduction. All the great trading houses are named; all the modes of mercantile negotiation are specified; and no stranger need get lost in any of the great cities, provided he will follow the directions of Mr. White.

As a book of travels, in the more general sense of the expression, however, we cannot speak so much in praise of the Letters on England. Mr. White was obliged to hurry from town to town; and never tarried in any place, only as long as the transaction of his business required. Trading was that business; and a person so employed can have little time—and if he has always been so employed—can have little taste, for attention to any thing else. Yet where Mr. White has purposely delayed his departure from any place, in order to investigate some of its beauties—in York for example—he displays capacities of observation which lead us to conclude, that, under different auspices, he might become an amusing and instructive traveller.

We must acknowledge, nevertheless, that this opinion is given with some reservations. We do think that it requires an education and a set of habits very different from those of Mr. White to produce a new interesting book of travels upon the old subject of England. In a country which had never been explored his inquisitiveness and good-nature are nearly all the qualifications which would be requisite for an account of its situation, either moral or physical: but in Great Britain, which has been so repeatedly described by other travellers, and about which little new information can be expected, a person must be endowed with a pretty refined sensibility, and be able, withal, to give us an accurate account of his own feelings, and of his own personal adventures—in order to produce an interesting volume of travels. Here is Mr. W.'s great failing. In almost every situation which is calculated to impress him with peculiar sensations, or to engage him in peculiar incidents, he frankly confesses his inability to tell us how *he* feels; and whenever a poet or a preceding traveller has written upon the same subject, he adopts their language without ceremony into his own pages. His chief quotations are taken

from Professor Silliman's Journal—a busy and entertaining little work which has already circulated in our country much beyond the sphere of what, we are afraid, will be the celebrity of Mr. White's letters. The former has decidedly the advantage of the latter in every qualification for an English tourist—in none more, however, than in the faculty of describing the peculiarity of his feelings under the many interesting circumstances which a traveller must necessarily encounter. Mr. White does not appear to be a classical scholar; and his descriptions are almost always given in those vague and general terms which originally stood for very common sensations, and which have been so incessantly used as to stand now for hardly any sensations at all: Mr. Silliman, on the other hand, contrives to keep our attention awake by the employment of those appropriate and graphic words which add to language all its fascination and interest, and which can rarely be acquired but by a pretty long course of severe classical study. While Mr. W. contents himself with telling us, for example, that a landscape is 'picturesque,' a Gothic church 'awful,' a cathedral 'grand,' Mr. S. will describe the particular manner in which they affected himself, and *how* they are picturesque, or awful, or grand.

In consequence of the haste with which Mr. W. performed his tour, and of the many inconveniences attending the plan of writing as one goes along, it would be unfair to judge of his faculties as a traveller from the letters which lie on our table:—but we have discovered many reasonings and remarks, in these volumes, which are not very creditable to the understanding or the knowledge of the author, and which appear to be rather the expression of settled opinions—than a detail of hasty and superficial observations. Thus an intelligent writer could hardly be expected to state, in 1816, that the African trade had merely been '*checked*' by a law of the British parliament (p. 13, vol. i.): nor can we help wondering at the coolness with which Mr. W. observes (p. 270, id. vol.) that 'the paintings, in St. Paul's cathedral, have *suffered* from *time*.'—He is frequently unfortunate in his reasonings; and to give as fair and as brief a specimen as we can of his general powers in this department, we transcribe the whole of note III, vol. i.; where our author first acknowledges the adequacy of a

cause, and then goes on to assure us that it ‘*should not*’ produce its effect.

“I was told, and the veracity of my authoress was placed far above suspicion, that there was not in Manchester an individual divine of the established church, of good moral character. From whence can arise such depravity among those who style themselves the disciples of Jesus Christ? A late writer has very justly observed, “even in a collegiate church, when they are chanting in full choir, the cold, inanimate, and sometimes irreverent manner in which they acquit themselves, shocks the feelings of a stranger.” Will not this lack of zeal in the performance of worship, account for the few proselytes they make to the established church? And may not such lukewarmness arise from the principles of toleration? A principle so just, should not produce such an evil. On religious matters men should be left to think and act as they please: they alone are accountable to their God; and their consciences and their reasons should be their guide. On subjects connected *only* with the temporal or eternal welfare of the *individual*, persecution should not be allowed; and we should proudly rejoice that the days of fanaticism and of martyrdom have long since fled with those darkened eras, in which men were as cruel as they were ignorant.”

But even our allowances for haste must not be received without some qualifications. In these days of typographical fecundity, perhaps hasty composition ought never to excuse an imperfect work,—except when that work is to subserve some transient and immediate purpose, and cannot, of course, be sufficiently delayed for correction and improvement. Because a person keeps a travelling diary, or carries on a correspondence with his distant acquaintances—it does not follow that the contents of his MSS. must be sent to press in the rude and confounded state of the first draught. In a journal or a series of letters there are many things, which, as they would be little edifying to the public in general, ought not to be printed at all;—while, on the other hand, there must be dispersed through the whole mass of records a variety of remarks upon the same subject, which, if they are worthy of publication, should be picked out and arranged before they are sent into the world. We are aware that nothing like system or classification is expected in a series of letters:—but we question, at the same time, whether the common license in this particular is meant to be extended beyond the introduction of different topics into the

same letter. When a subject is taken up in one letter—dropped after a remark or two—taken up again in a subsequent letter—and dropped again as before—our attention is distracted by the author's references back and forth; nor can we derive the least satisfaction from his reasonings or details, unless we keep the fingers of our hand constantly thrust in various parts of the volume. Thus we are continually told that 'of this more hereafter'—'on this subject I shall say more in future'—'in another place I shall, &c.'—all of which might have been omitted with little labour to the writer, and with a good deal of satisfaction to the reader.

But we do not complain so much of this disorder, as of the bulk to which these letters are swollen by the publication of details which either convey no information whatever, or have been given so often before, as to require no repetition from Mr. White. In the first class we may place almost all of chapter I.* Thus again, on p 57, vol. I.—among many other examples—it requires a longer time for Mr. W. to go up stairs to bed, than to ride through a 'highly cultivated country' of a dozen miles. 'Having effected my business in this dusky town (says he)—taken a seat in the mail coach—settled my bill—and told the chamber-maid to call me in time—I retired to bed; and next morning had an agreeable ride, through a highly cultivated country, to Rochdale.' Now to preserve his consistency, Mr. White should have detailed every little circumstance attending his rise in the morning; and then dismissed the half of a forenoon's travel in one short word or two. 'Having been called in time by the chamber-maid (he should have continued)—got out of bed—put on my clothes—washed my face and hands—run down stairs, and jumped into the carriage, I bid the coachman to start on; and had a pleasant journey through a beautiful country to ———.'

This inequality of narration is quite too predominant in the Letters on England. When we had read his preface—in which we are told that these travels are mere '*gleanings*,'—and cast our

* It is made up of such details as the following:—"About this time we spoke the ship Sheffield, from Lisbon, and bound to Norfolk; she was in a leaky state. Her boat was sent to our vessel for a supply of provisions, of which captain Stevens furnished as much as he could spare; and from private stores the passengers gave such as they could with convenience. By this vessel I had an opportunity of writing to Savannah." What new idea, or new sensation, or new any thing, is to be gathered from this?

eyes over the two volumes before us, we were impressed with a prodigious idea of Mr. White's qualifications as a gleaner:—but as soon as we descended to the closer examination of his pages, and observed that, in addition to his gleanings, he had appropriated the harvests of his antecessor, and reapt an entire new field of his own, we confess our notions grew considerably diminutive, and we found it was the easiest thing in the world to compose a book of travels. Had Mr. White omitted all his quotations from the poets, or from preceding tourists—all his narration of those personal adventures which are incident to every man, whether he is in England, or in America, or in any other place—and all the commonplace and (we must call them) tedious dissertations with which both the text and the notes are overflowing—his work would have been reduced to about half its present volume, and we should have had a more coherent and useful, as well as a much cheaper series of Letters on England.

The Asiatic Journal, and Monthly Register for British India and its Dominions, Vol. I. Nos. VI and VII for June and July: containing an Essay by Dr. Horsefield on the Oopas or Poison-tree, extracted from the VIIth vol. of the Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Java. London, 1816.

THE horrific and fabulous notions commonly entertained respecting this vegetable production are derived originally from an account published in 1783, by one Foersch, a surgeon in the Dutch service during the year 1773. While resident in Java, he collected some exaggerated facts respecting the oopas, and, after his return home, he took advantage of our propensity for good stories by adding some new circumstances of his own, and magnifying still more those which he had already obtained. When the progress of oriental geography had detected the impostor, the dupes of the invention apparently wished to expiate their former credulity, by running into the opposite extreme of unbelief; and for a long time the half at least of the world have thought that no such vegetable exists, and the other half have been very sceptical as to its poisonous qualities. None of these notions are correct; and Dr. Horsefield (employed by the Dutch government

in botanical pursuits) has written quite a prolix essay to prove, that in the eastern extremity of Java there actually does exist a tree, whose sap, when properly prepared and thrown into the circulation, is equal in fatality to the most malignant animal poisons of which we have any knowledge. The natives call it antshar. It belongs to the twenty-first class of Linnæus—the Monoecia.

The male and female flowers are produced in catkins (amenta) on the same branch, at no great distance from each other: the female flowers are in general above the male.—The characters of the genus are:—**MALE. FLOWER**—*Calix* consisting of several scales, which are imbricate. *Corol.* None.—*Stamines*. Filaments many, very short, covered by the scales of the receptacle anthers.—The receptacle on which the filaments are placed, has a conical form, abrupt, somewhat rounded above.—**FEMALE. FLOWER**—Catkins ovate. *Calix* consisting of a number of imbricate scales (generally more than in the male) containing one flower.—*Corol.* None.—*Pistil*—Germ single, ovate, erect; *styles* two, long, slender, spreading; *stigmas* simple, acute.—*Seed-vessel*, an oblong drupe, covered with the calix.—*Seed*, an ovate nut, with one cell.

The Antshar is one of the largest trees in the forests of Java. The stem is cylindrical, perpendicular, and rises completely naked to the height of sixty, seventy or eighty feet. Near the surface of the ground it spreads obliquely, dividing into numerous broad appendages or wings, much like the *Canarian commune*, and several others of our large forest trees. It is covered with a whitish bark, slightly bursting in longitudinal furrows: near the ground this bark is, in old trees, more than half an inch thick, and, upon being wounded, yields plentifully the milky juice from which the celebrated poison is prepared. A puncture or incision being made in the tree, the juice or sap appears oozing out, of a yellowish colour (somewhat frothy;) from old trees, paler; and nearly white from young ones: when exposed to the air, its surface becomes brown. The consistence very much resembles milk, only it is thicker and viscid. This sap is contained in the true bark (or cortex,) which, when punctured, yields a considerable quantity, so that in a short time a cup full may be collected from a large tree. The inner bark (or liber) is of a close fibrous texture, like that of the *morus papyrifera*, and when separated from the other bark, and cleansed from the adhering particles, resembles a coarse piece of linen. It has been worked into ropes which are very strong, and the poorer class of people employ the inner bark of younger trees, which is more easily prepared, for the purpose of making a coarse stuff which they wear when working in the fields. But it requires much bruising, washing, and a long immersion in water before it can be used.

and even when it appears completely purified, persons wearing this dress, on being exposed to the rain, are affected with an intolerable itching, which renders their flimsy covering almost insupportable.

After arriving to the abovementioned height, the antsher shoots out horizontally a few stout branches, each of which makes several imperfect curves, and the whole forms an irregular hemispherical crown. The leaves are alternate, oblong, heart-shaped, divided obliquely by the longitudinal nerve,—shining and smooth on the upper, and rough and web-formed on the under surface. The flowers are few; and are produced towards the extremity of the outer branches. The trunk not unfrequently grows to the diameter of three feet; and the wood white, imponderous, and apparently spongy. The simple juice is not poisonous; and indeed its only external effect is to cause an unpleasant itching. The tree itself while entire, may be approached and ascended with perfect impunity; and it must be largely wounded, in some way or other, to affect the surrounding atmosphere enough for the production even of the abovementioned cuticular sensation. It is somewhat curious that, although all the Javanese are acquainted with the noxious uses of the oopas gum, none but those who inhabit the eastern extremity of the island possess the knowledge of the poisonous preparation. The process is as follows:

“About eight ounces of the juice of the Antshar, which has been collected the preceding evening in the usual manner, and preserved in the joint of a bamboo, was carefully strained into a bowl. The sap of the following substances, which had been finely grated and bruised, was carefully expressed and poured into it, viz. Arum, *Nampoo* (Javanese) *Kæmpferia Galanga*, *Kontshur*, *Amomum*, *Bengley*, (a variety of *Zerambed*) common onion and garlic, of each about half a dram; the same quantity of finely powdered black pepper was then added, and the mixture stirred. The preparer* now took an entire fruit of the *Capsicum fruticosum* or Guinea pepper, and having opened it, he carefully separated a single seed, and placed it on the fluid in the middle of the bowl. The seed immediately began to reel round rapidly, now forming a regular circle, then darting towards the margin of the cup, with a perceptible commotion on the surface of the liquor, which continued about one minute. Being completely at rest, the same quantity of pepper was again added, and another seed of the capsicum laid on as before: a similar commotion took place in the fluid, but in a less degree, and the seed was carried round with diminished rapidity. The addition of the same quantity

* An old Javanese who was celebrated for his skill in the preparation.

of pepper was repeated a third time, when a seed of the capsicum being carefully placed in the centre of the fluid, remained quiet, forming a regular circle about itself, in the fluid, resembling the halo of the moon. This is considered as a sign that the preparation of the poison is complete.

The dried milk of the antshar having been preserved close a considerable time, can still be prepared and rendered active. A quantity which I had collected about two months before, was treated in the following manner, by the same person who prepared the fresh juice. Being infused in as much hot water as was barely sufficient well to dissolve it, it was carefully stirred till all the particles soluble in water were taken up; a coagulum of resin remained undissolved; this was taken out and thrown away. The liquor was now treated with the spices abovementioned, the pepper and the seed of the capsicum, in the same manner as the fresh juice. The same whirling motion occurred as above described, on the seed being placed in the centre.

But besides the antshar there is another species of the oopas-tree,—called by the natives *tshettik*, which, though much less than the former in point of size, is a great deal more virulent in its poisonous effects. It is rather a vine than a tree; inasmuch as the diameter of the largest individuals, is not more than three or four inches, and the growth and distribution of the stem and branches somewhat resembles those of the common grape, consisting of several large bends near the surface of the earth, and occasional shoots from the main trunk, which attach themselves to the first object they can get hold of. The stem has a spotted grey bark; but the branches, which arise in opposite pairs, are covered with a smooth shining grey bark. The leaves consist in single opposite pairs, are edged, spear-shaped, and entire, with a smooth upper surface, and a few parallel veins beneath. Little *radices* creep off at a considerable distance from the stalk; but the main root strikes perpendicularly into the ground, is between two and three inches in diameter, and is covered with a reddish brown bark, from which, by the same process as was observed in the case of the antshar, the poisonous liquor is prepared.

Dr. Horsfield made twenty-six cruel experiments upon different kinds of animals, with the poison, as prepared from both these trees; and though the result in each case was various in its circumstances, according to the size of the creature or the virulence of the drug, the general symptoms of its effects were near-

ly identical. In most of the trials a wound was inflicted upon the animal by means of a bamboo dart, the point of which had been previously immersed in a solution of the poison, or dusted with a small quantity in the pulverized state; and the usual diagnostics of its operation were, a trembling and shivering of the extremities—restlessness—erection of the hair—discharges from the bowels—drooping and faintness—slight spasms and convulsions—hasty breathing—an increased flow of saliva—spasmodic contractions of the pectoral and abdominal muscles—retching—vomiting—excremental vomiting—frothy vomiting—great agony—laborious breath—violent and repeated convulsions—death. In most instances, these symptoms succeeded each other pretty rapidly; but the buffalo survived *his* wound more than two hours. The generality of cats and dogs expired in about fifteen or twenty minutes on an average. What would be the operation of the poison on the human system can only be ascertained by an analogous inference from these facts. Rumphius, who published a volume on the subject, and who had an opportunity of observing the effect of poisoned darts upon the human frame, when the natives of Macassar attacked Amboyna about the year 1650, tells us, indeed, that the poison was instantly circulated through the whole body, causing excessive burnings and violent contortions of their head—fainting and death.* After having seen a great many of their comrades expire by its operation, the Dutch soldiers in Amboyna and Macassar finally discovered an infallible antidote in a root called by Horsefield, *Crinum Asiaticum*—by Rumphius, *Radix Toxicaria*. The poison itself is not much impaired by age.

We have already stated that the preparation from the *tshettik* is more violent than that obtained from the *antshar*; and we have now to add that this difference may be owing to the fact, that the poisons obtained from the two trees are not effective upon the

* “An intelligent Javanese at Banjoowangee informed me, that a number of years ago, an inhabitant of that district was wounded in a clandestine manner by an arrow thrown from a blow-pipe, in the forearm, near the articulation of the elbow. In about fifteen minutes he became drowsy, after which he was seized with vomiting, became delirious and in less than half an hour he died.”

same parts of the system; that of the former being confined in its operation to the brain and nervous system, and that of the latter to the stomach, and alimentary canal, the respiration, and circulation.

Since we are upon the subject, we may as well give our readers a short account of some other phenomena, which have lately been discovered in the very interesting country of Java.

On the 4th of April, 1815, the inhabitants of that island, and of Sumbawa were alarmed by a succession of very loud reports, resembling those of cannon: the guns of the forts were put in order, the soldiers called out, and every body was preparing for an attack—from whom, and from what quarter, they knew not. On the 11th, the same firing was heard; and the same preparation was made: but about 8 o'clock, A. M. the dismal and lowering clouds, which in three hours spread over the whole heavens and assumed a dusky red appearance, made it too unequivocal that the cannonade proceeded from some volcano, and that if there was to be any fighting at all, it must be a 'war of elements.' The day was as black as the profoundest night; and it was not until 8 o'clock the next morning, that the nearest objects were distinguishable. When there was light again, every thing had put on a new aspect. The earth was covered with ashes and dead animals, the sea with islands of pumice stone and great numbers of dead fish: the roofs of houses were broken in; and the crops of the islanders were beaten down and withered. The depth of the ashes was less or greater proportionally to the distance from the eruption; but the average could not be less than about four or five inches. The Timboro mountain is one of the volcanoes. It is thought, there must have been many simultaneous eruptions from as many different mountains.

Other physical appearances have been lately discovered in the island of Java which, as they have not acquired notoriety enough to receive a name, may be called *volcanoes on a small scale*. They consist of elevated plains of mud, from which are constantly thrown up globes of salt mud, sometimes containing two or three tons, which burst with considerable noise at the elevation of about fifteen feet, and emit volumes of dense white smoke. As the mud descends in concentric circles it gradually rears

in some places a conical hillock around the orifice of eruption, frequently mounting to the height of fifteen feet, and forming no contemptible fac-simile of a volcano. The borders of these plains are studded with the huts of the Javanese, who manufacture salt, by suffering the water which they take from the marsh, to dry in little bamboo troughs, the common evaporating vessels of the oriental nations. This article is condensed from a long account of the same phenomena in the second number of the Journal of Science and the Arts; the editor of which, is of opinion, that as the whole region of Java is volcanic, the phenomenon of the mud plains may be attributed to the effervescence that always attends volcanic deposits in their transition from the alluvial to the consolidated state.

The Author Turned Critic; or the Reviewer Reviewed; being a Reply to a Feeble and Unfounded Attack on Delaplaine's Repository, in the Analectic Magazine and Naval Chronicle, for the Month of September, 1816. Philadelphia. 8vo. pp. 34.

THERE are but two reasons which could possibly induce us to take any notice of this pamphlet: in the first place we always feel inclined to hear, even in behalf of a condemned offender, all the new evidence which he actually has, or which he pretends to have discovered; and in the second place, we are willing to make one more effort towards reclaiming an offender, who is yet suffered to go abroad, and who, from the spirit which he manifests in his pamphlet, seems determined to prove the inefficacy of our chastisement, by persisting in his career of mistake. The former reason would be cogent, even were the Repository already completed; but the latter derives all its force from the fact that the greater part of the numbers are yet to be composed. No personal considerations could influence us to occupy the pages of a journal which, we have devoted exclusively to the gratification of its readers; and were not the American public, but more especially the patrons of the Repository, somewhat interested in the subject of the pamphlet before us, we would not consume a moment of their time in an examination of its contents.

Indeed we are even now about half induced to desist; for we know we are entering upon an ungrateful and unpromising task. Had we to deal with some adolescent author, we might hope, that his imperfections were yet sufficiently in the gristle to receive a beneficial impression; but when the subject of correction is pretty far advanced in years, it is to be feared that his deformities have become too much ossified, to admit any impression at all. We are afraid 'the author turned critic' is among that unfortunate number of delinquents, whose increase of days has only added the privilege of experience to the arrogance of pretension, the incorrigibleness of habit to the perversity of nature, and the blindness of age to the indiscretion of youth. Perhaps nothing short of a miracle can work a change upon the stuff that such are made of.

There always have existed a few froward individuals who only grow worse by correction: this is a quality, however, which can never be discovered but by actual experiment; and we frankly acknowledge that, before the publication of our author's 'Reply,' we had not a suspicion of his being one of that number. We expected, it is true, that by inflicting a slight puncture upon his inflated Repository we should let out a little of the wind; but we had no anticipation of the violent and pitiless storm which we have induced upon our devoted heads. Neptune himself, however, is now and then liable to be taken by surprise in very much the same manner; and in some of our classical studies we recollect a scrap of Latin, which, by reading C. for *Æolus*, and D. for *Juno*, would be very applicable to the present occasion. C. is "prevailed upon to appear in behalf of" D. (p. 33.) just as *Æolus* was persuaded to appear in behalf of *Juno*: the story is a long one; but the result was in both cases the same:

VENTI———

Qua data porta, ruunt, &c.

We consider the publication before us as the best thing the author can produce. He seems for once to let nature take somewhat her own way; and we are almost inclined to believe that, old and inveterate as he is, something of a writer might yet be made of him, if he could only be persuaded to throw away his stilts and

abandon his 'wires.' We know he is too much accustomed to think that composition is a mere artificial arrangement or stringing together of words; but where there is a scarcity of writers, even an author capable of doing this *well*, is by no means to be rejected as absolutely useless. It is for this reason that, in the close of our article upon the Repository, we ventured to anticipate the time when we could say something more in praise of the work; for, as the biographer has only to cast into proper forms of speech the materials which are already furnished to his hands, we knew there was no chance of his spoiling the production by being obliged to compose any thing from the resources of his own thought. Our opinion, however, was properly fortified with conditions; and unless we find in the next number of the Repository that his practice is contradictory of his professions in the pages of the Reply, even the 'faint glimmering of our doubtful hope' will be utterly extinguished.

In the latter production he has, in the first place, been excessively imprudent from the title to the subscription. He begins and ends by asserting the weakness and imbecillity of his reviewer, and yet publishes a pamphlet of thirty-four pages in direct practical disproof of the whole assertion. He certainly should know that there is no glory in warring either with the dead or with the "feeble;" and the next time he fancies himself to be flourishing his victorious pen over the prostrate victim of its nib, we caution him against impairing the splendour of his triumph by proclaiming the impotence of his antagonist.

But the greatest imprudence of our author is his having written the pamphlet at all. 'If a work be really good (says M. Chateaubriand, and any man of sense might have said the same thing) it cannot be affected by censure; if it be bad, it cannot be justified by apologies.' There is always something suspicious in the very circumstance that an author is obliged to turn the critic of his own productions. It compels us to think of the architect who must be thrusting props under an edifice which should find support in its own foundations; or, to use a figure which will be better understood, it forces us to see the same doctor first administering the poison and then prescribing the antidote.

If there is imprudence, however, in the publication of *any* Reply, there is still greater imprudence in publishing such an one as is contained in the pamphlet before us. When despair becomes so frantic as to tear itself to pieces with its own hands, and anger has grown so intense as to choke the possibility of its utterance, it behoves the friends of the patient to restrain him from going abroad; and if the author *has* any friends, we wonder they did not exercise their privileges in the case of the publication on our table. It exhibits such a blindness, however, both mental and ocular, is so inconsistent in some parts, so undiscerning in others, and so infirm and extravagant in all, that we are sure of its being the legitimate offspring of the author's own unadvised and unassisted brain. Of all these assertions, so far at least as it can be done in a very short article, we will now proceed to exhibit our proofs.

Thus to begin with the typography, the author tells us that our review of his book 'covers no less than sixteen pages octavo, in a *small letter, closely printed!*' Blindness is always an accompaniment of rage; and when our author was all in ebullition under the focus of criticism, it is no wonder he should suppose that the rays were pretty close together. In several places, again, he goes on to make some remarks, as if they were his own, when, if he had not been innocently or wilfully blind, he must have seen that they were a mere repetition of what we had said before him. 'Thus when he 'maintains, that antithesis is, in itself, not only a correct, but an exceedingly beautiful mode of expression,' (p. 24.) and proceeds to contend that 'it is with the abuse of it only that fault could be found,' could any thing but absolute blindness have prevented him from perceiving the same thing in the sentence where we caution our readers against supposing that 'we object to antithesis itself, *which is frequently a happy mode of expression*, but to the too great frequency of its employment, &c.?' These two passages must serve as specimens of his general incapacity of seeing; for we find that a specification of all the instances we had noted would take up more room than we can possibly spare.

We must be equally brief with the inconsistencies of our author. On p. 6, our 'disquisition' is characterized as '*polished*;' on p. 28 it is called '*ragged*;' on p. 30 he says our 'ridiculous attempt to illustrate character by our "pyramid" and our "circle,"'

shows too plainly that we have not yet learnt to discriminate between the laws of dead and living matter;* and then 'intreats us to beware of this deep and extensive source of error.' Our readers will be able to see how well he can regard his own caution, when they find him but three pages farther on forgetting all laws, and telling us that 'in a collision of *intellect*, as in that of *matter*, action and reaction are necessarily equal.' Sometimes he commits himself in this way, when we believe he not only forgets what he had formerly said, but hardly knows what he is saying at the time. Thus, though in the Repository, Washington is said to be so superhuman that his portrait could never be taken, in the Reply we are informed, that, were his 'character to be constructed from his conversation, his witticisms, or his *familiar letters*, (we know not why those two words should be italicized) it would appear inferior to that of many a wordy dabbler in literature; or of a flippant demagogue, or a beer-house politician.' Now we are almost sure the author did not half comprehend the meaning of what he said: but he found it expedient to decry the biographical narration of anecdotes; and was therefore obliged to say almost any thing in order to obtain his point. Indeed, we can scarcely wonder at seeing him trample his idol under foot. Such has been the fate of all idolatry. When man has fallen down before stocks, or stones, or graven images, they have always been alternately his gods and his footstools, or if living creatures have been the subject of his superstitious reverence, religion has influenced him to worship one day what hunger compelled him to devour the next; and thus in one way or another the idolatrous have, at all times, abused their gods as much as they have degraded themselves.

But of all the worshippers of idols, those who deify themselves are the most to be pitied. Caligula, who joined in the genuflexions of his subjects before his own image, has always been considered as an enigmatical medium between the fool and the madman; yet in reading *The Author turned Critic*, we have often been reminded of the Roman emperor; and when the

* To call *mind*, a *character*, by the name of *matter*, shows how far our author has advanced in the business of discrimination.

same writer thinks of publishing another such a pamphlet, we advise him to entitle it, 'The God turned Worshipper, or The Idolater Idolized.' "Il est sa divinité—il est soi-même son idole,"—he is his own divinity, he is himself his idol. At this distance of time we can excuse Horace for asserting that he had erected for himself a monument more enduring than brass; for, besides the general sanction which antiquity imposes on every thing, we see that ages have confirmed and verified the poet's assertion,—but when a modern author makes himself the subject of extravagant self-applause through the whole of his production, and yet, lest we should forget it, takes the pains to reiterate his praises, in the double emphasis of capital letters, just before we are going to part; when, in plainer language, he tells us, that his book will be a 'NATIONAL MONUMENT' and a 'CHOICE RELIC,' we think he has little claim to the indulgence either of critics or of any body else. Never did "vanity in years" more justly merit Dryden's paraphrase of *exegi monumentum ære perennius*.

'Erect thyself, thou monumental brass!'

On the subject connected with these remarks, we must beg leave to dwell a little longer. We hardly know whether to rank our author among the few fanatics who acknowledge no medium between unqualified adoration, and downright apostasy; or among the still greater number of those who would foist themselves into popularity, by feeding the honest and generous prejudices of their countrymen in favour of those, who have done them eminent services, and by persuading them that any attempt to reduce their overweening and indiscriminate veneration into a temperate and rational gratitude, is unworthy of any names but those of 'calumny,' 'detraction,' 'malevolence,' and 'defamation.' From the general manner of our biographer, we are inclined to place him in the number of the latter; for this species of quacks and sycophants have always a plausibility and *slang* about them, which is calculated to find listeners; just as empirics of another sort have a knack and hability of writing puffs and making speeches, which are suited to the procuration of purchasers for their idle nostrums. But wherever the author may take his rank—we must assure him that, among those who have given our review a perusal, we are

not afraid of his making himself pass for a patriot, by a mean and viperous attempt to fix his fangs upon the good name of those, who would render eulogium valuable, by making it consistent, and "praise more solid," by showing it "more credible." The device of modifying another's language, by one little shade of difference after another, till it comes to express a meaning almost directly at variance with that which was intended, and then taking occasion to exclaim against the black and offensive hues of the representation, is well calculated, we know, to procure favour for the person who adopts it, by making him seem the champion of traduced and departed merit:—but it is a stale device; and if our author has not already advanced so far in this common place sycophancy as to be absolutely irreclaimable, we advise to retract his steps at once, and to take some more honest and less hacknied course of rendering himself popular.

But he must render himself something else first: he must render himself capable of discrimination before he can think of snuffing the incense of popularity. Of his deficiency in this particular we had occasion to complain in our review of the Repository; and the same thing is the subject of complaint in almost every paragraph of the Reply. The great, and the only, instance which we think we can find space to remark, is, his incapability of seeing the true boundary between history and biography. Notwithstanding all the pains which we took (entirely on his account,) to make the distinction broad and palpable, and notwithstanding his affectation of surprise that we should occupy two or three pages with a subject, which the dictionary treats in almost as few words; he is yet to learn what is the true and legitimate end of biographical literature; he is yet to learn, in other words, what is the true and legitimate end of the business which he has undertaken to transact. In our review of the Repository, we had occasion to observe, that the acts of a public or professional life are no parts of real character; inasmuch as in neither of these situations is there any opportunity of exhibiting those little individualities which compose the man, as contra-distinguished from all his fellow-men. This idea we amplified and illustrated as well as we could; and to save all repetition we must refer our readers to what we there said on the subject. In the replication

before us, the author has undertaken to refute our reasoning point by point; and lest we should incur a second charge of misquotation and misrepresentation, we will let him dogmatise this time in his own diffuse and-copious way.

“In the solution of this question there can be no difficulty. To hold up to view the minor transactions of a public or professional man, to the entire exclusion of his more important achievements, would be eminently unjust. It would be little short of unqualified slander. A narrative of the life of George Washington, the farmer of Mount Vernon, would exhibit an exceedingly defective picture, or rather no picture at all, of the life of the same individual, as commander in chief of the armies of America, or in his capacity as president of the United States. Nor would a view of general Hamilton conversing with his friends or playing with his children, do justice to the same individual when thundering in the forum, directing the cabinet, or astonishing and swaying the senate by his eloquence.

“An opinion appears very generally to prevail, and even you yourself, I believe, have adopted it, that a man of distinction may be best known, by being followed and observed in the retirement of his dwelling, where he is no longer under the influence of public excitement.

“This, sir, I feel persuaded, is a vulgar error. The real man is principally composed of his moral powers and intellectual faculties; and he is most truly seen, if not seen *only*, when these powers and faculties are most actively engaged. The mere figure of flesh, resigned to its physical imbecilities and waywardness, with all its higher qualities relaxed, *is not the man*. Almost as well might you say that the real man is faithfully represented by the body when asleep, or even by the corpse after the life has forsaken it. In what respect does man rise most conspicuously and essentially over the inferior animals? Not in the superiority of his corporeal structure; but in that of his moral and intellectual faculties. Hence, when these are most obscured, he most resembles the animals beneath him; and is, consequently, most himself, when they shine forth in their brightest lustre. It is when his powers and attention are slumbering, that he exhibits the character common to the human race: his individuality arises from their concurrent action.

“Let us hear no more, then, of your fire-side researches, and of studying most successfully the character of an individual, when, from the torpor of his powers, he has himself almost forgotten that he possesses a character; at least when his character is absolutely dormant. As well may you go to the church-yard or the charnel house, to study the laws and attributes of life. Give *me* the character of man, when his soul is

awake, and his faculties in action; and take to yourself his *want of character*, when these have sunk into a state of repose." pp. 11, 12.

In a few words, it is in vain to look for the character of an individual in his private walks, because that 'character is there absolutely dormant,' '*it is not the man*;' and because as the 'real man is composed of intellectual faculties and moral powers' it is necessary to ascertain his true character by watching his public life, where these powers and faculties are likely to be called into the most vigorous exertion. Now, the slightest expense of thought—if directed in the right way, might have convinced our critic, that, in public and professional life, in the cabinet, in the field, in the hospital, in the court, we can only see the politician, the warrior, the physician, the lawyer; but that the *man* is to be found, where we before said he must be looked for, 'among his friends in the private circle, and with his family by the fire-side.' The supposition that the powers of a vigorous mind can ever be 'absolutely dormant,' is perhaps the strangest part of what the author, no doubt, imagined was his reasoning on this subject. It is true, that the faculty of arguing a point or of amputating a leg must be 'absolutely dormant' in the act of picking up a pebble or of stabbing a fly; yet in both instances the same mind may be engaged: the only difference is in the nature of the employment; and one great source of the pleasure we derive from the perusal of biography is, that, if faithfully executed, it shows us, in domestic and little things, what are the workings and conduct of a mind which has always been conversant with great and public transactions.

On the practical utility of biographical composition, the author has an argument which is still more curious than any thing we have yet had occasion to notice. He says, 'you cannot imitate private peculiarities, simply because they are *private* and *peculiar*. As well might you think of imitating by your own, the peculiar form of an individual's nose, &c. They are the endowments of nature, not the attainments of art. They do not place before you, therefore, any practicable example.' It is for this reason, accordingly, that our biographer thinks he has acted judiciously in neglecting 'the farmer of Mount Vernon,' to depict 'the president of the United States.' Now could it have escaped the

most superficial penetration, that perhaps one million of people are called upon to act as 'farmers,' where one individual has an opportunity of becoming a 'president?' and that, of course, the practical benefit of knowing the former must be just one million times as great as that of being made acquainted with the latter? To generalize the question still farther—how many men must every moment be necessitated to discharge the duties of a private citizen, who never dream of performing, once in their lives, the functions of a public officer! And how much more important is it, therefore, to teach our readers to act the part of good domestic men, than to play that of public official characters! The forms of public office are all so fixed and artificial, that very frequently the greatest dunce makes the best officer; but the actions of private life are conformable to no steady and inflexible rules; they must be as variable as the individuals who perform them: and to constitute an excellent private man, it requires a considerable share of native good sense, together with a pretty long apprenticeship to worthy example. A great many public employments, in which success was formerly the effect of sagacity, are, by the invention and discovery of modern times, reduced to a mere routine of mathematical calculation; and to become a skilful general, or a skilful navigator, for example, it requires a great deal more of study, than of genius. No such precision can ever be introduced into the art of living: here every man must make his own rules and follow his own examples; nor can he ever derive the least advantage from his knowledge of mathematical science. The man must be taught to live by good examples of private life; the public character must learn to act by patient study of official rules.

We are sorry to be so prolix on this subject; but as we see our biographer is determined to spoil the Repository, we hold ourselves bound to make a pretty thorough attempt to divorce him from his errors. Thus, with the triumph of interrogatory assertion, he proceeds to give his opinion of what ought to compose the biography in the Repository: 'ought they to be composed of familiar accounts of private incidents? or more elevated narratives of public and professional acts? Whether should they consist of the public or private biographies of the individuals to

whom they relate?' If the author intends to make his work worth purchasing or worth reading, he must revert to the good old way of thinking, that, as every man without exception has a private, and but very few comparatively have a public, life, it is the peculiar province of biography, as contra-distinguished from history, to give us a faithful and accurate account of the former.

The very illustration which he adduces in proof of what he considers the practical inutility of anecdote, only adds another fold to the involution of absurdities in which he has wrapped himself. Could it have escaped even *him*, that, while he was decrying the introduction of private character, because, like 'noses' and 'foreheads' and 'eyes,' it is incapable of imitation, and therefore of no practical use, he must support his self-consistency by employing the same sort of ratiocination against the accompaniment of portraits? And yet these are so much the subjects of his extravagant approbation, that he is unwilling to allow the biographies even a secondary importance. p. 11. This is only another instance of his incapability to keep his own hands off himself for hardly two sentences together!

But we are not yet able to quit the subject of his blindness and indiscrimination. We use these two innocent terms, because we cannot attribute to intentional malice what we know must be the result of natural imperfection; and yet, when the author commits so great a blunder in the statement of a fundamental proposition, as we find in the following quotation, we confess we grow a little sceptical of our accuracy, and can hardly decide whether to think him erring through design or through ignorance. Our 'first and heaviest charge against the Repository (says he, p. 8,) is, that it does not give *complete biographical memoirs* of the several personages of whom it treats.' Now, the word *memoir* does not even once occur in the whole of our article; and the critic must either have been too blind to perceive the fact, or too incapable of discrimination to see the difference between a biography and a memoir.

A writer of memoirs must follow his 'Magnus Apollo' from the cradle to the coffin; remark every turn and transaction of his life, the most minute and common place as well as the more rare and important; 'set down in a note-book' every word that drops

from his mouth, whether wise, or witty, or neither; every letter, every note, every scrap, in short, which he may have written;* nor must he forget all the little peculiarities of person, dress, and gait. The biographer, however, is not obliged to humble himself to such servile and incessant persecution: he is bound to a faithful observation of life and conversation; but when he comes to represent the subject of his remark, he must select those parts of his materials which are best calculated to give us the real character of the man, and not overwhelm us with volumes of garrulous anecdote that are of no importance but in swelling the size of the book. Such a profusion of narrative is by no means necessary to the representation of the personage to whom they relate: indeed we are so confounded by their very multitude, that, after we have finished the book, we must ourselves collect and arrange our ideas in order to have a distinct and consistent image before the eye of the mind; whereas, had we in the first place, been presented with a few anecdotes judiciously chosen from the whole collection, we could have perceived the lines of character without any other mental expense than a due share of attention in the perusal. And here lies the distinction between a biography and a memoir. In the latter we are obliged to read perhaps a hundred anecdotes or familiar letters which are all more or less illustrative of the same characteristic: in the former we have that characteristic displayed with much more distinctness and precision by means of only one or two. We had almost said that Holcroft's single anecdote is much better calculated to give us the character of Boswell, than Boswell's two volumes to illustrate the character of Johnson.

* Since our author could not let the old example of Boswell alone, we will illustrate our ideas by the following conduct of his as detailed in Holcroft's Memoirs:

“Lowe had requested Johnson to write him a letter, which Johnson did, and Boswell came in, while it was writing. His attention was immediately fixed, Lowe took the letter, retired, and was followed by Boswell. ‘Nothing,’ said Lowe, ‘could surprise me more. Till that moment he had so entirely overlooked me, that I did not imagine he knew there was such a creature in existence: and he now accosted me with the most overstrained and insinuating compliments possible.’ ‘How do you

Our author cannot cover the sin of omitting anecdotes, therefore, under the pretext that they would swell up the Repository to an unconscionable bulk. All his great biographical predecessors have contrived to write lives of less than twenty quarto pages without excluding any characteristical incidents which were necessary to the illustration of their subject; and he must himself do the same thing, if he ever expects to make the Repository preserved as a "RELIC," or perused as a "MONUMENT." The examples, or rather example, which he adduces in justification of his conduct, can only serve to confirm our own assertions, and to add one more proof to those we have already exhibited, that the writer is not yet capable of discriminating between the historian and the biographer. In the departments of both style and matter, he professes to have no prototype, except in the example of *Tacitus*. But is it possible he should be ignorant that Tacitus has never been celebrated as a biographer; and that he could not have selected an instance which so completely establishes the justice of our remark on a former occasion—that he himself "is too much

do, Mr. Lowe? I hope you are very well, Mr. Lowe. Pardon my freedom, Mr. Lowe, but I think I saw my dear friend Dr. Johnson writing a letter for you'—'Yes, sir'—'I hope you will not think me rude, but if it will not be too great a favour, you would infinitely oblige me, if you would just let me have a sight of it. Every thing from that hand, you know, is so inestimable.'—'Sir, it is on my own private affairs, but,'—'I would not pry into a person's affairs, my dear Mr. Lowe, by any means. I am sure you would not accuse me of such a thing, only if it were no particular secret'—'Sir, you are welcome to read the letter.'—'I thank you, my dear Mr. Lowe, you are very obliging, I take it exceedingly kind.' (Having read) 'It is nothing, I believe, Mr. Lowe, that you would be ashamed of'—'Certainly not'—'Why then, my dear sir, if you would do me another favour, you make the obligation eternal. If you would but step to Peele's coffee-house with me, and just suffer me to take a copy of it, I would do any thing in my power to oblige you.'—'I was overcome,' said Lowe, 'by this sudden familiarity and condescension, accompanied with bows and grimaces. I had no power to refuse; we went to the coffee-house, my letter was presently transcribed, and as soon as he had put his document in his pocket, Mr. Boswell walked away, as erect and as proud as he was half an hour before, and I ever afterward was unnoticed. Nay, I am not certain,' added he, sarcastically, 'whether the Scotchman did not leave me, poor as he knew I was, to pay for my own dish of coffee.' "

of a *historian* for a *biographer*?" When he approaches the real authors, who have taught what we should look for in biography, he falters—claudicates—and finally turns his heel upon *them*, to open his 'tri-lingual mouth' upon *us*.

"I might further refer you (*says he*) to *several* of the biographical memoirs of Plutarch and Nepos; but the measure would be superfluous. One proof from high authority is amply sufficient. Had you looked into the subject as you ought to have done, before attempting a review which required in you an extensive knowledge of biography, I need not have incurred the trouble of a single reference." p. 15.

When a person is thus compelled to take shelter under an exception, to avoid the annoyance of a general rule,—when he can only excuse the imperfection of his own articles, upon the plea of their being among those of his predecessors '*several*,' which are equally imperfect,—it is in vain to think of escaping just censure himself, by raising a declamatory cry of censure against others.

But it is time to pay some attention to the new evidence which the author has adduced in exoneration of himself, for having neglected to delineate his characters by means of illustrative anecdotes. We are told it can be proved by documentary reference, that the Repository was never meant to contain any thing but Biographical Sketches of the lives of those persons to whom they relate; and that we have done the author 'wrong—flagrant wrong,' because we were ignorant of a private bargain subsisting between himself and his publisher, relative to the kind and quantity of matter which he had entered into obligations to produce. That the words *biographical sketch* occur in the original Prospectus of the Repository, we have no hesitation in admitting; but that they were meant to be considered as particularly emphatical, or that they were even used to designate the sort of articles which the work at present contains,—we have as little hesitation in denying. Nothing is said of any such intention in the preface; and the title page tells us, in capitals much greater than those in the original prospectus—if, as our author seems to think, (p. 8.) the strength of the evidence must be inferred from the size of the type,—that the Repository contains the LIVES and Portraits of Distinguished Americans. How then is the biographer to excuse himself to his readers for giving them only the *sketches* of those *Lives*?

And what must become of that vulgar and indecent passage, where he tells us, that, ‘when he has only the space and the materials for the construction of a cottage; and pronounces his building *to be* a cottage; *it is no business* of ours—at least so far as he is concerned—that he has not erected a castle or a palace?’ We suspect he will yet learn, in a practical way, that, when the patrons of the Repository have been promised a palace in the title page, it is some *business* of *theirs* that they have only a cottage in the contents.

But we have still further evidence that the author never considered his articles as mere *sketches*;—and, for his own satisfaction, we are willing to understand that term according to the definition which he himself has given. He compares the Repository to some British biographical works which are now in the course of publication, and which ‘consist (as he rightly observes) of a few pages of facts and dates, loosely thrown together, somewhat in the form of a parish or family record, and nothing else.’ Surely, to a person who has seen all these works, no comparison could appear more inept and unfortunate than this. No productions can be in stronger contrast to each other; and that our author could imagine his twenty pages of bombast and antithesis to bear the slightest resemblance to the ‘few pages of facts and dates’ in the British biographies, is more than our knowledge of his incapacity to discriminate can any way account for. Indeed there is *no* way to account for it, but upon the supposition that he really intended his articles for complete biographies; and that, when he found they were deficient in the essential quality which could render them such, he was willing to call them sketches,—parish records,—family registers,—anything, in short, which could afford him a loop-hole of escape. But the artifice will hardly succeed. ‘So far from considering his articles as mere *sketches*, we find him in his preface challenging a superiority over Plutarch and all the other ancient biographers, because they were incapable of ‘subjoining a portraiture of the body to a delineation of the mind.’

Some new evidence is also adduced relative to the arrangement of his sketches;—and as his remarks on this subject present us with the united excellencies of pun, paradox, and sophistry—three spe-

cies of eloquence by which weak minds always deceive themselves, and endeavour to deceive others,—we will not run the risk of impairing its face by reducing its bulk:—

“It was deemed expedient that the portraits of Columbus and Vesputius should be introduced into the present volume. The placing of that of Washington before these, could not have been justified. To commence the volume with it, therefore, was deemed inadmissible. What, then, was to be done? The following simple view of things settled this question; whether correctly or not, the public will judge.

“To be placed in the midst of a crowd, is no mark of distinction. In many, very many kinds of arrangement, the two places highest in honour are the first and the last. This principle was adopted as the rule of arrangement in the present instance. As the portrait of Washington, therefore, could not appear in the first, it was determined that it should occupy the second place of honour—the end of the volume.

“But Washington, during his lifetime, never entered himself into a frivolous contention about rank and station. He was above it; and left such ‘little things’ to ‘little men.’ Place him where you might, he was always *first*. He honoured every situation. No situation could either honour or dishonour him. On a throne or in a dungeon; in a palace or a cottage, he would have been still himself—the most distinguished of the human race. Call this hyperbolic, or even ‘idolatrous’ if you please: I pronounce it true.”—pp. 16, 17.

Now if, during his life, Washington had chanced to take dinner with our author, we suppose he would have found ample excuse for thrusting him under the table, upon the principle that he ‘never entered himself into a frivolous contention about rank and station.’ ‘Place him where you might, he would be always *first*.’ ‘On a throne or in a dungeon; in a palace or a cottage (on a chair or under the table) he would have been still himself—the most distinguished of the human race.’—But we have a serious answer to all this rhodomontade. How could it escape a thinking intellect, that, after ‘introducing the portraits of Columbus and Vesputius,’ there was still a *first* place for the portraits of ‘distinguished *Americans*?’ We cannot believe that he had forgotten the nativity of the two former; and none but a physician, we think, could have ‘deemed it expedient’ to place the life of Dr. Rush directly subsequent to that of Americus.

We can make but one more general remark upon the pamphlet before us. The style is, we think, much better than that of the Re-

pository—though, at the same time, there is an affectation and stiffness and formality about it, which sufficiently indicate the place of its origin. When a writer is determined to be always balancing clauses of sentences, he generally produces ten tautologies for one antithesis. The author before us not only commits this offence throughout the whole of his Reply, but is now and then guilty of another still more inexcusable—that of writing two sentences in direct sequence, which are merely the echoes of one another. Thus, to go no farther than the initial paragraph, the first sentence is, ‘conscious, as you are, that I have received from *you*, nothing but the extreme of the bluntness of modern manners, you can scarcely, I think, *expect* from *me*, the courtly forms of ancient chivalry, in reciprocating your salutation. Nor (as if he had something new to say)—Nor will you be surprised (no, for he had just told us we could not ‘*expect*’ any thing else)—Nor will you be surprised at my unceremonious deportment in returning your assault, (‘in reciprocating your salutation’ before) recollecting, as you must (‘conscious, as you are,’ in the other sentence) that, instead of having announced to me, by a knightly summons, the attack you meditated, you apprised me of your intention only in the blow.’ Our objection to all this has nothing to do with the meaning or applicableness of the sentiments; for what the author can be alluding to by his ‘knightly summons,’ and ‘courtly forms of ancient chivalry,’ we are utterly incapable of perceiving. Indeed we suspect this introduction has been appropriated to the wrong book; and, if our author does really imitate Cicero, and some other ancients, in keeping a store of exordiums on hand, we advise him to exercise a little discretion in prefixing them to the works he may have occasion to publish.

We have neither space nor disposition to enter upon the less important topics of the Reply. We have already proceeded too far on this subject: no consideration can influence us to resume it; and if Doctor C. feels inclined to execute his divers menaces, by exhausting another “phial of wrath” upon our heads, we have only to tell him, “pour on—we will endure.”



CHRONICLE.

EXPENDITURES OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

IN the year 1810, a letter was written to lord Melville, first lord of the admiralty, by Wm. Budge, esq. one of the commissioners of the British navy, pointing out various abuses and mistakes in the administration of that department. It does not appear that his representations were attended to, however; on the contrary, an only opportunity was made use of to get rid of this troublesome commissioner. He was shortly afterwards set aside, as superannuated, while drinking the Bath waters, for some temporary complaint. We will give a few extracts from this letter, as they furnish some valuable hints that may be useful to the naval establishment in this country.

Speaking of building vessels of war by contract, he says—“ I have endeavoured to ascertain the probable difference, and I find that a 74 gun ship, of 1741 tons, is estimated, in the king's yard, at 28*l.* 10*s.* per ton, which is 5*l.* less than is paid in the merchants' yards—or 8705*l.* upon the ship: so that if this estimate is correct, the crown will pay 235,035*l.* more for the twenty-seven seventy-fours yet building in the merchants' yards, than would be paid for building the same number in the king's yards. Besides, the difference of expense in the prime cost of the ships, there is a point connected with the measure, of still greater importance, and that is, the difference in the construction and durability of the ship, which, I am told, may fairly be reckoned at five pounds per ton, at least, in favour of the king's built ship.”

After noticing other misapplications of the public monies, he estimates the aggregate loss to the public, in building the twenty-seven seventy-fours, by private contract, at 470,070*l.*

In noticing the mania for building *new ships*, at that time, Mr. Budge observes—"In truth it would seem as if we were determined, notwithstanding our immense superiority, to build two ships to one of the enemy." These new ships, he says, "are often laid up after being launched, and sometimes rot at their moorings in our own ports. At this time there is a ship (the *Gladiator*, a 44, launched in 1783) which has never been at sea. The fact is extraordinary, particularly, as she is built after a good model, and, of her class, is a desirable ship. This is one instance in proof of what may happen, to the prejudice of the public, by ships being forgotten, or neglected, when once laid up in ordinary." "Economy is much talked of," he continues, "though I fear the necessity of it is not considered; otherwise, a more minute attention would be given to the navy estimates, which now amount to the sum of 19,826,810*l.* This is only 120,190*l.* less than the whole expenditure of the country in 1794."

In the year 1809, he says—"In the article of victuals there was an increase of 1,774,500*l.* on the sum voted in 1808. The ordinary was also increased by a sum of 265,477*l.*; and there was an increase in the transport service of 242,500*l.*; yet all passed in silence in the legislature, without investigation. Another fact, which is equally extraordinary, passed also without being noticed. Under the head of *wear and tear of ships*, there was a diminution to the amount of 1,704,570*l.* upon the vote of the preceding year. So that it seems to be of no consequence whether millions be added, or subtracted from the annual expense of this most important and extensive branch of the public service." "How this great reduction of expense in the *wear and tear of ships* can be explained," proceeds the writer, "I cannot conceive, looking at it comparatively with the other heads of expense. It is even 1,387,500*l.* less than the sum voted for *wear and tear* in 1806, though the increase upon the whole estimate, for 1809, is 3,709,126*l.* more than the estimate for 1806."

We have not room for more extracts; but the whole letter is full of practical information, and exhibits sufficient proofs of the abuses that seem inevitably to insinuate themselves into all old systems. If the revolutions of governments did not cost so much blood, the situation of mankind would certainly be bettered if they happened a little oftener. Old systems are like old buildings, which gradually become the receptacle of rats, and various other vermin, that gradually enlarge their holes, to make room for their plunder, until, at last, the old fabric, weakened by their increasing

dilapidations, tumbles about their ears. Those, whose interest prompts them to desert in time, escape; but the clumsy dormice of the pile are buried in the ruins.

LETTERS OF PAUL JONES.

SINCE the publication of our sketch of the life of Paul Jones, we have received, from the hands of a friend, a letter book, containing copies of captain Jones' letters, from March 1778, to July 1779, inclusively. Had we received them before, they would have enabled us to furnish many additional particulars. We shall occasionally insert some of the most interesting of these, not only as they throw light on his character, and prove him in habits of correspondence with persons of the highest distinction, but, in addition to this, throw considerable light upon many public transactions of the times; and, from their style, furnish evident proofs of a cultivated understanding. The letter below, addressed to the marquis de Nieuil, is written in the most courtly style.

TO THE MARQUIS DE NIEUIL.

Dauphin Royale, Brest, 9th June, 1778.

Were I disposed to be affronted with you, marquis, you have given me a fair opportunity; but, fortunately for you, being at present under a cloud, I am not mounted on Pegasus, nor shall I be satirical in prose.

Since you have endeavoured to prove, by great force of reason and argument, that you have made a bad bargain, I am determined to realise your "dream," as a punishment for your breach of friendship, for you know there is no friendship in trade. I intend to dine with you every day, if possible, and I will bring father John with me too, if I can; so that, as you will not save your wine, you have made a bad bargain indeed.

I thank you for your friendly caution to use the wine you have sent me with moderation. As I am to drink so much on board the Dauphin, and as I do not incline to drink in the morning, your advice shall have its due effect. Some of your champagne will, perhaps, be reserved to make glad the hearts of our American fair; and I hope, on such occasions, to have so much "remembrance" left, as to propose the health of the giver.

I am, &c.

J. P. JONES.

TO MONSEIGNEUR DE SARTINE, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

Passy, July 17th, 1778.

I should be ungrateful did I not return my warmest thanks for your kind and generous intentions in my favour. My greatest ambition would be to merit your future approbation, by my services against the common enemy of France, and America. Had your first plan taken effect, the most pleasing prospect of success would have been before me. But that now seems a distant object.

I have no doubt but that many projects, which would promise success, might be formed from the hints I had the honour of sending lately, for your inspection. Had I been intrusted with the chief command, I would have been responsible for the consequences.

I am bound in honour to communicate faithfully to congress the generous offer which the king now makes, of lending the *Epervier* in the mean time, to be employed under my command, and under the flag of the United States of America. I would thankfully have accepted this offer, the moment it was communicated to me, had no difficulties occurred on account of the situation of the American funds.

I have now under my command a ship bound to America. On my arrival there, from the former confidence of congress, I have reason to expect an immediate removal into one of their best ships. I have reason also to expect the chief command of the first squadron destined for an expedition. I have in my possession several similar appointments, and when congress see fit to appoint admirals, I have assurances that my name will not be forgot.

These are flattering prospects to a man who has drawn his sword only from motives of philanthropy, and in support of the dignity of human nature. But as I prefer a solid to a shining reputation—a useful to a splendid command—I hold myself ready, with the approbation of the American commissioners at Paris, to be governed by you in any measures that may tend to distress and humble the common enemy.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. P. JONES.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

Had I indulged my inclination since my return, I should already have troubled you with several letters. I must not, however, abuse the indulgence you permitted to me at parting, and have, therefore, been more troublesome to my good friend Dr. Bancroft.

I wish not to be thought too impatient; but you know, my dear sir, that this is the nice moment when I ought either to be in search of nautical knowledge, with count d'Orvilliers; or in search of honour in attempting some private enterprise. Before I was at liberty to go, the good old count pressed me much to accompany him; but since Dr. Bancroft has informed me that it would be agreeable to the minister that I should, I have been pre-

cluded from following the fleet, as the present commander has no orders for that purpose.

Thus circumstanced, without employment, and in appearance cast off, I have written the within letter to the prince de Nassau, which I leave open for your perusal. Should you find the whole, or any part, improper, I beg you to withhold it.

After all my disappointments, I am persuaded, that the count had, from the beginning, and still has, intentions in my favour, since you know the connexion was not of my seeking.

I am, &c.

J. P. JONES.

To the Editor of the Naval Chronicle.

SIR,

It was with much pleasure that I read, in your Number for September, a biographical notice of the late lieutenant John T. Shubrick: and I now take the liberty of bringing to your view *an incident* in the life of that gallant and lamented officer, which, as it was perhaps the most brilliant of his eventful life, ought not certainly to remain unnoticed. It is strictly true, that lieutenant S. had seen more service, and been engaged in a greater number of actions, than any American naval officer of equal age. It has been correctly stated, that he was a midshipman on board of the *Chesapeake*, when she was attacked by the *Leopard*. On that occasion, a man, standing by his side, was struck by a cannon ball in the face, and lieutenant S. was covered with gore; yet, amidst the horrors of his situation, infinitely more terrible than any combat, however sanguinary, he displayed so much coolness and intrepidity, that all who saw him predicted the eminence which, if his life was spared, the youthful midshipman must ultimately attain. It has also been correctly stated, that Shubrick was next engaged as a lieutenant on board the *Constitution*, in the memorable action which terminated in the capture of the *Guerriere*, and captain Hull bears testimony to his "gallantry and good conduct" on that occasion. The writer of the biographical sketch, however, after noticing these actions, proceeds to state, "that, after the capture of the *Guerriere*, and the return of the *Constitution* into port for repairs, lieutenant Shubrick joined the *Hornet*, and was present in the affair with the *Peacock*." It should

have been stated that lieutenant Shubrick sailed in the *Constitution*, under commodore Bainbridge, and was present in the affair with the *Java*; after which, he volunteered to go on board the *Hornet*, then blockading the harbour of St. Salvador, the ship *Bonne Citoyenne*, with which an action was daily expected, as captain Lawrence had invited a meeting, and commodore Bainbridge had pledged his honour to be out of the way. But as captain Greene declined the meeting, under the pretext of distrusting the sincerity of commodore Bainbridge, the *Hornet* sailed on a cruise, and, on the 22d of February, fell in with the *Peacock*, and sunk her in fifteen minutes. "Never (says the author of the *British Synopsis*) was there a finer specimen of marine gunnery than the Americans displayed in this engagement." Captain Lawrence, in his official letter, says, "I would be doing injustice to the merits of lieutenant Shubrick, and acting lieutenants Conner and Newton, were I not to recommend them particularly to your notice. Lieutenant Shubrick was in the actions with the *Guerriere* and *Java*; captain Hull, and commodore Bainbridge, can bear testimony to his coolness and good conduct on both occasions." The noble spirit which animates the bosoms of our naval heroes, has been seldom more conspicuously displayed than in this voluntary offer, on the part of lieutenant Shubrick, to leave a victorious ship (in whose glory he had a double right to participate, having twice contributed to its acquisition) in order to join another, expecting daily to encounter a superior enemy. When it is considered that the *Constitution* was on her way home, where the honours and rewards of a grateful country awaited her officers and men—to quit such a ship at such a moment—to relinquish the satisfaction of a triumphant entry into an American port—to forego the pleasure of meeting anxious and expecting friends—and this too where duty could not exact the sacrifice, which the danger of the occasion seemed so absolutely to require—cannot but be regarded as one of the highest efforts of heroism. In making a proper estimate of such an action, we ought not to forget, that he who performed it was a youth of exquisite sensibility—alive to every impression of joy—to whom the rewards of virtuous ambition were dearer than life, and whose home was endeared to him by the tenderest ties. The other incidents in the life of lieutenant Shubrick have been correctly de-

tailed. He was present in the action with the British squadron, which terminated in the surrender of the President; and he afterwards served as first lieutenant in the Guerriere, throughout the war with Algiers. In the official account of the former, commodore Decatur remarks, that "if the issue of this affair had been fortunate, I should have felt it my duty to recommend to your attention lieutenants Shubrick and Gallagher. They maintained, throughout the day, the reputation they had acquired in former actions." On the termination of the war with Algiers, the Epervier was dispatched with the treaty of peace, and the command of her bestowed upon lieut. Shubrick. As he had married an amiable lady in New York, who had recently presented him with a son, his anxiety to meet these objects of his affection, added to his uniform good conduct and faithful services, the commodore was, no doubt, partly influenced by these considerations in investing him with so distinguished a command. The result is well known: He who had been engaged in six bloody battles, and had encountered danger in every shape, without injury, fell in the inglorious capacity of a messenger of peace. Lieutenant Shubrick, it is believed, was a favourite wherever he was known; but in South Carolina his memory is cherished with peculiar affection. The legislature voted him a sword, valued at five hundred dollars, and he was presented with one of equal elegance by the citizens of Charleston, within three miles of which city he was born and brought up. A great part of his early days were spent among its citizens. The writer of this article knew him intimately; and is fully persuaded, that had he lived he must have become one of the most distinguished officers in the service. To a mind naturally acute and discriminating, he added a store of valuable information. His manners were so mild, and his conduct, on all occasions, so amiable and dispassionate, that a stranger might, at a first introduction, suppose him deficient in that *force of character* so essential to military greatness. But a very short acquaintance dispelled this idea: his character gradually unfolded itself; and at length he exhibited a *boldness* and *daring* for which no enterprise was too arduous—no danger too great—no trial too severe. A sense of honour so refined and delicate, that death itself would have been regarded as the lightest of ills when put in competition with it, and a self-possession which no difficul-

ties could disturb, were the peculiar characteristics of Shubrick. His was a name, dear to Carolina. His father was an officer distinguished in the war of the revolution: he left six sons, and every one of them were in the army or navy during the late war. Richard, a surgeon of the third regiment of infantry, and Thomas, a lieutenant of artillery, both sacrificed their lives in the service of their country. William B. Shubrick, now a lieutenant on board the *Washington*, in the Mediterranean, eminently distinguished himself in the defence of Craney island. The two younger brothers (one recently promoted to a lieutenancy, and the other a midshipman, in the navy) fought gallantly, and still live to support the reputation of their father and their brothers.

A SOUTH-CAROLINIAN.

Charleston, September 23, 1816.

EXTRACTS.

Travels into various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Part II. Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land.

Section Second, 4to. pp. about 850. Price 4l. 14s. 6d. Cadell and Davis. 1814.

Section Third. To which is added a supplement, respecting the Author's journey from Constantinople to Vienna; containing his Account of the gold mines of Transylvania and Hungary, 4to. pp. 750 Price 4l. 14s. 6d. 1816.

[The two volumes contain (including maps and charts) 56 engravings of the full size, and 48 vignettes.]

[*From the Eclectic Review.*]

The first volume of Dr. Clarke's splendid performance traced him across the Russian empire, from north to south, and left him at the metropolis of the Mahomedans. Thence the narration in the second volume, carried him to the Troad, to Rhodes, to Egypt, to Cyprus, and to the Holy Land, and left him at Acre on his return towards Egypt, in which region of wonders we find him occupied through nearly half the third volume, which is the largest of the series. It commences with a prefatory miscellany of notices and observations, respecting the rules of selection which he has observed, and the improvements that have been made during the progress of the work; respecting the disputed site of Heliopolis; and also the reluctance in certain quarters, to admit the evidence, still regarded by him as quite decisive, that the splendid and interesting antiquity brought from Alexandria, and now in the British Museum, is actually what Egyptian tradition has represented it to be the tomb, which once contained the body of Alexander the great. The preface is followed by 'Remarks,' by Mr Walpole, 'on the Libraries of Greece,' and a catalogue of the books in the monastery of Patmos. Dr. Clarke and his companion quitted Acre for the last time; reached Aboukir about the time of the surrender of Cairo by the French; and passing several days on board one of the ships appointed to convey the prisoners to France, witnessed, and has vividly described, the wretched, squalid, motley appearance, and the mirthful, farcical, and profligate character, of the wrecks of the French army. The author and his associates entered Egypt by the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, in one of the boats called *Djermes*, with imminent hazard of life from the dreadful surf upon the bar. He says there

is hardly a more formidable surf any where known than that at the entrance of the Nile into the Mediterranean, and that 'it was even asserted that the loss of men at the mouth of the Nile, including those both of the army and navy, who were here sacrificed, was greater than the total of our loss in all the engagements that took place with the French troops in Egypt.' The Arab boatmen defied the peril, and desperately drove through the furious turbulence, in which they saw at the very moment, another djerm swamped and wrecked just at their side. Among a variety of curious notices of Rosetta, we have a description of

'A most singular exhibition of the *Serpent-Eaters*, or *Psylli*, as mentioned by Herodotus, and by many ancient authors. A tumultuous throng, passing beneath the windows of our house, attracted our attention towards the quay: here we saw a concourse of people following men apparently frantic, who, with every appearance of convulsive agony, were brandishing live serpents, and then tearing them with their teeth; snatching them from each other's mouths, with loud cries and distorted features, and afterwards falling into the arms of the spectators, as if swooning; the women all the while rending the air with their lamentations. Pliny often mentions these jugglers; and as their tricks have been noticed by other travellers, it is only now necessary to attest the existence of this extraordinary remnant of a very ancient custom.'

With some difficulty a djerm was hired, and provisions were purchased, for a voyage up the Nile to Cairo. It was in August, and therefore at the time of the inundation, a season which affords a singular advantage for the navigation of the river; for at that time there regularly prevails a powerful wind from the north and north-west; so that by means of the immense sail peculiar to the large boats of the Nile, the voyager can advance with great rapidity against the utmost force of the current, to Cairo, or any part of Upper Egypt; and then 'for returning, with even greater rapidity, it is only necessary to take down mast and sails, and leave the vessel to be carried against the wind by the powerful current of the river. It is thus possible to perform the whole voyage, from Rosetta to Bulâc, the quay of Cairo, and back again, with certainty, in about seventy hours; a distance equal to four hundred miles.' In this passage towards Cairo the author was struck with the populous appearance of the banks of the river, the villages being in almost uninterrupted succession. He also dwells with admiration on the prodigious fertility of the soil of the Delta, of which the best watered portions produce three crops a year, the first of clover, the second of corn, the third of rice; and then there are 'never-ending plantations of melons and of all kinds of garden vegetables; so that, from the abundance of its produce, Egypt may be deemed the richest country in the world.' But never was superlative applause more completely neutralized by an account of the other parts of the character, than in this instance.

'But to strangers, and particularly to inhabitants of northern countries, where wholesome air and cleanliness are among the necessities of life,

Egypt is the most detestable region upon earth. Upon the retiring of the Nile, the country is one vast swamp. An atmosphere impregnated with every putrid and offensive exhalation, stagnates, like the filthy pool over which it broods. Then the plague regularly begins, nor ceases until the waters return again. General Le Grange assured us that the ravages in the French army, caused by the plague during the month of April, at one time amounted to a hundred men in a single day. Throughout the spring, intermitting fevers universally prevail! About the beginning of May certain winds cover even the sands of the desert with the most disgusting vermin. Lice and scorpions abound in all the sandy desert near Alexandria. The latest descendants of Pharaoh are not yet delivered from the evils which fell upon the land when it was smitten by the hand of Moses and Aaron: the "plague of frogs," the "plague of lice," the "plague of flies, the murrain, boils, and blains," prevail, so that the whole country is "corrupted," and "THE DUST OF THE EARTH BECOMES LICE, UPON MAN AND UPON BEAST, THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND OF EGYPT." This application of the words of scripture, affords a literal exposition of existing facts, such a one as the statistics of the country do now warrant. Sir Sidney Smith informed the author, that one night, preferring a bed upon the sand of the desert to a night's lodging in the village of Elko, as thinking to be secure from vermin, he found himself entirely covered with them.

Drinking the water of the Nile during the period of its overflow, is apt to produce a disorder called "prickly heat," which often terminates in those dreadful wounds alluded to in scripture by the word "boils, and blains." 'Such an effect will not be wondered at after hearing what are the ingredients of the potion. The torrent is every where dark with mud; a ladle or bucket dipped into it will bring up a quantity of animalculæ; tadpoles and young frogs are so numerous that, rapid as the current flows, there is no part of the Nile where the water does not contain them.' Putting however, the drinking out of the question, and regarding the river as an element to float and journey upon, Dr. C. says it affords a most delightful contrast to the heat, the sand, the dirt, and the vermin, which co-operate to plague almost out of his life the traveller by land. At the time the djerm reached Bulâc, the travellers were roused early in the morning from their cabin, with the intelligence that the pyramids were in sight,

'—and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays they appeared as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination, had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld.

The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their structure is lost in their prodigious magnitude: the mind elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom which, however disputed, experience confirms—that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror; which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great as to cause pain rather than pleasure. Hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the pyramids

which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and situation;—ideas of duration, almost endless; of power, inconceivable; of majesty, supreme; of solitude, most awful; of grandeur, of desolation, and repose.*

At Cairo, and in its most interesting vicinity, about three weeks were spent by our author, in the incessant activity and research by which he is always so meritoriously distinguished. By means of a canal which intersects the city, the Englishmen visited the different quarters of it, and were somewhat the less sensible, from the prevalence of water, of its being the ‘dirtiest metropolis in the world.’ There was, however, great superabundance of diseases and plagues, the ophthalmia, dysentery, and “boils of the Nile,” with all manner of vermin that crawls or flies. ‘Such a plague of flies covered all things with their swarms, that it was impossible to eat without hiring persons to stand by every table with feathers or flappers, to drive them away.’ Lizards were crawling about in every apartment equally in the houses of rich and poor, and could fasten themselves on pendent mirrors and the glass of the windows. *

There was at the time, encamped on the isle of Rhouda, under the command of general Baird, a strong detachment from the

* This curious phenomenon is accounted for by sir Everard Home, in a paper laid before the Royal Society of London, Feb. 22, 1816. Ed. An. Mag.

“It is well known, (says he) that the house-fly is capable of walking upon the ceiling of rooms in which situation its body is not supported on the legs; but the principle upon which it does so has not been explained, because the animal is too small for the feet to be anatomically investigated.’ Sir Everard was not aware that any animal, of a much larger size, was endowed with the same power, till sir Joseph Banks told him that the *Lacerta Gecko*, a native of the island of Java, was in the habit of coming out of an evening, from the roofs of the houses, and walking down the smooth, hard, polished chunam walls, in search of flies that settle upon them, and then running up again. Sir Joseph, while at Batavia, was in the habit of catching this animal, by standing close to the wall, with a long flattened pole, which, being made suddenly to scrape its surface, knocked it down. He procured sir Everard a specimen of a very large size, weighing five ounces three quarters, avoirdupois weight, which enabled him to ascertain the peculiar mechanism by which the feet of this animal can keep their hold of a smooth, hard, perpendicular wall, and carry up so large a weight as that of its own body. Sir Everard particularly described the anatomy of the foot of this lizard, which is so constructed as to enable it to produce a number of small concavities, which act like so many cupping glasses, and atmospheric pressure retains him in his position. The author, having ascertained the principle on which an animal of so large a size as this, is enabled to support itself, in progressive motion, against gravity, felt himself more competent to examine into the mechanism by which the common fly supports itself, with so much facility, in still more disadvantageous situations. An account was then given of the structure of the fly’s foot, which showed that it possessed concave surfaces, capable of acting in the same manner as those of the *Lacerta Gecko*: and that, therefore, its progressive motion against gravity was effected by the same means.—*Journal of Science and the Arts*, pp. 116, 117.

army in India. It had come up the Red sea, and across the desert from Cosseir, to co-operate against the French. Its appointments, appearance, and style of living, were splendid and sumptuous, presenting a violent contrast to the condition of the army from England, encamped near Alexandria. The travellers were soon at home among its military shows and its banquets. Gen. Baird ascribed the safety of the army in navigating the Red sea, in no small degree to the truth of Bruce's chart. There happened to arrive at Cairo a native Abyssinian ecclesiastic, a dean. A very curious account is given of an examination, into which, by our author's management, he was drawn, in a company of literary travellers, with a view to try the veracity of Bruce, a copy of whose travels was in the possession of gen. Baird. It was settled that no mention should be made of Bruce, but a series of questions put from his work; of which work, lying on the table, it was impossible for him to have any knowledge. His answers on a great number of points, though now and then contradicting Bruce, tended on the whole very powerfully to prove the general fidelity of his representations. And when that traveller's plates of natural history were shown him, he instantly recognised a great number of them, called them by exactly the same names that Bruce has given; and in many instances attributed to them the properties ascribed by him. Our adventurers were highly gratified by such testimony in favour and in vindication of one of the most memorable predecessors of the fraternity. The *general* truth of Bruce's relations concerning Abyssinia and himself, has been put beyond all doubt by successive and accumulated evidence; the same evidence, however, convicting him of such deviations from fact, in some parts of his narration, as can by no stretch of candour be imputed to mere negligence or lapse of memory. Thus, with a perfect certainty of the general truth of the representation, the reader nevertheless, feels a continual repression of interest, from the impossibility of a perfect reliance on any one of the particulars in the narration. While nine parts out of ten of the work *may* be accurately true, the readers' knowing that Bruce did not make strict truth an absolute rule in his narration, disables him to give, if we may so express it, so much as half his faith to any thing in the work, till it is verified by some other testimony. The very interest and prolongation of the question and controversy respecting him, are a reproach on his memory. Concerning a perfectly honest narrator such a controversy would very soon have ceased. There is something in the whole manner of genuine scrupulous truth, which soon puts an end to scepticism and cavil. Though a few things in the relation were to appear strange beyond all precedent, a prevailing palpable integrity in the relator would make any thing be believed that was not contradictory or impossible;—would at least make it be believed, that *to the best of the traveller's knowledge and belief* the fact was so.

We have very lively descriptions of the people and customs of Cairo, while liveliness, our author says, is the thing totally wanting in all the inhabitants but the Arabs. Their disposition is 'to exist without exertion of any kind; to pass whole days upon beds and cushions, smoking and counting beads.' This dulness pervades the habits and families of the residents from Europe, excepting, we presume, the long-famed Signor Rosetti. But the living inhabitants are a matter of inferior consideration in a region which seems even now to belong much more to the people who lived there innumerable ages since. Those ancient possessors have left their imperishable works upon it, as if in evidence of the perpetuity of their claim; and, as if to maintain it have left their very bodies, still existing and complete, refusing to submit to the ordinary destiny of mingling with the dust.

'What signify,' the enthusiast for the ancient world will exclaim, 'what signify these transitory, vulgar, living men, and their operations and their abodes, on a field occupied above with pyramids and beneath with catacombs? on a field where eternal monuments seem inhabited by the spectres of the dead?' Dr. Clarke displays habitually a high degree of this susceptibility to the venerable and awful character of funereal antiquity. There is however one little circumstance in the account of the visit to the pyramids, which struck us as oddly inharmonious with this state of feeling. He says 'Some Bedoun Arabs, who had received us upon our landing (from the Nile) were much amused by the eagerness excited in our whole party, to prove who should first set his foot upon the summit of this artificial mountain' (the great pyramid). This, we think, was a vastly puerile sort of emotion to prevail in such a situation; and wonderfully different from those impressions of awe, amounting even to terror, which he a little while before described as inevitably incident to a person of sensibility in approaching these stupendous monuments. We should really have thought that any one of the cultivated and reflective persons of the party, or at any rate that our author, would have been perfectly willing to be left the last in the ascent, if by that means he might be the more abandoned to the power and impression of the scene. Or, are we to take it that this competition to get foremost was an effect of the very terror alluded to,—that it was from the apprehension of being quite seized and overpowered by it if left in the rear of this sort of virtuoso mob? Indeed, it seems that into this very predicament one of the party, an officer, was actually thrown being literally so overwhelmed with the stupendous sight around him, that about midway of the ascent he became unable to proceed. Dr. C. went down from the top, to excite and assist him, and he was at length conducted to the summit. On that summit the party were, each and all, to play another little game, that of carving their names in the stone. For to us it appears a rather ill-judging kind of vanity and egotism, to attempt to turn this awful structure to the use of recording an hour's visit of beings, whose whole life

on earth is such a trifle of duration, compared with that of a work which, at the end of the world, will have been so far towards co-eval with all time. Why was exactly this circumstance to be recorded on such a monument, in preference to millions of more serious ones that have taken place in the presence of this solemn pile? Without question it was well to avoid all *affectation* of high and tumultuous enthusiasm, of profound and absorbing reverie, while standing for a few moments in so majestic a position; and perhaps it was rational not to be actually wrapt into such a state of feeling. But we cannot well comprehend how the visible magnificence, immensity, and antiquity, the visionary musing, the impression of solemnity, the crowding access of recollections and associations, inseparable, as it may be supposed, from any susceptible, highly cultivated, and classical mind, should admit a full suspension for so trivial and at the same time protracted an employment, as that of cutting a man's name on the stone—when, too, it was the first time, and to be the last, of being in so sublime a situation, and when the situation was to be held but for a few moments.

It will be alleged, and most truly, no doubt, that it is not so easy to lose sight, even for one quarter of an hour, of the little article self, in the most striking situations on earth; in situations where the contemplative visitant is naturally beset by a whole host of ideas bearing no direct relation to himself. And a long list of travellers' names, which might be found inscribed on the venerable remains of antiquity in the different parts of the world, would tell us that the above remarks are somewhat hypercritical. We readily quit the topic, to say how much we are gratified by the animated and interesting description of the great pyramid, of the objects in its vicinity, and of the grand panorama beheld from the summit. We were most powerfully arrested by the observations and experiments on the famous well, which is found in an obscure passage at the central interior of the pyramid.

‘In this passage we found, upon our right hand, the mysterious well. Pliny makes the depth of it equal to one hundred and twenty-nine feet; but Greaves, in sounding it with a line, made the plummet rest at the depth of twenty feet. ‘The mouth of it is barely large enough to admit the passage of a man's body; but, as this may be effected, it is to be regretted that the French, during all their researches here, did not adopt some plan for the effectual examination of a place likely to throw considerable light upon the nature of the pyramid, and the foundation on which it stands. This would require more time than travellers usually can spare, and more apparatus than they can carry with them. In the first place it would be necessary to fasten lighted tapers at the end of a long cord, to precede the person descending, as a precaution whereby the quality of the air below may be proved, and those fatal effects prevented, which often attend an improvident descent into wells, and subterraneous chambers of every description. Many hands, too, would be required above, to manage and sustain the ropes by which any adventurer, during the experiment, must remain suspended.’ We threw down some stones, and observed that they rested about the depth which Greaves has mentioned: but being at length provided with a stone nearly as large as

the mouth of the well, and about fifty pounds in weight, we let it fall, listening attentively for the result from the spot where the other stones rested; we were agreeably surprised by hearing, after a length of time which must have equalled some seconds, a loud and distinct report, seeming to come from a spacious subterraneous apartment, accompanied by a splashing noise, as if the stone had been broken into pieces, and had fallen into a reservoir of water at an amazing depth. Thus does experience always tend to confirm the accounts left us by the ancients; for this exactly answers to the description given by Pliny of this well; and, in all probability, the depth of it does not much differ from that which he mentions, of eighty-six cubits, or one hundred and twenty-nine feet, making the cubit equal to eighteen inches. Pliny says that the water of the Nile was believed to communicate with this well. The inundation of the river was now nearly at its height. Can it be supposed that, by some hitherto unobserved and secret channels, it is thus conveyed to the bottom of this well? It seems more probable that the water is nothing more than the usual result of an excavation in a stratum of limestone, carried on to the depth at which water naturally lies in other wells of the same country; as, for example, in the pit called *Joseph's well*, in the citadel of Grand Cairo.'

Such a profound pit, opening in a place itself so dark and awful, is the superlative aggravation of gloom and mystery. The descent into the depth of this gulf of central night, if indeed it shall not be forbidden by a mephitic state of the air, is one of the most signal exploits yet awaiting an intelligent and daring curiosity. The adventurer for whom it is reserved, (it must not be the officer who was so completely unmanned on the outside of the pyramid, in cheerful day-light,) will have had some sensations with which he will in vain seek for persons adequately to sympathise.

So inexhaustible is the power of these Egyptian monuments over the imagination, that notwithstanding every former description we have read of the interior of the great pyramid, we feel an undiminished interest in accompanying the new explorer, through the leading passages, in the lateral ducts and recesses, and into the final grand apartment, where remains the *Soros*, or tomb, which once contained, but not since the earliest periods of profane history, the lifeless personage for whom the whole enormous pile was raised as an eternal sanctuary and memorial. And really, setting aside the purely superstitious part of the proud projector's anticipations, that is to say, the direct and personal advantage believed to be conferred on the condition after death, by an indestructible sepulchre, and regarding only the intention of commanding the veneration of successive living generations, we must acknowledge the wisdom of his calculation;—provided only that he could have been certain his body should be for ever secure against profane intrusion, and that there should be an unfailing record or tradition transmitted downward, of its actually being in the unknown chambers of the inviolable structure. For a certain solemn and venerating sentiment *would* have been entertained, involuntarily, by all subsequent generations, for the dead personage so known to have his dwelling in the impenetrable sanctuary with-

in such a structure. Such would have been the feeling at this very day, beyond all escape or cure; and so much the stronger the more cultivated might be the beholder's mind. Only imagine the effect of stupendous vastness, and of the continually deepening solemnity of antiquity, combined with that reverence which it is a principle of our nature to feel for the remains of the dead; and all this rendered still more emphatic by the secrecy and mystery of the unexplored abode! If, with respect to the second of the great pyramids, there were any record to make us quite certain that it thus contains and conceals an ancient inhabitant, much of this state of feeling would be experienced by reflective men in approaching it; at least if the beholder approached it in solitude and under the other circumstances favourable to solemn thought; though certainly the effect would be much less powerful from his seeing the mightiest of these abodes of death violated and vacant. It is with a proper caution that we have said 'reflective men;' for Dr. Clarke has given a most gross and offensive instance of the total want of any thing belonging to this order of feelings, in a proportion of our English invaders of Egypt. The opprobrious fact is, that the beautiful Soros in the grand chamber of the pyramid, an object that had remained uninjured during nearly a hundred generations, having been held sacred by all sorts of barbarians, amid all manner of hostilities and ravages, is now no longer entire since Englishmen have had the free range of the country.

'The soldiers and sailors of our army and navy having had frequent access to the interior of the pyramid, carried with them sledge-hammers, to break off pieces to be conveyed to England; and began, alas! the havoc of its demolition. Had it not been for the classical taste and laudable interference of colonel, now general Stuart, then commanding officer in that district, who threatened to make an example of any individual whether officer or private, who should disgrace his country by thus waging hostility against History and the Arts, not a particle of the Soros would have remained. Yet, as a proof of the difficulty which attended this worse than Scythian ravage, the persons who thus left behind them a sad memorial of the British name, had only succeeded in accomplishing a fracture near one of the angles. It was thus disfigured when we arrived; and every traveller of taste will join in reprobating any future attempt to increase the injury it has so lamentably sustained.'

Thus, in a place more majestically monumental than any other on earth, in the peculiar region of perpetuity, our people have secured a permanent monument to their disgrace. By means also of dilapidation, the French have left a lasting memorial, but which will not be among the recorded dishonours of their Egyptian expedition. They made a vigorous and persevering attempt to force an entrance into the interior of the third pyramid; and had there been time for prosecuting the operation, they would perhaps have disclosed another magnificent sanctuary of death, and found a tomb not deserted by its ancient inhabitant.

In the above observations we have assumed that the intention and use of the pyramids were such as history has represented; that the Egyptian monarchs constructed them for their tombs. But Dr. Clarke has started a different speculation respecting the great pyramid. He seems half willing to make it believed, that it was built by the Israelites for a temporary receptacle in which to deposit the body of Joseph, till the time should arrive at which they were to carry it away with them out of Egypt. And he reasons the matter with a very ingenious plausibility. But he will probably convince but very few readers, and indeed we think his own faith is of an extremely slight consistence. Not to remark that there seems something rather rashly bold in so completely and unceremoniously setting aside, at a stroke, the whole authority of the Greek historians, especially after the compliment just paid, in the passage we have transcribed, to the accuracy of the ancients, in their descriptive notices at least, concerning ancient structures,—we should think there is insuperable improbability in the nature of the thing. Could it comport with the common sense of any set of human beings that ever lived, to employ, even if they had the power to do so, the labour of myriads, during a long course of years, and with a combination, in the plan and execution, of all possible adaptations to perpetuity, for a purpose confessedly temporary, and when a thousandth, perhaps a ten thousandth part of the toil would have created a solid receptacle for the venerated object; and when also that sacred object had already been preserved in safety for a long time without any such mighty munition?—for a long space of time it surely *must* have been, subsequently to Joseph's death, before the family of Jacob could have grown to a sufficient multitude to make such a project appear feasible even to the most enthusiastic among their very dreamers. Add to this, that their patriotism and imagination might naturally operate in the way of contracting in prospect the probable duration of their sojourn in a land not their own.

But, in the next place, supposing they had the disposition to act in a manner so very preposterous, it seems impossible to believe they could have had the power to do so. We presume no one can reflect on the enormous labour and expense of constructing the great pyramid, and not feel an irresistible conviction that such a work could not be carried on and completed—we do not say without the *sanction* of the supreme power of the state, but—without the direct authority, assistance, and almost compulsion of that power. Now is it not against all manner of probability, that an Egyptian tyrant, long enough after Joseph's death probably, to have had for him little or no direct personal interest of friendship or gratitude, contemplating from his palace at Memphis an alien tribe, which had never combined or coalesced with his people, and which he and his people would naturally regard through the medium of a jealous, oppressive, and calculating policy, devising how to turn them to the most servile and gainful account,—that,

under such circumstances, he would suffer them and aid them to withdraw the main force of their labours from the service of the state, and for an indefinite length of time, to raise for a person of their own tribe a funereal structure surpassing all that had ever been attempted in honour of the proud monarchs of Egypt themselves?—We confess that nothing appears to us much more impossible to be believed.

When our author and his companions approached the Sphinx, their attention was awakened to extreme curiosity by a ‘reddish hue discernable over the whole mass, quite inconsistent with the common colour of the limestone used in building the pyramids, and of which the Sphinx itself is formed.’

‘This,’ he says, ‘induced us to examine more attentively the superficies of the statue: and having succeeded in climbing beneath the right ear of the figure, where the surface had never been broken, nor in any degree decomposed by the action of the atmosphere, we found, to our very great surprise, that the whole had once been painted of a dingy red or blood colour, like some of the stuccoed walls of the houses in Pompeii and Herculaneum.’

Nor was this all: he detected an inscription, written in black, upon the red surface; so concealed from ordinary observation by the height from the ground, and the shade of the ear, as to elude the vigilance of all former inspectors. Of the characters, partly Coptic and partly Arabic, with several curious monograms, he has given a *fac-simile* delineated with the utmost care: no attempt has been made to interpret them.

The next excursion, in which they passed what Dr. C. agrees with Savary in judging to be the scite of Memphis, was to the pyramids of Saccára, which he regards as ‘a continuation of the same great cemetery to which those of Djiza also belonged.’ Those of Saccára bear the indications of still more remote antiquity, in the more decayed state of the surface, and in their less artificial and therefore more primitive form, as being nearer to that of the simple tumulus, the most ancient form, beyond all question, of sepulchral monument. These more southern pyramids are in different degrees of approach toward the tumulus and toward the finished pyramid; ‘and as we proceed,’ says Dr. C. ‘in surveying them from the south towards the north, ending with the principal pyramid of Djiza, we pass from the primeval mound, through all its modifications, until we arrive at the most artificial pyramidal heap.’ One of these southern masses is built of unburnt bricks, and is in a very mouldering state. The bricks contain shells, gravel, and chopped straw. There is one which Pococke thought as large as the principal one at Djiza. Like, in a measure, to that grand pyramid, a number of these southern ones are graduated, but not with so great a number of steps, one of the most conspicuous ‘consisting of only six tiers or ranges of stone; the pyramid itself being a hundred and fifty feet in height.’

At Saccara the author descended into several of the rifled catacombs, found scattered fragments of mummies, and observed with

the most pointed attention the form and dimensions of the niches where the bodies had been placed, in order to decide the question whether they were laid in a recumbent, or set in an upright position. And between his observations here, and information acquired else where, he was satisfied, to absolute certainty, that they were placed horizontally. These subterranean apartments had an oppressively offensive smell, for which he could not at all account.

There is no gaining access to the catacombs where any of the mummies are remaining entire. They are most carefully concealed and obstructed by the Arabs, who make an unworthy trade of their contents. The repositories of embalmed birds are allowed to be examined. Dr. C. descended into one of them, stored with a countless multitude of the earthen jars containing them, piled in ranks over and behind one another. His description, and the subsequent observations on the veneration felt for the Ibis, and the cause of such immense accumulations of these birds, are curious.

Towards the close of the dissertation on the origin and design of the pyramids, he has brought together in a note, the opinions of many learned men on the question,—hardly perhaps worth such a consumption of time and intellect as these references alone would suffice to show that it has cost—whether the Egyptian god named Apis, or Serapis, and Osiris, was not in truth a deification of the patriarch Joseph. Dr. C. appears considerably inclined to adopt the affirmative. This would explain, he thinks, various particulars in the Egyptian mythology and ritual. Thus, ‘the annual mournings which took place for *the loss of the body of Osiris*, and the exhibition of an empty *Soros* upon those occasions, might be ceremonies derived from *the loss of Joseph’s body*, which had been carried away by the Hebrews when they left the country.’—‘If,’ he says, ‘the connexion between ancient Egyptian mythology and Jewish history had been duly traced, an evident analogy founded upon events which have reference to the earliest annals of the Hebrews, might be made manifest.’

One of the excursions from the head-quarters at Cairo, was to the undoubted site of the ancient Heliopolis, the On of the Mosaic history; where stands, ‘on the spot where the Hebrews had their first settlement’ the celebrated Obelisk, ‘the only great work of antiquity’ says our author, ‘now remaining in all the land of Goshen.’ ‘Its height is between sixty and seventy feet; its breadth at the base, six feet: the whole being one entire mass of reddish granite. From the coarseness of the sculpture, as well as the history of the city to which this obelisk belonged, there is reason to believe it the oldest monument of the kind in Egypt.’ An engraving is given from the drawing, in making which he was particularly attentive to preserve the rude character of the sculptured hieroglyphics, instead of misrepresenting them, as it is justly complained that travellers have been in the habit of doing, in such subjects, by giving more correctly delineated forms of the objects they suppose to have been intended by the ancient sculptor.

Dr. Clarke, though evidently one of the very last men to despair of the attainment of any object important to knowledge and literature, seems to surrender all hope on the subject of the elucidation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

'Isis long ago declared, that no mortal had ever removed her veil; and the impenetrable secret seems not likely to be divulged. One solitary fact has been vouchsafed to ages of restless inquiry upon this subject; namely, that the hieroglyphic characters constituted a *written language*, the signs of an ancient alphabet, expressed according to the most ancient mode of writing, in *capital letters*; and it is probable that the more compound forms were a series of monograms.'

He several times adverts to it as a curious fact, apparently well established, that the alphabetical characters of ancient Egyptian writing, were formed from the hieroglyphics, by a gradual change, or degeneration of those signs from their primitive form, of pictures of visible objects, into types at last very little more than arbitrary. The noted Crux Ansata, or cross surmounted with a ring as a handle, so continually recurring among the hieroglyphics, is regarded as the only one of them that has had the misfortune to be detected. Our author cites the authority of those early christian writers, who, on the testimony of converted heathens, have declared it to typify 'life to come:' this he thinks may be admitted as its abstracted or symbolical meaning; his opinion of its *immediate* signification he has not done much amiss to leave in the latin of Jablonski.

On the return to Rosetta the travellers examined, a little to the south of Rachmanie, a mass of ruins, which had escaped the observation of the French, though D'Anville had marked the spot as the situation of the ancient Sais. Dr. C. had no doubt that he was standing among the relics of that city, while beholding in irregular heaps the remains of massive foundations, and the still lofty ramparts of a vast inclosure. From the inhabitants of a neighbouring village he obtained a variety of curious antiquities, on which he has made several interesting observations; especially on a hieroglyphic tablet, now in the university library at Cambridge, and of which a very large engraving is given in the book.

In one sense, any sculptured stone, any fragment of a column, or a sphinx, or a god, was a more interesting object than almost any of the living human beings expending their little mortal allotment of time on this enchanted ground. Our author, however, took proper notice of their condition, character, and habits. The people of Cairo were suffering much, at the very time the 'English were in possession of the city,' from the barbarity of the Turks. One form in which it was exercised, was particularly atrocious. They murdered, without ceremony or restraint, wherever they met with them, the women who were known or suspected to have been married to, or to have cohabited with, men of the French army. They even accounted this a meritorious sort of religious sacrifice to the sanctity of the true faith. Multitudes were aban-

done to this fate at the departure of the French, while some accompanied the embarkation. Our author and his companions aided the escape of four young women, by dexterously managing to conceal them in their *djerm* in descending the Nile. The people had also a grievous recollection of that low villain general Menou, whose rapacity had omitted no expedient of extortion. Dr. C. gives, afterwards, a very amusing account of his interviews and negotiations with this base, and insolent, and irritable Mahomedan, (for such he pretended to have become,) respecting the antiquities which the French, at the time of their surrender at Alexandria, were designing secretly to carry off; especially the magnificent sarcophagus of Alexander, of which Dr. C. had privately received some slight intelligence, upon which he acted with a promptitude which resulted in the addition of this sumptuous relic to the British Museum.

In a polite interview with the gentlemen of the Egyptian institute, he found them packing up some of those performances which have since resulted in the vast and superb work *Description de l'Egypte*. They acknowledged the limited scope which had been allowed to their researches, which, they said, 'had always been restricted to the march of their army.'

It was by means of a copy from a drawing finished by one of the chief engineers of the institute, that Dr. C. has been enabled to give an elegant plan of the catacombs near Alexandria, the Necropolis of the ancient Racotis, a city that was in ruins before the building of Alexandria. He spent six hours within these dark and solemn apartments, to which access is obtained by a straight descending perforation in the soft rock, not by the ancient entrance, which is now concealed. Even after what he had already beheld, of the labours of the Egyptians in accommodation or in honour of the dead, he contemplated with amazement this vast cemetery, with its temple of Serapis, (as he is inclined to judge one of the apartments may have been,) surrounded with regal tombs. In this supposed sanctuary, or close in its vicinity, he saw sculptured the orb with wings, which figure, if it is considered as the symbol of Serapis, as god of the shades, will tend, he remarks, to confirm Jablonski's opinion, 'that Serapis was a type of the *infernal sun*, that is to say, of the sun during its course through the *lower hemisphere*, or winter signs of the Zodiac; as Ammon was of the *supernal*, or path of the sun during the summer months.' And it is ingeniously attempted to be shown that even this explanation is perfectly compatible with the notion of those who believe that Serapis was no other than a mythological personation of the patriarch Joseph.

Considerable space is occupied with curious description, narration, and disquisition, concerning Pompey's pillar. The examiners were very reasonably amazed at the manner in which they found this stupendous column supported, that is to say, 'upon a small prop of stone about *four feet square*;' this is absolutely the sole base on which the pedestal rests. The inverted hieroglyphics

on this stone, prove it to be the fragment of some structure in ruins before the pillar was raised.

The Greek inscription on the pedestal, which had been noticed by Maillet and by Pococke, eluded the most accurate examination of Dr. C. and several attentive investigators with him, as it had baffled all the French inspectors, during their long residence in the country. The late colonel Squire was the first that descried it. When recovered, it proves to be of as little consequence as many a compartment of hieroglyphics would doubtless be found, if their import could be elicited from under that sacred gloom of mystery which has such a power of giving a portentous character to the merest trifles. All that can be learned from this legend, rescued by lynx-eyed inquisition from eternal oblivion, and conjecturally restored in the vacant places of some irrecoverable letters, and even one whole, is, that

“Posthumus præfect of Egypt, and the people of the metropolis, (*honour*) the most revered emperor, the protecting divinity of Alexandria, the divine Hadrian or [Diocletian] Augustus.”

The whole *line* supplied, is that which adds ‘the people of the metropolis.’ From the combination of a number of circumstances in Roman history with facts in ancient customs relative to monuments to the illustrious dead, and with circumstances observable about this column, Dr. C. deduces with considerable confidence the conjecture, or the opinion, that it is a monument raised to Pompey, by either Julius Cæsar or Hadrian; and he thinks it probably once bore on its summit an urn, there being in the stone a circular excavation exactly fitted for the position of the foot of such a funereal addition.

The travellers, having a widely extended peregrination yet in prospect, were now in haste—and we have still more reason to be so—to leave Egypt, a field where a vast measure of the wonderful and mysterious is still in reserve for inquisitive labourers who will at some future period, be enabled to portract their residence and operations in perfect exemption from Arab and Mamluke robbers, and Turkish fanatics and assassins. The long narrow stripe of sand from Alexandria to Aboukir, where our author was to embark, seems to have no claim, but in virtue of some groves of date trees, to maintain its barren substance above the waters which are on each side working its destruction. In passing along this most dreary tract, he is led into interesting reflections and questions relative to its ancient geography; since this wretched line of desert ought to be the ground on which anciently stood the cities of Nicopolis, Taposiris Parva, and Canopus. How is it possible?—is the question forced upon the observer. The only answer is that afforded by the very palpable indications that large encroachments have been made by the sea; or that, as Dr. C. remarks, the sites and remains of those cities are perhaps at this time under water. At one spot some stately fragments, bearing the ancient Egyptian character, were seen by col. Squire, in the very act, as

it were, of yielding to the invading element, being partly submerged, and no longer able to testify as to the extent of the kindred works, now, doubtless, swallowed up.

The Turkish frigate in which our travellers were privileged to pass over to Asia, was one of the most remarkable scenes into which they had ever been thrown, and would have been one of the most amusing if there had been no danger of starvation or of foundering. It was such a medley and hubbub of nations, and jargons, and customs, and passions, and fooleries, crammed and conflicting together, as might well have obliterated all remembrances and images of any objects less striking than those of Egypt. The seamanship too was incomparable, as might be guessed from the fact, of which they were assured, 'that the superannuated captain of the frigate had never been to sea before his present voyage; that at the age of seventy he had espoused a relation of the Capudan Pasha's, and obtained in consequence his appointment to the frigate: his nephew, a young man, had rather more experience, and held a station similar to that of first lieutenant in our ships.

'At night the spectacle on board was perhaps one of the most striking which persons unaccustomed to venture with Turkish mariners can possibly witness. The ship seemed to be left pretty much to her own discretion: every officer of the watch being fast asleep, the port-holes all open, an enormous quantity of canvas let loose, and the passengers between decks, with paper lanterns, snoozing over their lighted pipes; while the sparks from these pipes, with pieces of ignited fungus, were flying in all directions. Now and then an unexpected roll called forth murmuring ejaculations of "Alla!" or "Mahmoud!" and a few were seen squatting singly, counting their prayers by their beads.'

One anecdote in this unparalleled story of a voyage, is exquisitely characteristic of the true believers. Dr. C. having casually met with a sextant, which had been taken from a French prisoner, made an observation to ascertain the ship's position, and sent a respectful message to the captain, to inform him of 'the latitude, and the probable distance from Rhodes, Finica bay, Cyprus, &c.' He was immediately summoned, and asked how he could pretend to know. The doctor mentioned the sextant, and the observations daily practised on board English and other ships. The sextant was instantly ordered to make its appearance.

'This instrument being altogether incomprehensible to him, he contented himself with viewing it in every direction, except that in which it might be used; and, stroking his long beard, said to a Ragusan, "Thus it is always with these poor *djours* (infidels), they can make nothing out without some peeping contrivance of this kind: now *we* Turks require no sextants—we (pointing with his finger to his forehead) *we* have our sextants *here*.'"

The adventurers approached and admired the mountainous coast of Lycia, sublimely irradiated, at the time, with lightnings; passed close to Rhodes; crossed the mouth of the gulf of Glaucus; and quitted the ship at the island of Cos, where they staid long

enough to collect a number of antique inscriptions, and to witness the refinement of Mahomedan jurisprudence, in a conviction of homicide by implication. A young man had destroyed himself in consequence of his being unsuccessful in his addresses to a young woman; the father of the girl was arrested and prosecuted on the incontrovertible allegation, that "if he had not had a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love; consequently, he would not have been disappointed; consequently, he would not have swallowed poison; consequently, he would not have died." The father was sentenced to pay, to the state we suppose, eighty piastres, the rated value of the young man's life.

An old crazy *caïque*, manned by four men of the island of Casos, was engaged for a run to Patmos, and any other spot in the Archipelago. At Patmos, having first rendered a very important service to a party of French prisoners of the army of Egypt, who had been landed there on their way back to France, our active adventurers eagerly invaded the library of the monastery of the Apocalypse; and a highly entertaining account is given of their researches and negociations. The whole collection of books was in a state of extreme neglect and disorder. The printed books indeed had the accommodation of shelves, and some of them were in good condition; and though the visitants soon discovered that the superior could not read, he said those were his favourites. Being asked respecting a pile of parchment volumes which were seen on the floor at the end of the apartment, evidently in the manner of rubbish, he said with an expression of contempt, they were manuscripts.

'It was indeed,' says Dr. C. 'a moment in which a literary traveller might be supposed to doubt the evidence of his senses, for the whole of this contemned heap consisted of Greek manuscripts, and some of them were of the highest antiquity.'

Our author fell to digging in this heap with the most avaricious curiosity, and found 'the fairest specimen of Grecian calligraphy which has descended to modern times, a copy of the twenty-four first dialogues of Plato, written throughout upon vellum, in the same exquisite character.' This and a few others were purchased, and, by means of a great deal of management, clandestinely got on board the *caïque*; the monks were extremely solicitous, and with reason, that the people of the island, and the Turkish authorities, should not know that they had touched a trifle of money.

Several of the islands of the Archipelago were visited, and among them Paros and Antiparos, on the marble and the astonishing grotto of which our author has a number of very interesting observations. At length the course was shaped directly for Athens, and the cape of Sunium was approached amidst a rare combination of enchantments.

'We had such a glorious prospect, that we could recollect nothing like it: such a contrast of colours, such an association of the wonders of na-

ture and of art, such perfection of grand and beautiful perspective, as no expression of perceptible properties can convey to the minds of those who have not beheld the objects themselves. Being well aware of the transitory nature of impressions made upon the memory by sights of this kind, the author wrote a description of this scene while it was actually before his eyes: but how poor is the effect produced by detailing the parts of a view in a narrative, which ought to strike as a whole upon the sense! He may tell indeed of the dark blue sea streaked with hues of deepest purple—of embrowning shadows—of lights effulgent as the sun—of marble pillars beaming a radiant brightness upon lofty precipices, whose sides are diversified by refreshing verdure, by hoary mosses, and by gloomy and naked rocks; or by brighter surfaces reflecting the most vivid and varied tints, orange, red, and grey; to these he may add an account of distant summits, more intensely azured than the clear and cloudless sky—of islands dimly seen through silvery mists upon the wide expanse of water shining towards the horizon, as it were a “sea of glass.”—and when he has exhausted his vocabulary, of every colour and shape exhibited by the face of nature, or by the works of art, although he have not deviated from the truth in any part of his description, how little and how ineffectual has been the result of his undertaking!

The considerably protracted and most active sojourn at Athens, was animated with the genuine fire of that fine enthusiasm, which every classical traveller would recognise the necessity of affecting, if he did not feel; a luxury which some of the home-confined readers of taste may be tempted to ask, somewhat querulously, why it should have been Dr. C’s lot, rather than their’s, to revel in. The highest advantage was afforded for a discriminate and minute survey and investigation of the beauty and sublimity lingering in decay, and on the eve of departing, never to revive in such captivating forms in any other spot on the globe—by the kindness and intelligence of Monsieur Fauvel, the French consul, the friend of every traveller of taste; and still more by the friendly companionship and extraordinary accomplishments of Don Battista Lusieri, whom there would be no hazard in pronouncing to be, of all the persons who have ever visited Athens, the individual best qualified to perpetuate by the pencil the images of those objects which are themselves sinking so fast into destruction. Those who have read lord Elgin’s ‘Memorandum,’ are apprized that this artist was drawn by his lordship from Naples into Greece, where it seems he has remained through the long series of subsequent years, indefatigably employed, chiefly at Athens, in works which ought to find their way to the hands of those subsidiary artists in the north-west of Europe, who could so faithfully and so elegantly effect a thousand repetitions of them.

‘It might,’ says Dr. C. ‘have been said of the time he had spent in Athens, as of Apelles, “*Nulla dies sine linea*,” but such was the extraordinary skill and application shown in the designs he was then completing, that every grace and beauty of the sculpture, every fair and exquisite proportion, every trace of the injuries which time had effected upon the building, every vein in the marble, were visible in the drawing; and in such perfection, that even the nature and qualities of the stone itself

might be recognised in the contour. Whoever may hereafter be the possessor of these drawings, will have, in the mere *outlines*, (for it is impossible this artist can ever finish the collection he has made,) a representation of the antiquities and beautiful scenery of Greece, inferior to nothing but the actual sight of them. Hitherto no Mæcenæ has dignified himself by any thing deserving the title of a patron of such excellence. Many have bought his designs when he could be induced to part with them, by which means he has barely obtained subsistence; and he is too passionately attached to the sources which Athens has afforded to his genius, to abandon Greece, even for the neglect which, in his letters to the author, he complains of having experienced.'

We do not hear, from any quarter, of any project (quite a practicable project, it would be undoubtedly,) for obtaining a selection of those performances, for the purpose of preparing a work, which might, in the combined character of truth and animation, surpass every preceding graphical exhibition of the finest features of Greece, even, on an estimate of all the excellences of all the representations together, that of De Choiseul-Gouffier.

The readers of Lord Elgin's tract will also recollect that most anomalous personage, Theodore the Calmuc, as one of the corps placed under Lusieri's direction. Dr. C. saw him in this service at Athens; and he is a sample of humanity excellently fitted to put to silence the philosophizings that would maintain the native mental equality of human creatures.

'With the most decided physiognomy of the wildest of his native tribes, although as much humanized in his appearance as it was possible to make him by the aid of European dress and habits, he still retained some of the original characteristics of his countrymen; and, among others, a true Scythian relish for spirituous liquor: by the judicious administration of brandy, Lusieri would elicit from him, for the use of his patron, specimens of his art, combining the most astonishing genius with the strictest accuracy and the most exquisite taste. Theodore presented a marvellous example of the force of natural genius unsubdued by the most powerful obstacles. Educated in slavery; trained to the business of his profession beneath the active cudgels of his Russian masters; having also imbibed with his earliest impressions the servile propensities and sensual appetites of the tyrants he had been taught to revere; this extraordinary man arrived at Athens like another *Euphranor*, rivalling all that the fine arts had produced under circumstances the most favourable to their birth and maturity. The talents of Theodore, as a painter, were not confined, as commonly is the case among Russian artists, to mere works of imitation: although he could copy every thing, he could invent also; and his mind partook largely of the superior powers of original genius. With the most surprising ability, he restored and inserted into his drawings all the sculpture of which parts only remain in the mutilated bas-reliefs and buildings of the Acropolis. Besides this, he delineated, in a style of superior excellence, the same sculptures according to the precise state of decay in which they at present exist.'

Notwithstanding the charms of a Grecian landscape and sky, the brilliant effect of the structures of a marble unstained by time, the open, day-light prominence, if we may so express it, of the city, the lively cast of the ideas associated in every mind with

Athens, and we may add, the habitual vivacity of our author's temperament, the aspect of the place, as he approached it, bore, to his imagination, a funereal character. Tombs and monuments, indeed, on the road from the Piræus, prepared him for this impression, and

'As we drew near,' he says, 'to the walls, we beheld the vast CECROPIAN CITADEL, crowned with temples that originated in the veneration once paid to the memory of the illustrious dead, surrounded by objects telling the same theme of sepulchral grandeur, and now monuments of departed greatness, mouldering in all the solemnity of ruin. So paramount is this funereal character in the approach to Athens from the Piræus, that as we passed the hill of the museum, which was, in fact, an ancient cemetery of the Athenians, we might have imagined ourselves to be among the tombs of Telmessus, from the number of the sepulchres hewn in the rock, and from the antiquity of the workmanship, evidently not of later date than any thing in Asia Minor.'

He takes this, and indeed several other occasions, of insisting on the remarkable fact, established by innumerable evidences, of the sepulchral signs of the ancient temples. This he had, with a just confidence, asserted against Bryant, in describing the ancient monuments on the shores of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, in Vol. I. of these travels.

'The discussion which has been founded on the question whether the Egyptian pyramids were tombs or temples, seems altogether nugatory: being one, they were necessarily the other. The *Soros* in the chamber of the great pyramid, which indisputably determines its sepulchral origin, as decidedly establishes the certainty that it was also a place of religious worship:

"Et tot *templa* Deum *Romæ*, quot in urbe *Sepulchra*
 "Heroum, numerare licet."—*Prudentius*, Lib. I.

'The sanctity of the Acropolis of Athens, owed its origin to the sepulchre of Cecrops; and without this leading cause of veneration, the numerous temples with which it was afterwards adorned, would never have been erected. The same may be said of the temple of Venus, at Parthos, built over the tomb of Cinyras, the father of Adonis; of Apollo Didymæus, at Miletus, over the grave of Cleomachus; with many others alluded to both by Eusebius and Clemens Alexandrinus.' p. 400.

There is something very striking in this fact, as disclosing some kind of conviction, in the minds of a benighted race, that men might become greater, or associated to something greater, by dying; as well as their inextinguishable sense of the absolute necessity of having gods, that is, superhuman objects for their passions of hope and fear.

Sermons, by Archibald Alison. LL.B., &c. Vol. II. 8vo. 12s. boards. Longman and Co. 1815.

[From the Monthly Review]

It is not often that we have occasion to notice the writings of an author who, in so short a period of time, appears to have at-

tained so elevated a rank in the public estimation as Mr. Alison has acquired: nor is it from the casual and unsatisfactory testimony of a few readers of sermons, or compilers of theological tracts, that he has gained this "well-earned fame," but from the unanimous and stable suffrages of all the true friends of religion. The most orthodox have been compelled to admire even when they have been searching for opportunity to censure; while zealous religionists have been carried away by his devotion, and deliberate reasoners have been roused by his eloquence. Apparently, indeed, this author's style of writing is singularly adapted to find admirers among persons of every variety of religious persuasion. In his masterly hands, religion is always the messenger of mercy: her lessons at all times accord with the natural feelings of the human heart; and her office is to console and enlighten, to encourage and forewarn her hearers.

We had the pleasure of noticing Mr. Alison's first volume of sermons in our number for December, 1814, p. 352; and the impression left on our minds by an attentive perusal of those discourses induced us to adjudge to their author, if not equality, at least proximity of rank with his celebrated compatriot Dr. Hugh Blair. Indeed, with all the same graces of language, and the same exquisite powers of persuasion, which were so peculiar to the professor, the present writer has surely less artifice, and less appearance of studied elegance; and, if he does not proceed *pari passu* with his rival in classical terseness and sententiousness of style, he surpasses him, we think, in glowing animation and brilliancy of oratory. We have indeed heard it said, that the sermons of Alison, though admirable as a specimen of the beauties of language, and as a display of intellectual endowment, are by no means calculated to serve as models for imitation to inexperienced divines: but it should be remembered, that he wrote with the view of teaching others, not how to write, but how to act: not of instructing his youthful brethren in the art of composing sermons, but of impressing on the minds of all his hearers the sanctity of gospel-truth, and the imperious obligations of moral duty. He seems very wisely to have considered, that, though minds which nature has formed for serious reflection, may not require truth to be portrayed otherwise than in her native unadorned beauty, yet it is proper, that to the generality of mankind she would appear with the accompaniments of elegance and grace, and arrayed, not indeed in ornamental superfluities, but in the chaste habiliment of eloquent persuasion. The age, we fear, has elapsed, in which the piety of the heart was alone sufficient to enkindle and keep alive the attention of the understanding; and in which the simple statement of sound but unpolished reasoning was considered as the only requisite for obtaining assent to the grand doctrines of our religion.

We must hasten, however, to the analysis of the volume before us, which consists of twenty-three discourses on the following subjects: i. and ii. On Religious Education.—iii. iv. and v. On

the Lord's Prayer.—vi. On the Example of our Saviour's Piety.—vii. On the Evidence which arises from the *Nature* and *Character* of the Gospel.—viii. On the Evidence which arises from the *Progress* of the Gospel.—ix. On the Evidence which arises from the Jewish Revelation.—x. On the Evidence which arises from the Accomplishment of Prophecy.—xi. On the Love of Excellence.—xii. On the Dangers of moral Sentiment, when not accompanied with active Virtue.—xiii. On the moral Dangers of the Society of great Cities.—xiv. On the importance of Religious Example.—xv. On the importance of the Education of the Poor.—xvi. On Instability of Character.—xvii. On Stability of Character.—xviii. xix. and xx. On the Parable of the Prodigal Son.—xxi. On Repentance before Heaven.—xxii. On the Power of Christian Faith.—xxiii. On our Saviour's Ascension.

From this statement, it will be seen, that the subjects of the present set of sermons are more invariably of a religious nature than many of those which we had occasion to notice in the preceding volume. Greatly as we were struck at the time by the display of eloquence, which many of the author's politico-religious exhortations contained, it appeared to us, that their places might, in a few instances, have been advantageously supplied by others, equally animating, on any of those more vitally important topics which are diffused over the vast field of theology. Repetition, we think, is the principal, and perhaps the only fault to be remarked in Mr. Alison's writing. Interesting as is the juvenile part of the audience at the Cowgate chapel, we are rather too frequently reminded of these "*laddies of Caledonia*," going and coming from home to school, and from school to home, at the stated periods of term-time and vacation; and we have also occasionally too much repetition of the same turn of phrase, and the same scriptural allusions. These, however, are blemishes of a very minor cast, and amply redeemed by the solid excellences of every kind which pervade the whole body of the work. On the important subject of religious education, and the necessity of making scriptural studies a prominent feature in every seminary of instruction, Mr. Alison is particularly happy:

'There is no book (as you all must have observed) so acceptable even to "the little children," as that which records the history of Jesus Christ, and the incidents of his life. The plainness of the language,—the familiarity of the events,—the progressive interest of the story,—and the simplicity of the principal personages, are all adapted to the character of their minds; and lead them on to truth, in a way so artless and unpretending, that they are unconscious of any thing else but interest in the narration. It is still more remarkable, that there is no character so intelligible or so affecting to the infant mind, as that of their Saviour. Into the character of those whom the world calls great, they do not and cannot enter. But the character of the Saviour of the world is one which they understand, I believe, much better than the world itself. Its simplicity accords with what they feel within themselves; its goodness with what they as yet believe of the world around them. In his wisdom there is so little pre-

tension,—in his actions there is so little effort,—that they approach him with affection like one of themselves; and though they read the story of his sufferings with tears, they are tears that are mingled with admiration, and which dry up in exultation, when they witness his triumph over death, and over all the power of his enemies. “Suffer the little children to come unto me,” it is never to be forgotten, are his own pathetic and paternal words. They signify, that “the little children” are dear to him, and that He is acceptable to them. They signify, that while the waters of baptism are poured even upon the cradle of humanity, the moment they leave it, the arms of a friend and of a Saviour are prepared to receive them.—They signify, but too prophetically, that times would come when the folly and the presumption of man would find out other and artificial modes of education, when the young would not be “suffered,” but “forbid to come to Him;” and they seem even to supplicate the Christian parents of every future age, to “suffer their little children to come to him,” with the earnestness of a dying father, who fears that his children may fall into weaker and unwise hands.’

In the second discourse on the same subject, the author divides religious instruction into two branches; the object of the one being to inculcate the love of God, and that of the other the love of our neighbour. Having before spoken, in general terms, of the importance of fixing impressions during the season of infancy, he now supposes the mind to have made some progress, and reason some advancement. He therefore recommends, that the understanding should be forthwith directed towards the attributes and perfections of the Almighty Father of the human race; that the doctrines of man’s fall from innocence and happiness should be gradually developed; that the mercies of the Divinity should be shown in the beneficent purpose of redemption; and that all the means should be clearly illustrated, which the Almighty employed for the accomplishment of this great design. On the principle of a rational belief in the superintendence of an all-powerful agency, and on the basis of that love with which such a belief must fill the mind, Mr. Alison lays the foundation of the love which we are bound to exercise, as well as feel, towards every creature of the same system:

‘If they have approached with joy the throne of the universal Father, teach them, then, my brethren, in the first place, that it is their first duty to love every thing that He hath made; that every form which bears “the image of God,” is their brother, and that every being that is dear to Him, ought also to be dear unto them.—If they have looked with adoration at that perpetual care by which the universe is maintained, “and in which every thing lives and moves, and has its being;” tell them that they also are members of this mighty system; that on them too some beings depend for happiness or joy; and that the noblest career they can run is that of being “fellow-workers with Him” in the welfare of his creation.—If their hearts throb with gratitude for all the blessings which His bounteous hand has shed upon them, tell them that there are blessings also given them to bestow; that life has every where tears which their hands may wipe away; and that the path of man, on which Heaven looks down with most approving joy, is that of those “who are merciful as God is merciful.”’

‘If, in another view, they follow with glowing hearts the history of their Lord, remind them, that it was not in scenes of splendour or of indulgence that his life was passed; that it was not “to be ministered unto” that he came, “but to minister;”—to heal the sick,—to relieve the poor,—to comfort the afflicted,—to instruct the ignorant,—to suffer for the wretched. Tell them, that it is through such scenes their lives also must pass; and that, go where they will, they will find the sick to heal, the poor to relieve, the afflicted to comfort, the ignorant to instruct, and the wretched to console. Tell them, that for this also He came, “that he might leave them an example, that they should follow his steps;” and that the purest prayer which they can offer in the morning of life to Heaven, is, “that the same mind may be in them, which was in Christ Jesus.”’

We wish to render ample justice to the great merit of that part of Mr. Alison’s volume which treats of the evidences of Christianity. The convincing weight of testimony, which he has here compressed into the narrow compass of four discourses, proves him to be so powerful a champion in the good cause, and so able a defender of the faith “which was once delivered to the saints;” that it might be desirable for him to enlist himself among the refuters of those specious fallacies, with which scepticism has so frequently endeavoured to conceal and overwhelm the truth. Numerous as have been the answers to the subtle sophistry of Hume, and irresistible as have been the strictures on the more injurious because more seducing writings of Gibbon, we should still welcome to the Christian banners the co-operating aid of a faithful warrior, who rivals the one in closeness of argument and the other in animation of language. We should recommend it to enthusiastic admirers of “*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*,” to contemplate with unprejudiced attention the strongly contrasting picture which Mr. Alison has here drawn in opposition to their favourite theory. The sermon ‘*On the Evidence arising from the Progress of the Gospel*’ is particularly conclusive on this head. After having observed that the principles of religious belief are, from the constitution of the human mind, the least susceptible of change,—and that, with one solitary exception, the only means, hitherto successfully employed to propagate new systems of religious faith, have been the force of conquest and the arm of desolation,—the author proceeds to expatiate on the very different manner in which the kingdom of Christ “increased and multiplied;” on the primitive obscurity whence it sprang; and on the silent and gradual steps with which it emerged from its humble cradle, after every thing human appeared to have decided on its extinction, after its author had expired on the cross, and the disciples, who had been witnesses of the afflictions of their master, seemed to be hastening to the same termination of their own.

‘It began in the deepest obscurity;—in a country despised by all the rest of mankind. and among the lowest people of that country. The author of it appeared to expire as a traitor and a malefactor, and his opinions seemed, and were designed, to be buried in his grave. What remained of them was confided to the care of a few simple and ignorant

men; so very ignorant, indeed, that, from their own artless avowal, they knew nothing of the great designs which they were to execute, until they were directed by a wisdom above their own.

'The country which had conducted their master to the cross naturally rejected and persecuted his disciples. The countries by which they were surrounded were at the height of their civilization and improvement, and had long looked down upon what they considered the superstitions of Judea, with indignation and contempt. In both these countries, however, the apostles of the gospel sought for converts; and in both these countries they found them. Called upon to carry "the glad tidings" which they had received, to every race and nation of mankind, they met every where some who welcomed them. In their own age, and before they had sealed their faith with their blood, they saw the religion of the gospel dawning among every surrounding people. Amid all its humility and all its dangers, there was something in it which carried conviction to the souls of men; which dissolved the tenacity with which they were accustomed to adhere to the opinions of their forefathers; and which made the old fabric of superstition fall, as if by enchantment, before the humble preaching of "the fishermen of Galilee."'

If the preacher had added to this chain of evidence a discourse on the miracles wrought by our Saviour himself, we should have considered it as even more complete than it is: not, indeed, that we find any want of connexion in his arguments, or any feebleness in the body of demonstration which he has here brought forwards in support of truth, but that, where every thing is so ably and so satisfactorily said, the omission of any one point is the more perceptible, and becomes a source of regret in proportion to its moment.

The fourteenth sermon, 'On the Importance of Religious Example,' appears to have been composed and preached on an occasion of a most melancholy nature, '*the execution of three young men (all of them under the age of twenty) for robbery and murder, on the night of the 1st of January, 1812.*'—The instructive lessons, which the author draws from this sad occurrence, may be read with advantage, and cannot but be contemplated with approbation:

'It is a lesson to the young, to teach them, by the most terrible of all proofs, how soon innocence can be lost; how rapid the progress of guilt is in the soul which has once admitted it, and to what atrocity of crime even the youthful heart may arrive, when it has once surrendered itself to the dominion of any sin.—It is a lesson to the instructed and the educated among us, to teach them, that knowledge and accomplishments alone are vain;—that the understanding may be improved while the heart remains barren and unprofitable;—and that unless the master-spring of religion is awakened into activity, the acquisitions of learning and of knowledge may only add strength to guilt, and malignity to crime.—It is a lesson, lastly, to the laborious and the active among us, to teach them, that something more is wanting than the mere wisdom of the world, to give either usefulness or honour to the character of man; that if the ambition of the soul be confined to time alone, no lofty views, no generous virtues, will ever spring in it; and that it is possible for the men of the world to "rejoice in their youth," while all the honours of time, and all the hopes of immortality are lost for ever.'

In bringing our remarks to a close, we would endeavour to draw the attention of our readers to the three discourses which are inserted towards the conclusion, ‘On the Parable of the Prodigal Son.’ We have seldom if ever met with any composition more truly affecting, or more exquisitely pathetic, than the animated picture, which is here portrayed, of domestic affliction and parental tenderness. The happy illustration of the parable, and the adaptation of it to the ordinary habits of mankind and the general nature of the moral government of God, are written in Mr. Alison’s best and most forcible style; indeed, we may say, in a style peculiarly his own. The hasty indiscretions of youthful levity, flying from the shelter of parental solicitude, and squandering, “in a far country,” the goods which a father’s affection had bestowed, are well assimilated to that general forgetfulness of duty, and that precipitate desire of enjoyment, which constitute in every age the prevalent characteristics of juvenile conduct:

‘It is thus every where, my brethren, that the “substance” which the universal Father has given, that the powers and capacities of the human soul, are wasted in the progress of sin;—that health is lost in profligacy, and time in idleness, and beauty in depravity;—that rank and affluence are made the ministers of folly or of vice;—that learning is abused to the purposes of sophistry and scepticism;—and that the mighty minds which heaven seems at times to have created for the moral or intellectual progress of human kind, stoop to the momentary ends of conquest and ambition; and, for the indulgence of their own hour of fame, purchase the everlasting execration of mankind. These are the prominent vices of the world;—but let us look to it where we will, we shall ever find that its beginning is like that of the younger son of the parable—in leaving the guidance and the counsels of our father;—in believing that the goods we inherit are possessions, and not gifts;—and in conceiving that life itself is a scene of enjoyment, and not of moral and religious duty.’

The wisdom of the elder son, on the other hand, forms the pleasing exception to the general and melancholy view of human depravity; reminding us, that, though folly and disobedience be the prevailing bias of the human heart, there are yet many in whom a spirit of submission to legitimate control, and more particularly to the salutary admonitions of a father’s will, operates as the most powerful incentive to virtue. The bounty of the father, in giving to his son the blessings which he thus lavishly squandered, is compared to that heavenly magnificence with which the Almighty apportions his treasures even to the least deserving of his creatures: while the contrition of the prodigal, his return home, the joy of the father, the affection with which he welcomes and the tenderness with which he forgives his child, and above all perhaps the exultation not only of the parent but of the whole household in preparing for penitence the reward of glory, afford Mr. Alison the materials for a combination of striking beauties both of language and of sentiment. We cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of making a brief extract from the concluding considerations:

‘The last thing that is observable in this view of the parable, is its conclusion. It is for this divine conclusion that it was at first spoken. It was for your benefit, my brethren, (for the benefit of every individual among you, and among every congregation of fallen men,) that it was written; and the heart which is not affected by the words of our Saviour, cannot be affected by the language of man. It concludes, not as man would have concluded it, with the simple account of his pardon and his reception;—it tells us a great deal more; it tells us, in truth, of things which the “heart of man durst not conceive,” and which none but the Son of God had the power and the capacity to reveal;—it tells us of the “robe,” which signifies honour, and the “ring,” which implies glory;—it tells us of the gratulation of the whole family on the recovery of one whom they thought they had “lost;”—but, far more than all, it tells us of the joy of the Father himself, when he once more held this returning son within his arms, and felt the throb of penitence in his heart, and found him again alive to love, to duty, and to happiness.

‘The parable, my penitent brethren, is indeed addressed to you, but the application of the conclusion I must leave to yourselves. The truth is, that I dare not; that the views it suggests are too mighty to admit of explanation in mortal language; and that the representations which our Saviour thus gives of the tender mercy of the Great Father of the penitent, and of the worth of the human soul, are such, that nothing belongs to creatures like us, but to bury our foreheads in the dust, and to say to our Saviour and to our God, “What is man that thou thus regardest him, or the son of man that thou thus visitest him?”’

Had Mr. Alison favoured the world with no more than these three discourses, we should have considered him as justly intitled to a very ample share of public gratitude; and if, on the whole, we view this volume as in some degree inferior to the first, we hope that the treasury of his theological writings is not yet exhausted, but that we shall soon be called again to a renewal of the gratification which we can never cease to feel, when genius and eloquence lend their united assistance in supporting the bulwarks of truth.

*Memoires Historiques sur la revolution d’Espagne, par l’Auteur du
Congres de Vienne, &c. M. DE PRADT, Ancien Archeveque de
Malines. Paris. 1816. pp. 406.*

[From the Critical Review.]

THERE is no department of literature in which the French have so decidedly surpassed other nations as in that of memoirs. While they possessed but one historian, (Voltaire,) equally accessible and delightful to the scholar and the general reader, in whom the connexion of great events with each other was developed with facility and interest, they abounded in writers, whose excellence in the portraiture of individual scenes and characters, was a compensation for the want of classical works of a more comprehensive plan. Statesmen and courtiers, warriors and men of letters, have each contributed, by narrating public events within their own

knowledge, to furnish the materials of history with a copiousness of which the literature of no other nation can boast.

It would perhaps be too great praise to class the ex-archbishop of Mechlin with these writers; and his work is not entirely of the disinterested class to which we have been alluding. Those books were for the greater part legacies to posterity; at least they were written with no other interested object than to vindicate the honour of the writers or their friends, or inflict justice or vengeance on their enemies.

We cannot imagine that M. de Pradt writes only for posterity; and at the same time we do not see what personal object he can have in publishing political works like those which have recently and repeatedly issued from his pen. He is not sparing in his reproaches of his ancient master Napoleon, against whose worst actions he is a vehement declaimer; yet he is also no niggard of eulogy when he has occasion to speak of his intellectual powers. He advocates with great zeal and eloquence in the present work, the cause of O'Farril, Massaredo, and the other proscribed partisans of King Joseph, but treats with contempt King Ferdinand, on whom the fate of those refugees depends. It is reported too, that his work on the *Bourbons* is prohibited at Paris, and that he has been prosecuted for the present publication. These are claims, if not to unlimited confidence, yet to some credit; and we must say, that we have read this work with an impression that the statements may be received without much hesitation. The author accompanied Bonaparte to Bayonne, and was employed by him to negotiate with the ministers of Ferdinand at the time that the abdication of the Spanish crown was extorted from the royal family, after they had been seduced within the French frontier. In this character and situation his testimony is of importance, and will be appealed to by posterity.

Before the author arrives at the transactions in which he bore a part, he gives a hasty sketch of the incidents which led to them. On this subject we find nothing new. It will be recollected, that after an alliance had been formed between the revolutionary government at Paris and the Bourbons of Spain, the court of the Escorial was content to play so insignificant and deplorable a part, that the existence of the state was only recollected by its occasional calamities. The battle of Trafalgar completed the annihilation of its navy, and its colonies were spared only through what we consider the mistaken generosity of the British cabinet. Its government was in the hands of an upstart, Godoy, the *prince of the peace*, who still survives, the object of universal scorn and reprobation. The internal measures of the court of Spain were at the time so little noticed, that a transaction then passed unheeded, in this country at least, from which the calamities of that people may perhaps be dated. In October, 1806, about the period of the battle of Jena, a mysterious proclamation was issued by the prince of the peace, calling upon the people of Spain to arm themselves

against the peril in which the country was then placed. The enemy was not named, but, says M. de P. (p. 15.) "Napoleon has often told me, that it was on the field of battle of Jena that he received this instrument, which, making him sensible of the perils and perfidy to which he was exposed during any new expedition which he might have to undertake, led him to determine that he would protect himself by leaving no enemy in his rear; I swore, said he, from that moment that they should never do me any harm." We cannot abstain from remarking here how systematically Napoleon had calculated upon a succession of wars, though peace was always on his lips. Accordingly, he diminished the Spanish military force, by sending its choice troops into Denmark and Tuscany, and began a series of intrigues and artifices which have never been surpassed by any of the masters or pupils of the great teacher of fraud, Machiavel. Acting in concert with the prime minister of Spain, whose agent was Izquierdo, but without the knowledge of the Spanish cabinet, he formed a treaty with Spain in October, 1806, according to which Portugal, then in possession of the armies of Bonaparte, was to be divided into three parts; one to be given in exchange for Etruria; a second to the prince of the peace; the third was to remain in the hands of France, a sort of kingdom to let. About the same time an event took place, which is generally called the affair of the Escorial. The heir of the Spanish monarchy and the powerful minister of the crown were become implacable enemies; each knew no better resource than to throw himself into the arms of Bonaparte. Accordingly, while the prince of the peace had bargained with Napoleon for a crown for himself, the prince of Asturias wrote to the emperor, imploring his paternal protection, and offering to marry any one he should chose. The *treasonable* letter, for so even Bonaparte affected to consider it, was detected; the prince was arrested, accused of high treason, and acquitted in due form. He wrote unintelligible letters to the king and queen, confessing some crime, and was pardoned, while his counsellors, the duke of Infantado and M. Escoiquiz, were banished from court.

Hitherto the prince of the peace had acted with Napoleon; and in conformity with their secret treaty, Bonaparte sent his forces into Spain, and they had already occupied the fortresses, when the scales fell from the eyes of Godoy, the minister; and finding, on the return of his agent Izquierdo from Paris, that his kingdom was as unreal as the dukedom of Sancho, he suddenly resolved on an act of vigour, which, if it had been original, might have been deemed heroic. He determined to transport himself with the old king and queen to South America. The project was discovered; the royal fugitives were stopped at Aranjuez; the life of the minister was endangered. The king abdicated in favour of his son. This was on the 19th of March, 1808. "Such," says M. de P. "was the truly dramatic situation in which Spain was placed by the affair of Aranjuez. These had destroyed Bonaparte's plans;

his genius rich in expedients, furnished him with another." Ferdinand, who was now the acknowledged master of Spain, had received no answer to his letter requesting a wife from the hands of Napoleon; but he seems to have confidently relied on his friendship. He announced his accession to the throne, and invited the emperor to his court. The journey of Bonaparte was officiously proclaimed every where: we recollect how much it was the subject of speculation in this country in the spring of 1808. He reached Bayonne on the 14th of April: there his success was complete. Having, by exquisite cunning, contrived to collect a deputation of the states of Portugal and Spain, then Ferdinand and his court, and at last Charles, the queen, and the prince of the peace, he succeeded in obtaining all he sought, the sovereignty of Spain, which he gave to his brother. Never was Juvenal's sentiment more memorably illustrated—the Gods destroy us by granting our prayers. Napoleon was now lord of the ascendant, but from this moment may be dated his decline. It was this act which first opened the eyes of the public in all Europe. The Spanish minister Cevallos, performed the office of Ithuriel: he entered Madrid as the minister of king Joseph; but passing over to the service of the Junta, published his celebrated pamphlet on the 1st September, 1808. (See Crit. Rev. Vol. 124, p. 215, Oct. 1808.)

Our author truly says, that this pamphlet began the revolution in Germany, which was completed in 1813, and which was effected by the writers of that nation before it became the act of its warriors. We have some satisfaction in finding in this work an unwilling confirmation of all that is material in Cevallos, at the same time that the author seizes every occasion to shew his ill will to the minister, viz. Cevallos, speaking of the house of Bayonne where Ferdinand was lodged, as not suited to his high rank, has drawn a not unmerited reproof. "The attention thus shown to trifles amidst momentous concerns, betrays a little mind. While the king was throwing away Spain and America, the minister was thinking about the lodging at Bayonne. Such a minister might well advise the journey." The particulars of this journey are related with great spirit. The author declares that General Savary often complained to him of the disgraceful part he was made to perform in that kidnapping transaction. He was made to assure Ferdinand that he would be acknowledged king of Spain on his arrival at Bayonne; and M. Escoiquiz bears testimony to Napoleon's admission of the fact. Nothing but the blindest infatuation could have led Ferdinand to an act, the event of which is to be deplored. Had he remained in Spain, the war would probably have gone on as it did, but he could hardly have failed either to imbibe the better spirit of the better part of his people, or he would have perished in the conflict. M. de P. relates, that on the arrival of Ferdinand, Bonaparte received him with the honours paid by him to kings alone; and the same evening sent word to him that he had resolved to dethrone the Bourbons of Spain. He hoped, the writer supposes, by the suddenness of the contrast, to overwhelm him

at once, and lead him to an immediate cession of his crown; but Ferdinand clung to the sceptre which he knew not how to wield, and, as is afterwards detailed, surrendered his power with reluctance.

It may be proper in this place to notice an important document annexed to the work. The publication by M. Escoiquiz of his several conversations with Bonaparte in the course of May 1808. Escoiquiz was the confidential minister of Ferdinand, who advised the journey to Bayonne, and who vigorously and pertinaciously defended his master's rights against the usurper. The dialogue, however, has no internal evidence of truth, for in it Bonaparte makes speeches several pages long; and neither the coarse but original imagery, nor the laconic brevity which mark the ex-emperor's discourse, is to be found in it. Napoleon in this dialogue, justifies himself for seizing the Spanish crown on the ground of policy, and urges that Ferdinand has no right to it, having obtained his father's abdication by force. He offers the kingdom of Etruria in return, and promises to take no part of Spain for himself. The minister asserts with unsuccessful pertinacity, that the cession of Charles was voluntary.—“**NAPOLEON.** In spite of your reasons, Canon, I shall retain my first idea, that a renunciation made during a popular insurrection, and instantly revoked, cannot be legitimate. But we will dismiss that for a moment, and tell me, am I to forget that the interests of my house and empire require that the Bourbons should cease to reign in Spain? (Then pulling my ear with great good humour, he added,) and though you may be right, Canon, in all you say, I shall answer—**BAD POLICY.**”—The minister acknowledges that he feels the force of that sentence, and tries to show the impolicy of the emperor's project. He urges the difficulties arising from the opposition of the European powers, and the character of the people. Napoleon answers, that he had communicated his projects to the emperor of Russia at Tilsit, who had given his word of honour not to oppose them. And as to the Spanish people, though the populace might be raised, yet a little severity would reduce them.—“Believe me, Canon, the countries where there are many monks, are easy to conquer; I have experienced this.” This remark shows at least that Bonaparte's discernment did not go beyond his experience. He afterwards declares his readiness to sacrifice 200,000 men in the attainment of his object. It certainly adds to the credibility of this narrative, as well as to the respectability of the writer, Escoiquiz, that having been minister of Ferdinand on his return, he is now in disgrace.

Napoleon, meeting with a stouter resistance from Ferdinand's ministers than he anticipated, and being dissatisfied with Savary's management of his cause, had recourse to our author, who declares that he was directed to confer with Escoiquiz: but if we are to credit his statement, he was so impressed with the injustice of his own cause, that he endeavoured to his utmost to work upon

the mind of the oppressor, instead of assisting to subdue the spirit of the oppressed. We cannot read without suspicion professions of this description, but they may be discredited while the *overt acts* may be truly related. The account of Napoleon's conduct during this residence is interesting and probable. He appears to have been at first willing to let Ferdinand return to Spain, and his repeated language was, "He may declare war against me;" as if this were a giving of satisfaction, which, like duelling between individuals, was a compensation for every injury. "Why did they come here without passports?" said he, on another occasion. "If it were to cost me 80,000 men, I would not undertake this; but it will cost me only 12,000 men, mere child's play. Believe me it will soon be over. I do not wish to do any one an injury: but when my political car is in motion, it must go on, and wo to those who are under the wheels!"

These and a variety of other scattered expressions satisfy us, that much of what Bonaparte did on the present occasion was the result rather of accident than design. He acted with great courage, promptitude, decision, and disregard to the opinions of mankind; and finding himself opposed to persons destitute of every talent, and who could not inspire him with any respect, he was gradually led on to extremes, and a disregard of appearances, from which he himself would have shrunk at the beginning of this adventure.

The final submission of the young king was not obtained till Charles the fourth arrived. It was then that the honours of royalty, before paid to Ferdinand, were discontinued; Napoleon said he could not acknowledge two kings of Spain. The hatred of the queen towards her son was so violent, that even Bonaparte himself appears to have been shocked at the excess to which it betrayed her.

"On returning from the palace of king Charles, Napoleon, after taking some hurried turns in the garden of Marac, called those who were there to him, and full of the subject, painted the scene he had witnessed, in that animated, picturesque, figurative, and original style which is so familiar to him. His description placed us at once in the midst of the actors of the horrid scene. He painted Charles reproaching his son with the outrages against his grey locks, and the conspiracies which had annihilated the monarchy himself had preserved entire. 'It was Priam himself,' said Napoleon. Then he paused and added, 'The scene was becoming beautiful, when the queen interrupted it by bursting into invectives and threats against her son. She begged me to send him to the scaffold. 'What a woman! what a mother!' he exclaimed. Then, after a pause, he added, 'Among all these people there is but one man of genius, the prince of the peace; he would have taken them to America.' And then he declaimed, or rather *ossianised* (*ossianisa*) for a length of time, on the immensity of the thrones of Mexico and Peru, on the greatness of the sovereigns who would possess them, and on the effect of these establishments upon the world at large. I had often heard him, but never saw him display such richness of imagination and style. Whether from the fertility of the sub-

ject, or that his faculties had been roused by what he had witnessed, and every nerve shaken; he was sublime. I never afterwards saw him at the same height."

It was after this incident that, according to Cevallos, Napoleon uttered the fatal words, "*Prince, il faut opter entre l'accessoir ou la mort,*" which our author justly considers as more disgraceful to the parents of Ferdinand than to Bonaparte. All that Charles and the queen did on this occasion, his truly eloquent letters to his son were the work of the prince of the peace, under the direction of Bonaparte; the others only signed their names.

The subsequent narrative of the like artifices practised towards the Spanish grandees to induce them to render homage to Joseph, is less interesting as the characters are less important. The duke del Infantado was the most resolute of the friends of Ferdinand; and even when he faintly wished Joseph joy on his accession, he refused to acknowledge him expressly as his sovereign. The emperor was not satisfied with this, and thus addressed the duke—"No tergiversation, sir; acknowledge the king, or refuse it. It is necessary to be great in crime as in virtue. Do you wish to place yourself at the head of the insurgents in Spain? I give you my word you shall have a safeguard thither; but I give you notice, you will be shot in eight days—no, in twenty four hours."—The duke submitted, and his speech is recorded in the *Moniteur* of the 18th of June, 1808.

The subsequent events are well known to our readers, and lie beyond the period concerning which our author has original information to give. He reasons about the war, and details the causes of Bonaparte's failure as others have done before. Some facts, however, he mentions, which were new to us: he relates for instance, that so lately as the year 1811, Joseph was on the point of surrendering his crown to Napoleon, because he would not consent to surrender the independence of the country. We own we cannot comprehend how an individual so obtaining a crown should be so nice in his sense of the duties springing out of the possession of it. It is one of the paradoxes of our author to consider the ministers of Joseph patriots, as honest and as zealous for the independence and liberty of their country as the leaders of the Cortes and the regency. On Bonaparte's return from Madrid, after the retreat of sir John Moore from Corunna, our author relates, that he intimated to him his intention to divide Spain into five vice-royalties, considering himself as uncertain of a king of his own family as he should be of a Bourbon. From this arose many dissensions between Bonaparte and his brother, which M. de Pradt enumerates among the causes of the ultimate failure of the invasion. In treating of the war in general, he presents a shocking picture of its devastation and excesses, and estimates the loss sustained by the French during the six campaigns at 600,000 men!

The latter part of the volume is taken up in arguing in favour of those of the servants of Joseph, who, remaining a little too

long in his service, were ultimately proscribed by those who had partaken of their treason; and certainly, in great national conflicts, the moral worth of individuals stands in no necessary connexion with the merit of the cause. When a civil war has sprung up, accident must determine the choice of a party; and a reference to the history of the great conflict in this country in the 17th century, shows us how much excellence, moral and intellectual, was ranged under the opposite banners of Charles and the parliament. It is true, the usurpation of Napoleon in Spain was effected by means singularly base; and we should with difficulty allow the possibility, that any accessary *before* the fact could be an honest man. Yet we can believe, that many enlightened Spaniards might honestly think the dynasty of Bonaparte afforded a happier prospect for posterity than the family of the Bourbons could promise them. Indeed the strange and lamentable issue of the Spanish war, shows the futility of all speculation on the consequences of political efforts; for we now behold the monarch who had surrendered his throne, restored to it without having himself contributed to his restoration, and the great agents and instruments of his victory, either languishing in chains or pining in exile.

We do not find that he has pardoned either the friends of Joseph, or the adherents of the Cortes, and his political vengeance against parties so opposite, resembles only the contemporaneous religious persecutions of catholics, and protestants, by Henry the eighth.

The appendix consists of a number of documents of great interest, though not altogether new to the public. The letter of Bonaparte, to Ferdinand, of the 16th of April 1808, lecturing the young prince on his duties, is a curious composition; and as well as several specimens of his conversation, contained in this volume, exhibits him in the rather new light of the *Joseph Surface* of despots.

The War-Fiend, with other Poems. By THOMAS BROWN, M. D.
Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.
Murray. 1816.

[From the Augustan Review.]

HERE is a volume of Poems by the author of the *Paradise of Coquettes*, and the *Wanderer in Norway*. The Rape of the Lock takes away from the first the character of originality; it also wants the vivacity, the gayety, and the truth of Pope's enchanting production; and, with all its smoothness and polish, it becomes, from its length, and the laboured speeches on trifling and lady-like subjects, monotonous and tedious. The *Wanderer in Norway* (notwithstanding the author's unfortunate choice of the profligate Mary

Wollstonecraft for the heroine of his poem) contains many passages and situations truly pathetic; and is embellished with many striking and original sketches of northern scenery. But the poetry of Dr. Brown, though it has occasionally a character of boldness or tenderness, is much more remarkable for the sweetness with which it flows—and of this quality we intend to give our readers some specimens.

The *War Fiend* is introduced by an elaborate preface, in which the author, after recounting the difficulties which he had to surmount, tells us, what is not quite new, that a thing which is related as *first*, does not give us the same sensation of reality with a relation of what is supposed to be at the time passing, as it were, under our eyes. He has therefore had recourse to a method, which, as he conceives, presents a much more lively idea of what is expressed. The poem opens with the midnight-journey of a warrior towards the spot, which in the morning is to be the scene of a battle. In his eagerness to join in the mortal fray, the place of which he could not have reached by mortal means, he had invoked the aid of the War-Fiend, who places him on his steed of fire, and accompanies him on his journey invisible. The poet thinks that he places much more distinctly before the eyes of the reader every thing which is going forward, by relating them through this captivating *compagnon de voyages*. This being plunges the warrior into the battle—directs his arm—inspires him with the most blood-thirsty desires—laughs at his human feelings—and finally, after leading him to the heights of wickedness and impiety, suffers him to fall by an arrow, and descends with him to the caverns of death. All this is told in a rapid and powerful manner, and with much vigour of imagination. The horrors, however, are too much in the taste of the German school.—The fiend himself is decidedly of German parentage. Any body who has read Bürger's ballad, *Die Wilde Jäger*, or his *Leonora*, will at once recognise the voice and qualities of the War-Fiend. But surely this manner of relating a story, whatever may be gained in force and spirit, (and we are not sure that any thing will be gained,) is very unnatural and ridiculous: and the narrative of such a *Cicerone* continued through a poem of *three parts*, seems by far more artificial and improbable than any medium of another kind. The recollection of the invisible speaker, besides, recurs in a most unpleasant way to the mind of the reader, when the narrative is not equally sustained throughout; and this inequality is often evident in the present poem, from the unlucky measure in which it is written. We think that the attempt of Mr. Montgomery in his *Wanderer of Switzerland*, and its melancholy result, should have deterred Dr. Brown from writing a long poem like the *War-Fiend*, in this measure; and even its utter unfitness for the subject was an argument against it, which it is wonderful that Dr. Brown did not perceive. The number of feet in the line render it necessary in a narrative poem, either to divide the line into two parts, which gives

it an appearance of rugged abruptness, or to have recourse to expletives and inverted language. An example or two will explain what we mean.

“Strike!—yet strike!—he sinks—he falls!
List his bands—the stifled cry!—
Sudden-chill’d, ev’n hope appals—
Wide the panic—See they fly!

p. 53.

Warrior! not that death it fears
Deigns this breast a suppliant’s part.
Save a mother’s drooping years;
Save my Emma’s bursting heart!
Chief! I love.—No look of pray’r,
Lov’d I only, should’st thou see.—
Chief! her soul is mine.—I bear,
Bear to stoop,—She lives in me.”

p. 56.

Thrice the pang by Famine borne,
Ere the dry heart drinks its flood,
Thrice, ere Thirst, with arm self-torn,
Quaffs the living feast of blood—
Such thy greedy longings cast,
Ere from Memory’s dark abyss,
Slow shall rise each triumph past:—
It shall rise,—but not in bliss.”

The abruptness and inversions of these passages render them almost unintelligible; and there are many instances of the same kind which might be selected. The poem altogether is by no means a favourite of ours—but we quote the following verses, as an exemplification of the author’s power of representing images of terror. They are part of the address of the War-Fiend to his victim, after he has placed him in the regions of torture, and resemble the wilder parts of Crabbe:

“See approaching—still they charm;
Pale, as when in grief their bloom
Wither’d.—These thy widowing arm
Gave to pine in hopeless gloom.

Oft when all thy soul is flame,
Near thee, mournful, shall they stand.
Thou shalt know them.—To thy frame
What were then the Torturer’s hand?

Pitied, even by eyes that weep,
Eyes, which oft in smiles before,
In despair thou laugh’dst to steep!
Pitied! what were torture more!

* * * * *

Felt, but not with mix’d relief,
Not with love, that soothes the thrill;
Sternly shalt thou feel their grief,
Feel, and hate the sufferer’s still.”

The smaller poems, we think, are much better. The verses addressed to a faithless lover by his mistress, have something like the tenderness of Burns:

"O! could I then but live to sooth thy sadness,—
To smile,—as—once—my smile could make thee blest!
Be happy—happy!—though the voice of gladness
Be transport only for another's breast!
Yes! love remains, still true to hopes unreal,
Warms with past joy, to all thy treachery blind;
And waking, wondering, as from fears ideal,
Believes—yet trembles, as it trusts thee kind."

p. 90.

In the poem on the death of his friend, Thomas Wedgwood, the poet has given us the following exquisite and pathetic image:

"Even while the languor strove thy heart to chill,
It soften'd but to meekness gentler still,
And, in the silent watches of alarm,
Breath'd on the sadden'd eye that tender charm
Which calls affection at each glance to muse,
And love more warmly what it fears to lose.
When, with sure power, that must destroy at last,
Steals on the summer-grove the treacherous blast,
Soft o'er each shade its lingering pinions play,
Nor dash one trembling leaflet from the spray,
On the bright verdure, melting as it glows,
A calmer milder tint alone it throws,
With shadowy softness varies every bloom,
And seems to nurse its beauty, not consume,
To pensive joy the gaze more frequent calls;—
And sweetest charms the foliage,—when it falls."

The sonnets on Switzerland breathe the spirit of freedom, and are worth a whole volume of French revolutionary jargon. The first seems to us the best.

Some passages in the poem called "Man and Nature," are of a loftier cast; they are very beautiful, and sometimes remind us of the "Pleasures of Imagination!"

The Latin version of the poem on the departure of his friend, has somewhat of the sweetness of Milton's Latin poems; though it wants the classical relish of those exquisite pieces: the following lines we like better than the more elaborate and ostentatious versification of the English poem:

"I!—Mollis vocat aura blanda cœli,
Flores stringere ubi manu malignus
Non audet glaciali Hiems pereunnes,
Sed, sponso velut alta nuptiali
Virgo luxurians nitore, Terra
Ridet dulce suo rubetque Soli!
I, sacris ubi quæ latet sub umbris,
Nympha ex ætherea Salutis unda
Quod multis negat haud tibi negabit!
I, quocunque duce! Ignei fluenti
Haustum quo melior redit juventa,

O, quisquis scatebras tibi recludet,
 Totis tu sitientibus labellis
 Capta! Dum valeas, mihi valere
 Tam carum sat erit; beatiori
 Non curam socio invidebo lætus."

WIT VERSUS ILLIBERALITY.

[From the European Magazine.]

SIR,

THE recent gratifying decision of a Kentish jury in the case of the *General Sea Bathing Infirmary*, having once more brought upon the *tapis* a subject which occupied the Margate conversaciones during the whole of last autumn, I avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded, to solicit your insertion of the following admirable *jeux d'esprit* circulated upon that occasion, and which, yet unpublished, are now copied by permission from the original MSS.—Their ungracious subject has been already too minutely canvassed in all its bearings, not to be well known to a large majority of your readers, and I will therefore merely give an outline sketch, sufficient to introduce and connect those poetic morceaus, whose merits will, I am persuaded, amply apologise for the admission of "a twice told tale," and at the same time, justify your endeavours to rescue from oblivion these sparks of genius, and give to them "a local habitation and a name."

In the summer of 1815, the minister of St. John's church, Margate, having most unaccountably refused his pulpit the usual annual sermon in aid of this salutary institution, some public spirited characters then visiting in the isle of Thanet, patronised a ball at the royal hotel, in order to supply the deficiency of revenue arising from this breach of accustomed beneficence. Their arrangements were happily attended with the most complete success; but still aware that there were doubtless many persons who, though absent from the ball-room, would liberally contribute to the plate at a charity sermon,—some gentlemen proposed attending near the church-yard gates, at the close of the service on the following Sunday morning, to receive the subscriptions of the congregation, and hand bills were consequently circulated through the town, announcing their intention. Indignant at such temerity, the official preservers of the peace immediately issued their placards, denouncing the parties thus daring to be active in the cause of benevolence, as "*vagrants*," "*rogues*," and "*sturdy beggars*;" and stating that all the vengeance of a disregarded act of parliament (17 *Geo. 2d* cap. 5.) would be hurled upon their devoted heads, in the event of such unhallowed perseverance. Heedless of these anathemas, on Sunday, October the first, the gentlemen who were excluded from the church, took their stations outside the church-yard, and there received about thirty guineas in donations of those who could feel for the woes of others, until assailed *vi et armis*,

and dragged to *durance vile* by the legal conservators of public tranquillity. Satisfactory bail, however, speedily released the prisoners, and thus deprived them of the honour of occupying the "black hole and clean straw," which, with such considerate kindness, had been prepared for their reception and entertainment. It was in the course of the subsequent week that the following poems were circulated at the libraries and bathing rooms, and ultimately copied upon all the writing desks, and port-feuilles in Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs.

"THE VAGRANTS' REPLY.

"O thou!—whose station makes thy crime more flagrant,
Who darest to brand us with the term of vagrant:—
Go,—seek the libraries,—there blushing look,
If blush thou canst—upon thy begging book.
That book,—Oh foul disgrace!—that asks each ninny,
'To cast his pearls to swine—and give a guinea!
They say the devil loves his own,—if we,
In very deed such *rogues* and *vagrants* be,—
Why not receive each dear,—each welcome guest,
O brother beggar! to thy kindred breast?"

"THE VAGRANTS' PETITION.

"Dread sir!—who so late condescended to seize us,
For daring to stroll within sight of the church;
With the fangs of the law bade your myrmidons tease us,
And issued the edict that order'd their search;—
"In mercy now list to the *vagrants'* petition;
Our case you must own is exceedingly hard;
And though drove from the *church* by your worship's commission,
Oh! deign to permit us to walk in the *yard*.
"We acknowledge the justice that doom'd us to roam,
'Twas a punishment due to our vagabond sins;
Whilst *your* charity, always beginning at home,
As certainly finishes—*where it begins!*
"Unannoy'd then by lawyers, in freedom, and gaily,
Let our wishes and prayers o'er your sternness prevail;
Let us walk without fearing the gripe of a *BAYLAX*,
And beg—without danger of going to jail."

The preceding stanzas were replied to by one of the party of persecution, in a poem, of which I have to regret my inability to present you with an authenticated version. Amongst many other singularities of this extraordinary production, the word author was spelt *authour*. This unique composition was, however, answered, and the correspondence closed by the following hints to the poet, in a farewell to Margate.

"RETALIATION.

"Accomplish'd youth!—look not so very sad;
What though you strive to write, but cannot spell;
I do not marvel that your lines are bad,
My only wonder is—you write so well!"

“ When Æsop’s fabled skin conceal’d your ears,
 Why not in silence ’midst our witlings pass?
 Nor to a sneering crowd expose your fears,
 And give that bray—which proved yourself an ass!

“ ‘A little learning is a dangerous thing,’
 The brain confuses, and disturbs the head;
 Take deeper draughts then from the muses’ spring,
 And write a poem worthy of being read.

“ To aid the virtuous—not distress the poor,
 Was the rich boon of godlike genius given;
 And though *you* cannot boast it,—yet be sure,
 ’Tis charity, not pride, that leads to Heaven.

“ One short hint more,—thou *Hunter* after fame,
 And then to thee, and Margate cliffs, adieu!
 Urge to Parnassus’ wreath a poet’s claim,
 And naming authors ‘none will leave out U!’ ”

It only remains to mention, that the question of false imprisonment came on to be tried at the recent lent assizes at Maidstone, when the magistrates were cast in FIFTY POUNDS damages, and the amount immediately presented as a donation, by the plaintiffs, to the funds of the general sea bathing infirmary. S. B.

FRENCH BIOGRAPHY.

Biographie Moderne, ou Galerie Historique, Civile, Militaire, Politique, et Judiciaire; contenant les Portraits Politiques de Français de l'un et de l'autre sexe, morts ou vivans, qui se sont rendus plus ou moins célèbres, depuis le commencement de la Révolution jusqu'à nos jours, par leurs talens, leurs emplois, leurs malheurs, leur courage, leurs vertus, ou leurs crimes. 2 Tomes, 8vo. pp. 521 et 554. Paris, 1815.

This is a sort of second edition of a Modern Biography, which was printed at Leipzig in 1807, but which Bonaparte caused to be so effectually suppressed, that hardly a copy is now to be found.—Whatever political conclusions we may deduce from this circumstance, it must be acknowledged, that so thorough a manifestation of imperial displeasure is calculated to give an interest to the book against which it is exerted; and accordingly we have turned over the leaves of these volumes with no inconsiderable eagerness and avidity. We have been accustomed to look with a suspicious eye upon all works which issue from Paris; and, we entered the Historic Gallery with an expectation of finding the ‘portraits politiques’

drawn with such colours and characteristics as best suited the views of the dynasty, under which it is published. In part we have not been disappointed. The editors are evidently royalists; but their politics carry them no farther than the mere assumption, that France is now under her legitimate sovereign. We have no violent diatribes against the revolutionists; nor any extravagant declamations in favour of the present dynasty:—all is brief, temperate, and perspicuous; and whenever the editors have occasion to censure the conduct of any particular individual, they seldom make use of a stronger epithet than ‘coupable.’ For the present we must content ourselves with translating a very few articles; but as the book contains a great variety of useful biographical information, we shall give our readers in some future number a more voluminous body of extracts.

“Emanuel Grouchy was born at Paris, in October 1776. He embraced the cause of the revolution,—at the epoch of which he was only a lieutenant of the king’s life guards: at the commencement of 1792 he became colonel of a regiment; was soon afterwards raised to the rank of general of a brigade, and served in the army of the Alps until 1793. In the course of that year, he became commander in chief of the army of Brest; and was wounded on the 5th of September, in defending the famous *camp des Sorinières*. Soon afterwards, however, he was removed from command in consequence of his nobility; and when the royal army approached the place of his retirement, he joined the revolutionary national guards as a common soldier. “If, (said he) I am not permitted to fight as a general, I shall not at least be forbidden to shed my blood in the cause of our country.” * Recalled to the rank of general of a division, 13th June 1795, he seconded general Hoche in the pacification of La Vendée, and was an officer under the same general, in the army which was to have been transported to Ireland. In December, 1798, he passed into Piedmont, and instituted the provisional government, after having expelled the king of Sardinia. After the crisis of the 30th May 1799, he was prosecuted for his extortions in Piedmont; but about that time he distinguished himself in the battle of Novi, in which he was wounded and taken prisoner by the Austro-Russian army. Beloved by his soldiers, and respected by the enemy, he owed his life

* According to a *Galerie Militaire*, published in the year 1808, Grouchy’s speech on this occasion was considerably different from that which is given in the biography under review. “If (said he, we quote the words of the former work) I am not permitted to fight *at the head of the republican phalanx*, at least I shall not be forbidden to shed my blood *for the cause of the people*.”

to Constantine, grand duke of Russia, who, seeing him covered with wounds, wished to honour his courage by causing them to be dressed in his presence by his own personal surgeons. After his exchange, he signalized anew his bravery and talents in the campaigns of 1805, 1806, and 1807; and, according to the expression of Napoleon himself, rendered important services at Friedland, for which he was recompensed with the badge of the legion of honour, and the cross of the military order of Bavière. He was at Madrid in 1808; and, during the insurrection, had a horse killed under him while charging the insurgents. In the following year, he was employed in the army of Italy, and covered himself with glory in the plains of Udine, as well as at the battles of Raab and of Wagram: nor did he less distinguish himself at Broisaw, at Valentia, and at Moskwa. In the retreat, he commanded the famous *sacred legion*: and after having made the different states of Europe the witnesses of his valour, he was no less desirous of rendering himself illustrious in France, in 1814. The defiles of Vosges, Brienne, Vauchamp, and Craonne, in which he was again wounded, will for ever attest the prodigies of valour by which he immortalized himself. The invasion of Bonaparte, in 1815, induced him to resume the service: he fought against the duke of Angouleme in the south,—on which occasion he was named marshal of the empire, and a little afterwards, peer of France; obtained the command of a corps of the army stationed at Namur, and encountered a corps of Prussians at the battle of Waterloo. Comprised afterwards in the ordinance of the king, dated 24th July, which declared him a traitor, and ordered him to be brought before a council of war, he has as yet found means to avoid the prosecution directed against him." Tom. II. pp. 114—15.

As the name of general Hoche is mentioned in the foregoing article, and as he acted a very important part in the early stages of the revolution, we will next lay before our readers an account of *his life*:—

"Lazarus Hoche was born at Paris, of parents in the very lowest order of people, and was supported by his aunt, a fruitier, who occasionally gave him an opportunity to indulge his thirst for reading by giving him wherewithal to buy books. He had hardly attained his 17th year, when he attached himself to the French guards; and by carrying water, mounting guard, and performing every sort of labour during the day, he contrived to form a little library in which he passed a good part of his nights. Although yet very young, he was made a sergeant in 1784; and in 1789 having embraced the cause of the revolution, with all the warmth which characterised him, he entered the ranks of the national guard, and arrived successively at the highest steps of military eminence. Employed as an adjutant-general in 1793, he displayed a great deal of courage, activity, and intelligence; and, when he

became general of a brigade, took possession of Turin on the 22d of December, and obtained very soon after the command in chief of the army of the Moselle. But he was continually unfortunate against the duke of Brunswick, who repeatedly beat him, and especially at Kaiserslautern, where he lost a great many men during three days, in attacking the Prussians, entrenched in an excellent position. He had more success against Wurmsur; and, in conjunction with Pichegru, chased the Austrian army from Alsace. His frankness, and want of courtly manners, gained him the displeasure of Saint Just, the most despotic person in the mission; he was deprived of command, and afterwards imprisoned, by order of the committee. He devoted the time of his imprisonment to the instruction of himself—laboured with new ardour, and made astonishing progress during the short space of his detention. Restored to liberty on the 9th of July, he soon after obtained the command of the army against La Vendée, and it was in this war that he displayed the true talents of a soldier. He preserved for a long time the command of the army of the west, and just escaped being killed, (October 17, 1796) by the ball of a pistol which was discharged at him at Rennes. On the 15th of the following December, he embarked with an army for Ireland, but was obliged to re-enter Brest, after losing a great many of his transports. After that enterprise, the bad success of which he attributed to the mariners—he took command of the army of the Sambre and Meuse; gained successively the battles of Neuwied, Altenkincken, and Diedroff; beat the enemy again at Klein-Nistco; took possession of Welylaër, at the moment when Werneck believed him to be yet at a distance; and executed one of the most skilful operations of the war. But the armistice which was then concluded between Bonaparte and the archduke Charles put an end to his career of success. In July 1797, he refused the place of minister of war, and joined with Barras to direct the movements projected against the royalists of the council. Violently denounced on that occasion, he refused to take any ostensible part in the events of the 18th of August, and published a great many letters, in which he provoked his fate. He took, a little after, the command of the army of the Rhine and Moselle, and ceased to live the 15th of September, 1797. His death was generally attributed to poison; but by some it was supposed, that Hoche died for his incontinence; and that a young lady whom he had lately espoused, and whom he tenderly loved, was the authoress of his premature destruction.” Id. tom. pp. 136, 7.

We have the following short biography of Lavalette: “He was born at Paris; and made himself celebrated there at the commencement of the revolution by his zeal and love for the military service. He was in the national guards; and on the 10th of August, 1792, fought against the jacobins who attacked the Thuilleries. He afterwards signed the petitions of the *eight thousand*, and of

the *twenty thousand*; made himself known to Bonaparte, who was then the general in chief of the interior, and who took him for his aid-de-camp; and shortly after he married the only daughter of Francis Beauharnais, the brother-in-law of Josephine.

"After the 18th October, Lavalette was immediately appointed commissary; afterwards, director-general of the administration of the posts; and finally, counsellor of state and grand officer of the legion of honour. During the occupation of Paris by the allied troops at the end of 1814, he followed the government to Blois, and resumed the general direction of the posts on the 20th of March 1815. Appointed a peer by Bonaparte, the 2d June, he spoke for the only time in that assembly, June 22d, in order to demand that the extraordinary laws, relative to the abdication of Napoleon, and the creation of a provisional government, might be conveyed by couriers express, and offered his services in that business. He was comprised in the king's ordinance of the 24th July, arrested, brought before the court of assizes at Paris, and condemned to death on 21st November 1815." *Id. tom. pp. 223, 4.*

Labedoyere is not dismissed in quite so few words:—
 "Charles Angelic Francis Labedoyere was born at Paris, of a distinguished family. He embraced a military life when young; displayed great courage and talents; made many campaigns with honour, and found himself a colonel of a regiment at the moment when the consequences of the Russian invasion, and the stubbornness of Bonaparte, brought the enemies of France into her own territory. With all the officers of the army, he *adhered* to the house of Bourbon after the fall of Napoleon; was sent into Dauphiné to march his regiment against Bonaparte, at its invasion in 1815; manifested, they say, before his departure from Paris an intention to join the invader, and effectuated his culpable design as soon as he arrived at Grenoble. It was he, in fact, who first went over with his corps to the usurper, and thus decided the destiny of a whole nation. Raised soon after to the rank of *maréchal de-camp*, and still later to that of aid-de-camp, and then created a peer, he accompanied his hero to Fleurus, and Waterloo; returned to Paris after his defeat, and delivered himself in the chamber of peers (22d June) with so much vehemence and indecency that they were obliged to call him to order. After the capitulation of Paris he followed the army to the Loire; came afterwards to the capital, influenced nobody knows by what motive; and was arrested immediately after his arrival, at the house of one of his wife's friends. He was tried on the 4th of August, 1815, as a traitor to his king and country; admitted almost all the facts stated in the act of accusation,—but endeavoured to extenuate them by the circumstances in which he was placed,—and displayed in general a noble resignation—*beaucoup de sang froid*—an unyielding firmness, and, above all, a presence of mind which his condemnation

to capital punishment was not able to alter. He was shot on the 19th of August, at 6h. 30m. P. M." Id. tom. pp. 164-5.

We must close our translations for the present with the brief history of general Clausel:

"He was born at Bigorre; embraced the military life in the first moments of the revolution; was made aid-de-camp to general Perignon (1794 and 1795) in the army of the Pyrenees; passed afterwards to that of Italy, in which he commanded a brigade during the campaign of 1799; did homage to the directory, by sending them a picture representing the *drohsy*, of which the king of Sardinia had made him a present; and in 1802 followed general Laclerc in the expedition to St. Domingo. He there conducted himself with great bravery and skill; took fort Dauphin from the blacks, and kept them in check on the plains of the Cap. After the evacuation of that island, he returned to France; was appointed commander of the legion of honour in 1804, and employed until the end of 1805 in the quality of general of a division in the army of the north. He passed thence into Italy, where he continued to make himself 'advantageously remarked;' was in the campaign of 1809 against Austria; and was sent shortly after into Spain. It was there that he acquired a military reputation which placed him in the first rank of the most distinguished generals. He employed the years 1810 and 1811 in the dispersion of the insurgents, whom he every where vanquished,—in the formation of respectable cantonments to shelter the French soldiers from all surprise,—and in the capture of many forts and cities, of which the Spaniards had before been the masters. The courage and talents which he displayed in the battle of Ducro (22d July, 1812) contributed not a little to his military reputation, and was the occasion of his being made commander in chief of the army, after the wound and consequent disability of Marmont. It was at the head of this army that he afterwards achieved what is called the retreat of Portugal, and daily gave battle to his enemy, till he was finally wounded. In 1813 and 1814, he defended the approaches of the French territory with a bravery worthy of a better fate (*sort*); and obtained successively the grand cross of the re-union, and that of St. Louis, after the return of the king in 1814. Soon afterwards appointed, by his majesty, the inspector general of infantry, and grand officer of the legion of honour, he nevertheless entered the service of Napoleon in 1815; became a peer of his creation on the 2d of June, and was invested with a command in the south, where he made a long and stubborn resistance after the second fall of Bonaparte. He was embraced in the king's ordinance of the 24th July; but found means to escape the prosecution directed against him, and suddenly disappeared from his head-quarters, without which we know what he would have been by this time." Tom. I. pp. 440-441.

POETRY.

TO SERENITY.

DAUGHTERS of contentment, known
 To enter where she dwells, alone!
 Fair transient visitor, with thee
 How swift our pageant comforts flee!
 When morbid sadness numbs the brain,
 The pride of earthly pomp is vain,
 Within the slow forgetful eye
 Its dull desires imperfect die,
 And all imagination's store
 Can sooth the weary mind no more.
 No more can mirth or music cheer,
 With sport or song th' unconscious ear,
 While inward griefs the soul employ,
 A stranger to the voice of joy.

When morning, rob'd in vest of light,
 Breathes freshness o'er the dim-seen height;
 When evening's last unclouded ray,
 Gilds the fair scenes of parting day;
 When night's pale queen, in silence deep,
 Wide wanders o'er yon western steep,
 Still, dress'd by thee, at every view,
 The youthful landscape charms anew,
 And still on easy wing upborne
 Light as the mountain airs of morn,
 The spirits dance, if chas'd by thee,
 The storms of dark amazement flee;
 For thou to full expansive day
 Canst quicken reason's slumbering ray,
 Canst bid the listless thoughts aspire,
 And clothe them with immortal fire.

DIALOGUE.

From the Greek of Posidippus.

The Traveller and Statue of Opportunity.

Tr. SAY, image, by what sculptor's hand
In breathing marble here you stand?

Opp. By his whose art to thousands known,
Bids Jove and Pallas live in stone:
But seldom seen by human eyes,
I claim the kindred of the skies;
By few I'm found, though great my fame,
And Opportunity's my name.

Tr. Say, if the cause you may reveal,
Why thus supported on a wheel?

Opp. The wheel my rapid course implies,
Like that with constant speed it flies.

Tr. Wings on your feet?—*Opp.* I'm apt to soar—
Neglected, I return no more.

Tr. But why behind deprived of hair?

Opp. Escaped, that none may seize me there.

Tr. Your locks unbound conceal your eyes?

Opp. Because I chiefly court disguise.

Tr. Why coupled with that solemn fair,
Of downcast mien and mournful air?

Opp. Repentance she (the stone replies),
My substitute, behind me flies:
Observe, and her you'll ever see
Pursue the wretch deprived of me;
By her corrected, mortals mourn,
For what they've done, and what forborne.
Ask me no more, for while you stay,
I vanish unperceived away.

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.

From Moore's Sacred Songs.

I.

Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the Dove,
That flies alone to some sunny grove;

And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
 All vestal white in the limpid spring.
 There, if the hovering hawk be near,
 That limpid spring in its mirror clear,
 Reflects him, ere he can reach his prey,
 And warns the timorous bird away.

Oh! be like this Dove,
 Oh fair! oh purest! be like this Dove.

II.

The sacred pages of God's own Book,
 Shall be the Spring, the eternal brook,
 In whose holy mirror, night and day,
 Thou wilt study Heaven's reflected ray:—
 And should the foes of Virtue dare,
 With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
 Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
 Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly!

Oh! be like this Dove,
 Oh fair! oh purest! be like this Dove.

SERENADE,

Suggested by the music of Cherubini's trio, "Non mi negate, no."

Steal from the window, dear,
 Beneath the dark trees plummy,
 And crossing once by the moon-light clear,
 Look down the garden to me.

Far strikes the shape away,
 And shows thee a refin'd one;
 Thy step is like the air we play,
 Thou lovely, frank, and kind one.

L. HUNT.

THE SIMILE OF A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

Literally translated from Homer.

As when around the moon the stars appear
 Loveliest in heaven, and all is hush'd and clear,
 When mountain-tops, and uplands, bask in light,
 And woods; and all th' ætherial depth of night
 Seems open'd back to heav'n, and sight is had
 Of all the stars, and shepherd's hearts are glad;
 So many, 'twixt the ships and river, shone
 The Trojan fires in front of Ilion.

L. HUNT.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS.

FINE ARTS.—Charles Fraser, esq. of Charleston, South-Carolina, has executed twenty very beautiful drawings of scenes, in different parts of the United States: the whole have been purchased by the proprietor of this Journal; and he assures us that some of the most interesting will occasionally accompany the work. The execution is, we think, as fine as any we have ever had occasion to inspect; and we hope that an amateur, who seems to be so well skilled in the use of the pencil, will extend its employment to other interesting portions of American scenery. Our view of the Passaic falls is taken from the twenty drawings abovementioned;—and the proprietor thinks it not improbable, that he shall cause the whole to be engraved and published in a separate volume. In the meantime we extract Dr. Morse's account of the Falls to which our attention is more immediately directed:—"It is situated at Patterson; and is (says he) one of the most interesting cataracts in the union. The river, above the fall, is about fifty yards wide; and moves with a slow and gentle current, till within a short distance of a deep cleft in the rock, which crosses the bed of the river. Down this cleft it is precipitated, in the entire sheet, upwards of seventy feet. The whole scenery is uncommonly wild and picturesque." Vol. 1. p. 401. sixth edition.

Mr. Hill, an engraver in aquatint, from London, has lately arrived in Philadelphia. He brings credentials of his professional skill, as well as of his moral character; and we hope he will find sufficient encouragement to induce his settlement in our city.

Some years ago M. de Caritat issued proposals in New York for publishing an English journal of European—particularly of French—literature, science, arts, manufactures and commerce; and at the same time, a French journal in Paris, of the literature, science, &c. of the United States. Nine monthly numbers of the French journal were published, commencing Oct. 1806;—and M. de Caritat has lately arrived in New York with a view of publishing the French materials which he has collected, as well as of establishing in that city an office through which a literary intercourse with Paris may be regularly and expeditiously sustained. He seems to have a good deal of the *posse videor* in him. The projected plan if carried into execution, cannot fail to be reciprocally advantageous to both countries, and we take pleasure in contributing as far as we are able to the publicity of the undertaking. We are not prepared to speak positively as to its probable success; but we should like at all events, to see the experiment made; and we hope in a future number to make such extracts from the French journal abovementioned, as will better enable our readers to judge of Mr. Caritat's qualifications. The volumes are on our table; but we have no room at present to enter into their examination.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

In consequence of an uncontrollable circumstance in reviewing *The Author Turned Critic*, we omitted some remarks upon his defence of the historical errors we pointed out in the Repository. They were adduced, our readers may remember, in proof of the inattention with which we charged the author of that work. After quoting our observations upon 'the facility with which he admitted the story that there were 100,000 warriors in Hispaniola at the time of its discovery by Columbus,' he subjoins very calmly that 'our ignorance astonishes him,' and then proceeds to detail the evidence upon which he supports the assertion. 'Hispaniola (says he, p. 18.) is not, in extent of surface, very greatly inferior to New York.' This is only another instance of our author's optical imperfection. Could he have inspected his map with clear vision, he would have seen that the island of Hispaniola is very little more than half as extensive as the state of New York; and had the "skill of an adept" in the principles of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, he might have ascertained, that, while the former contains but 28,000, the latter embraces no less than 45,000 square miles. But even granting him all this odds, we must still censure his credulity in admitting without a doubt that there were 100,000 fighting men on the island at the time of its discovery. According to the census of 1810, New York contained about 1,000,000 inhabitants, and had a little more than 100,000 militia. These are very nearly the proportions which might have been expected from the calculations of political arithmetic; and by the same rule, therefore, our author must believe that, at the period in question, the island of Hispaniola contained nearly *one million* of inhabitants;—a number which can never be reconciled with the known thinness of Indian population,—or which at all events should never be credited without the accompaniment of direct and positive testimony. 'Its natural fertility,' as our author imagines, will not be sufficient to account for so great a disproportion; for, with the united advantages of fertility and cultivation, the same island contained in 1801 only about 680,000 inhabitants. But St. Domingo has been depopulated by war; and we will, therefore, take Cuba—an island which is twice as extensive and quite as fertile as the other. With the accession of all the Spanish emigrants from St. Domingo,—besides the advantages above mentioned,—its population was estimated in 1810 at only 350,000. All this reasoning, however, and all the other remarks we have made on the subject, are only a balancing of probabilities; and would be instantly overthrown by the allegation of positive evidence.

'On the authority of Spanish history (says our author in another place, and with reference to another subject) which,

in the present instance, is as worthy of credit as English, I assert, that Henry was *not* pleased with the undertaking of Columbus.' He does indeed '*assert*,' but our readers will be careful to distinguish between assertion and proof,—between presumption and confidence. This round '*assertor*' talks as if Spanish history was a very common article; but he is prudent enough to abstain from citation; and we suspect he knows as little about Spanish history as he does about English biography. A historian is yet a desideratum in Spanish literature; and although there are histories of detached portions, there are none of the whole body, of her affairs. There is not one, indeed, which is sufficiently characterized for research and accuracy to have any thing like appellate authority. That such as are now extant cannot be looked up to with confidence in the case before us, we think we are able to prove. Mariana is perhaps the most to be relied on; and yet we easily see that he knows nothing about the negotiations of Bartholomew Columbus with king Henry the seventh. After mentioning the circumstances which induced Christopher to suppose there must be a world in the west—'*hanc sui animi cogitationem* (continues he) *cum Lusitano rege primum, deinde cum Henrico septimo Angliæ rege communicavit,*' and then subjoins, we confess that—'*somnia utrisque afferre visus est.*'* But immediately afterwards he says, that '*repelled by these two kings he applied to Ferdinand,*' &c.—'*Repulses tamen nec distitit nec quievit. Quin ad Ferdinandum, regem Hispaniam se contulit,*' &c.† Now it is known, that, on his passage to England, Bartholomew was taken by pirates, chained to the oar, stripped of every thing, and arrived in such a miserable plight,—without money, credentials or friends,—that he was unable to procure access to the king or his ministers; and that, before he could reinstate himself in decent circumstances, by making maps and charts, so as to complete the requisite regulations with the English monarch, his brother had performed his first voyage, and had started on the second.‡ How then could the '*repulse*' of Henry (even granting the fact) have been a part of Columbus's motive in applying to Ferdinand? And can we suppose that a historian who was ignorant of so leading a fact, could have known whether Henry considered the undertaking as a '*somnium*' or not?—Indeed there is no necessity of going any farther. Had our author specified his '*Spanish history*,' we might have examined its pretensions to credibility; but as his authority remains unknown, we must still continue in our first belief.

There is one case of alleged misrepresentation added, which, as it seems to have been very grievous to our author, we had intended to notice, for the sake of showing his general manner of conduct on such occasions. We have reference to the parallel between the discoveries of Columbus and Franklin. We remarked,

* De Reb. Hispan. p. 449.

† Id. ibid.

‡ Hen. Hist. of Great Britain. Quarto edition, vol. vi. p. 616.

that they were similar, "neither in the difficulty of the means, nor in the importance of the results," on which our author breaks out with a pronouncement, that we have 'abominably perverted the meaning of the passage we are examining,' and tells us, we 'are really *bound* to blush and apologise for our weak blunder, or studied misconstruction.' Now without pretending to understand how a person can be under a moral obligation to blush, we must tell this bullying critic, that we have not experienced the least suffusion of blood upon the white surface of our cheeks; and that, so far from dropping on the knees of apology, we feel doubly inclined to maintain our former position. He tells us, that he never intended to 'pronounce the two discoveries parallel, either in difficulty of achievement or importance of result,' but merely in the fact, that they were both—'not the result of accident, but the expected fruit of a series of measures previously concerted and perseveringly pursued.' Now if this is the only point of coincidence, and if he truly says that 'these are the only two cases of the kind which he can recollect,' we must conclude that he is not a successful practitioner; for any skilful physician may recollect a hundred cases of cure, which were 'not the result of accident, but the expected fruit of a series of measures previously concerted and perseveringly pursued.' Indeed if importance and difficulty are nothing, a thousand parallels are within the 'recollection' of every body; and his parallel is still more silly than we at first considered it.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE,

AND

NAVAL CHRONICLE.

DECEMBER, 1816.

ORIGINAL.

A Statistical View of the Commerce of the United States of America: its Connection with Agriculture and Manufactures: and an Account of the Public Debt, Revenues, and Expenditure of the United States. With a Brief Review of the Trade, Agriculture, and Manufactures of the Colonies, previous to their Independence. Accompanied with Tables, illustrative of the Principles and Object of the Work. By Timothy Pitkin, a Member of the House of Representatives of the United States, from the state of Connecticut. Charles Hosmer, Hartford, 1816. 8vo. pp. 436.

WE come now* to that department of our commerce which has received the denomination of the *carrying-trade*. From 1793 to 1815 the principal nations of Europe were so much employed in their belligerent affairs at home, that they had little time for looking abroad into the concerns of their colonies; and even had they found the requisite leisure, they must have been deterred by their maritime impotence—if they were unfortunate enough to be against Great Britain—from sustaining a profitable intercourse with their distant possessions. Yet such an intercourse was indispensable; and they were obliged, therefore, to employ some power which, by its political equi-distance and neutrality, might be enabled to carry on the trade without extraordinary hazard or expense. The United States were admirably calculated to secure that object; and they accordingly became—before the institution of commercial restraints—the carriers both of domestic and of colonial produce for almost every nation in the civilized world. Sometimes the trade was carried on directly between the parent

* See No. 46, page 300.

country and its colonies; but, in general, it took a circuitous route through the ports of the United States. Sugar, coffee, spirits, cocoa, pimento, indigo, pepper, and spices of all sorts, were first brought to this country in either European or American bottoms; and then exported in our own vessels to the various ports of the other continent to which they were originally destined:—while, on the other hand, the manufactures of Europe—particularly of Great Britain—as well as the manufactures and raw produce of China and of the East Indies, were primarily imported here; and afterwards shipped in great quantities to the South American colonies of Spain—to the West Indies—and to some other countries of subordinate importance.

But while the Americans were the voluntary ‘drawers of water’ for almost every other people on the globe, it must not be imagined that, in this circuitous decantation of one vessel into another, a profitable quantity of the contents did not fall into our own country. Besides the increase of commercial tonnage and the accumulation of individual wealth, the profits which flowed directly into the national coffers were by no means contemptible. In addition to the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the general drawbacks, there was a considerable sum resulting from the forfeiture of drawbacks altogether, in consequence of non-compliance with the law respecting that subject; insomuch, that in the years 1805, 6, and 7, the duties which were received on exported foreign productions,—and which duties, of course, were not paid by American consumers—amounted to about *one-ninth* of the total duties collected during that period. Thus while the whole was about \$45,000,000, the part drawn from the carrying trade amounted to about \$4,000,000 on goods which paid duties according to official valuation,* and about \$1,000,000 arising from the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. upon drawbacks—or jointly to about \$5,000,000. The exports of the United States during these three years, however, were more than twice as great as the average amount; and from 1793—when the carrying trade commenced—to 1814, when it had nearly ceased, the average duties collected in this department of commerce could not have formed more than about *one-twentieth* of the whole.

But it is from the increase of private wealth that the United States have been chiefly benefited by means of the carrying trade. We have no data for calculating the precise national advantages derived from this source; but we may form a general idea of their amount by ascertaining the proportion which our trade in foreign articles bore to that of domestic produce, in years when both were equally exempt from restriction. During 1805, 6, and 7, the

* The value of goods paying ad valorem duties is legally ascertained, by adding 20 per cent. to the actual cost, if imported from the Cape of Good Hope, or from any place beyond it; and 10 per cent., if imported from any other place, including all charges, commissions, and outside packages. Insurance is excepted.

average yearly value of our domestic exportation was about \$44,863,517, while the export of foreign merchandise for the same period was on an average \$57,701,937 yearly; showing an annual difference of nearly \$13,000,000. But as these were years of extraordinary commercial freedom, they exhibit a fallacious view of our general exportation, both foreign and domestic. Of the latter we took a progressive survey in our last Number; and the commencement, fluctuation, and decline of the former, from 1791 to 1814, is very well exhibited in the following table:—

Years.	Sugar. lbs.	Coffee. lbs.	Pepper. lbs.	Cocoa. lbs.	Goods paying ad. val. duties. dolls.
1791	74,504	962,977	492	8,322	2,840,310
1792	1,176,156	2,134,742	5,046	6,000	3,560,119
1793	4,539,809	17,580,049	14,361	234,875	4,110,240
1794	20,721,761	33,720,983	23,884	1,188,302	4,976,120
1795	21,377,747	47,443,179	301,692	525,432	5,670,260
1796	34,848,644	62,385,117	491,330	928,107	6,794,346
1797	38,366,262	44,521,887	1,901,130	875,334	7,835,456
1798	51,703,963	40,580,927	501,982	3,146,445	8,967,828
1799	78,821,751	31,987,088	441,312	5,970,590	18,718,477
1800	56,432,516	38,597,479	635,849	4,925,518	16,076,848
1801	97,565,732	45,106,494	3,153,139	7,012,155	17,159,016
1802	61,061,820	36,501,998	5,422,144	3,878,526	14,906,081
1803	23,223,849	10,294,693	2,991,430	367,177	5,351,524
1804	74,964,366	48,312,713	5,703,646	695,135	9,377,805
1805	123,031,272	46,760,294	7,559,224	2,425,680	15,201,483
1806	145,839,320	47,001,662	4,111,983	6,846,758	19,016,909
1807	143,136,905	42,122,573	4,207,166	8,540,524	18,971,539
1808	28,974,927	7,325,448	1,709,978	1,896,990	4,765,737
1809	45,248,128	24,364,099	4,722,098	2,029,336	5,889,669
1810	47,038,125	31,423,477	5,946,336	1,286,010	8,438,349
1811	18,381,673	10,261,442	3,057,456	2,221,462	8,815,291
1812	13,927,277	10,073,722	2,521,003	752,148	3,591,755
1813	7,347,038	6,568,527	99,660	108,188	368,603
1814	762	220,594	none.	27,386	41,409

During the peace of Amiens (which, our readers will recollect, was concluded in the fall of 1801, and continued about eighteen months) the articles of foreign production were carried directly to their respective places of destination; and, accordingly, the exports of the *United States* for that period were more than commonly small. But when war was renewed, in 1803, they not only rose to their former magnitude, but increased at a prodigious rate through every succeeding year, till they were suddenly abridged in 1808, by the imposition of commercial restraints. During the three

years immediately preceding the adoption of this system, the average export of sugar, for example, was nearly 140,000,000 lbs. or about 140,000 hhds.; the freight of which, in the two different voyages, (since the whole was brought into our own harbours preparatory to its exportation abroad) must have employed about 70,000 tons of shipping, and cost between 3 and 4,000,000 of dollars. For the same period our total yearly importation of sugar was about 200,000,000 lbs. on an average, of which twelve-thirteenths, nearly all, in short, was brought in American bottoms. In 1807 alone, our import was 174,940,709 lbs. of brown, and 45,397,570 lbs. of clayed sugar; the greatest part of which was brought from West India islands and American colonies. Previous to 1808 our exports of this article were principally destined to France, Holland, Hamburgh, Bremen, Spain, and Italy; but since that period they have been chiefly carried to Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia. The same is true in respect to coffee; of which, during 1804, 5, 6, and 7, our yearly export exceeded 45,000,000 lbs., and our total import fell but little short of 60,000,000 lbs., on an average. The Dutch East Indies, the Dutch, French, and Spanish West Indies, are the countries whence our greatest supplies of coffee are derived. Holland received of both these articles almost twice as much as any other country.

But though sugar and coffee were the chief, they were by no means the only, articles of foreign production which we imported and exported for other people. During 1805, 6, and 7, we exported, upon a yearly average, about 3,423,585 gals. of wine, 1,600,301 gals. of spirits, 2,151,385 lbs. of tea, 5,937,645 lbs. of cocoa, and 5,292,791 lbs. of pepper,—besides small quantities of paints, lead, and manufactures of lead, iron, fish, and other articles of less importance.

While we were thus carrying about the valuable articles of colonial produce, we took good care to import in return a profitable quantity of other merchandise. In 1807, for example, we imported goods paying ad valorem duties to the value of \$58,655,917; of which only about \$17,000,000, or between one-third and one-fourth were again exported. During the same year, goods free of duty, were exported to the value of \$2,080,114. From Europe, \$50,915,135; from Africa, \$108,607; from Asia, \$6,392,592; and from the West India islands and American colonies, \$1,239,583 worth of these two species of merchandise were brought into our own harbours; and the proportion which was again exported, went principally to the West Indies, and to the Spanish American colonies. This, however, was an extraordinary year; and to ascertain the average sums we should be obliged to abridge these figures by more than one half.

This completes the detail of our exports. It remains to exhibit a view of the imports of the United States, together with a history of our commerce with the various parts of the world, as well as of its increase since the adoption of the federal government.

Here we encounter a considerable impediment, arising from a deficiency of official reports; for besides the merchandise which pays duties ad valorem—such as woolen, cotton, linen, silk, metal, earthen and paper manufactures—no foreign goods imported into the United States are subject to any estimation whatever; and the only way in which their value could be ascertained at all would consist of a laborious and ungrateful calculation from the prices of the different articles at the places of importation. For short periods, however, official valuations of our imports have been returned to congress, by their particular request; and from these, together with the accompanying documents, Mr. Pitkin has been enabled to give us a pretty complete view of our trade with foreign countries since the establishment of the present constitution.

The following table, which exhibits pretty nearly the state of our trade with foreign nations and their dominions during the year 1792, is constructed from a report of the secretary of state, dated December 16, 1793:—

Countries.	Value of Expts. from the U. S. in Dollars.	Value of Impts. into the U. S. in Dollars.	The difference in Dollars.
Spain	2,005,907	335,110	1,670,797*
Portugal	1,283,462	595,763	687,699*
France	4,698,735	2,068,348	2,630,387*
Great Britain	9,363,416	15,285,428	5,922,012†
United Netherlands	1,963,880	1,172,692	791,188*
Denmark	224,416	351,364	126,948†
Sweden	47,240	14,325	32,915*
Total	19,587,056	19,823,030	235,974†

The article of *bread stuffs* composed more than a half of the exports; that of tobacco more than one-fifth; and the remainder was made up of rice, wood, salted fish, pot and pearl ashes, salted meats, indigo, horses and mules, whale-oil, flax-seed, tar, pitch, and turpentine, live provisions, and foreign goods; of which last, however, there were only \$620,274.

From two elaborate and valuable tables—for which Mr. Pitkin acknowledges himself indebted to one of the principal clerks in the treasury department—it appears, that from 1795 to 1801, both our exports and our imports had nearly doubled themselves; the former being, at the first period, \$47,855,556; at the last, \$93,020,573: and the latter, at the first period, \$69,756,258; at the last, \$111,363,511; while the average amount of the one was about 68,000,000, and of the other not far from \$82,000,000. Accord-

* In our favour.

† Against us—apparently.

ing to some statements of the secretary of the treasury which were called for by the house of representatives in 1806—while engaged in discussing the propriety of a partial or total non-intercourse with Great Britain—the average yearly exports of the United States during 1802, 3, and 4, amounted to \$68,461,000, and the average annual imports for the same period to about \$75,316,937;* of which last \$30,732,069, about *three-fifths*, were the value of merchandise paying $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; \$8,303,770 of such as paid 15 per cent.; and \$453,751 of such as paid 20 per cent. of duties, ad valorem. The remaining \$35,827,347 were the united value of all other goods; such as nails and spikes, lead, and its manufactures, malt liquors, boots and shoes, coal, salt, rum, Geneva, brandy, wines, teas, coffee, sugar, molasses, cotton, pepper, indigo, cocoa, pimento, hemp, and some other articles of less importance.

Our trade during 1802, 3, and 4, may be thus distributed:—With the dominions of Great Britain in Europe (Gibraltar excepted); exports—according to an average valuation—of cotton \$5,640,000; of tobacco, \$3,220,000; of provisions, \$2,160,000; of lumber, naval stores, and pot ashes, \$1,510,000; of all other articles of domestic produce, \$900,000; together with foreign produce to the value of \$2,260,000; of all, \$15,690,000;—imports, of goods paying duties on their value, \$28,080,000; and of goods which paid specific duties, \$1,340,000; of both, \$274,000; which leaves a balance apparently against us of \$11,710,000:—With the British East Indies—exports, \$47,000 of domestic, and \$83,000 foreign produce; of both, \$130,000;—imports, \$2,950,000 of goods paying duties on their value, and \$580,000 of all other sorts (chiefly sugar, pepper, and cotton); total, \$3,530,000:—With the Northern British colonies in America—exports, \$530,000 of provisions and live stock; \$90,000 of lumber, naval stores, and pot-ashes; \$160,000 of skins and furs; \$60,000 of other domestic produce, together with \$160,000 of foreign articles; and in all, \$1,000,000;—imports, \$480,000 of goods paying duties on their value (chiefly fish, and articles for the Indian trade,) together with \$60,000 of goods which paid specific duties; of both, \$450,000:—With British W. India—exports, \$4,720,000 of provisions and live stock; \$990,000 of lumber, and \$340,000 of all other articles; total, \$6,050,000;—imports, \$2,460,000 in spirits; \$1,480,000 in sugar and coffee; and \$650,000 in other articles; in all, \$4,590,000. Hence it appears, that \$35,970,000, nearly one-half of our yearly imports for 1802, 3, and 4, were from the dominions of Great Britain:—and by the same statement we learn that, of the remainder, \$7,094,000 were from Russia and Germany; \$25,470,000 from the dominions of Holland, France, Spain and Italy; \$1,083,000 from those of Portugal; \$4,856,000 from China, and other native states in Asia; and \$838,000 from all other countries, including

* This value was ascertained by the same rule which the law prescribes in the case of goods paying duties ad valorem. See note, p. 458.

some articles not particularly discriminated. The value of all these importations may be classified under the three heads of—1st, Goods imported chiefly from English countries, viz. merchandise paying duties ad valorem, \$39,489,000; salt, nails, lead, steel, beer, cheese, shoes and boots, \$1,917,000; rum alone, \$3,881,000; total, \$45,287,000; of which \$33,401,000 were from the dominions of Great Britain; and the remainder, \$11,826,000, from all the ports in the world:—2d, Articles incidentally imported from Great Britain; such as \$2,753,000 of brandy and geneva; \$2,962,000 of wines, and \$2,360,000 of teas; of all, \$8,075,000; \$33,000 of which are from British dominions, and the rest, \$8,042,000, from all other countries:—and 3d, Articles imported but to a small extent from Great Britain; such as \$8,373,000 in coffee; \$7,794,000 in sugar; \$1,930,000 in molasses; \$2,257,000 in cotton, cocoa, indigo, pepper, and pimento; together with \$1,600,000 in hemp, soap, candles, and other merchandise, except wine, teas, gin, and brandy; total, \$21,954,000; of which \$2,476,000 only were from the dominions of England, and the remaining \$19,478,000 from the rest of the world.

According to the same statement of the secretary, it appears that our exports for the years in question consisted of \$30,928,000 in domestic produce, viz. \$13,040,000 in provisions, flour, wheat, corn, rice, and every other kind of vegetable food; \$2,848,000 in dried and pickled fish; and \$3,728,000 in beef, pork, butter, cheese, and every other sort of animal food; of all which, \$22,957,000 went to Europe; \$15,607,000 to the West Indies, and other American colonies; and the remainder, \$1,364,000 to Asia, Africa, and the South Seas: while our annual re-exports of foreign merchandise amounted to \$28,533,000, viz. goods paying duties on their value, \$9,772,000; coffee, \$7,302,000; sugar, \$5,775,000; cotton, cocoa, indigo, pimento, and pepper, \$2,490,000; teas, \$1,304,000; wines, \$1,108,000; spirits of every description, \$642,000; and other articles, \$140,000; of all which, as before, \$20,648,000 went to Europe; \$6,688,000 to the West Indies and American colonies; and \$1,197,000 to Asia, Africa, and the Southern Seas. Thus, then, as our annual imports for the three years in question amounted to \$75,316,000, while our yearly exports for the same period were only \$68,461,000, it appears that there was a balance apparently against the United States of no less than \$6,855,000.

During the three years of 1805—6—7, both our imports and our exports were greater than they had been before or have been since. From October 1st, 1806, to September 1807, for example, the former amounted to no less than \$138,574,876; of which \$58,655,917 was the value of goods paying duties ad valorem; \$4,487,669 that of wines; \$10,698,854 that of foreign spirits; \$3,064,044 that of molasses; \$5,112,704 that of teas; \$16,470,947 that of coffee; \$2,297,961 that of cocoa; \$23,412,865 that of sugars, brown and clayed; \$1,007,139 that of cotton; \$1,849,529

that of indigo; \$ 2,116,605 that of hemp; \$ 1,676,694 that of salt; and the remaining \$ 7,725,948 that of raisins, candles, tallow, cheese, soap, pepper, pimento, gunpowder, iron (in anchors and in the sheet, in nails and spikes, slit and hoop,) white and red lead, lead and its manufactures, steel, coal, segars, and glass (in bottles and window-panes.) Our exports for the same period were—\$ 48,699,592 in domestic, and \$ 59,643,558 in foreign produce—in both \$103,343,150; and accordingly there was a balance, apparently disadvantageous to us, of no less than \$ 30,231,726. We cannot stop now to discuss the question respecting the *balance of trade*; as we wish in the first place to present a view of our commerce with each different foreign country since the adoption of the federal government.

I. By the treaty of 1783 the United States were, of course, subject to the navigation and alien laws of Great Britain; but as the latter found her interest in the relaxation of those laws, so far as they regarded us, her parliament in April of that year, empowered the king and council to adjust the commerce between the two nations. Accordingly an order was issued on the 26th of the following December, by which Americans were put on the same footing with the English themselves in respect of the duties to be paid on the importation of our own produce into any of the British harbours;—‘and the same drawbacks, exemptions, and bounties are allowed on goods exported to the United States, as on those exported to the British islands or colonies in America.’—This regulation gave us an advantage over all other countries in the trade of Great Britain. Many articles from the United States—such as pot and pearl ashes, iron, wood, and lumber of all kinds, indigo, and flax-seed—were subject to no duties at all; while, if imported from other countries, they paid a very heavy duty; and on our tobacco, rice, pitch, tar, &c. no greater duties were exacted than on the same articles when brought from some British colony. By the treaty of 1794 the commerce between the United States and Great Britain was subject to the regulations of the two countries; though it was explicitly provided that neither should pay any higher duties than were imposed upon the merchandise of other nations. This treaty expired in 1803; and by that negotiated in 1806, there was to have been an equalisation of duties: but as the president refused to ratify the instrument, its provisions became inoperative of course; and the treaty of 1815 leaves our commercial relations with Great Britain, (so far, we mean, as regards the reciprocal imposition of duties) in very nearly the same predicament with the treaty of 1794.

We stated in our last number the average value of exports and imports to and from Great Britain, between 1784 and 1790: from the foregoing statement of the secretary of state, we learn, that, in 1792, the amount of the former was \$9,363,416, while that of the latter was \$15,285,428; and it appears, from estimates made out in the treasury department, that from 1795 to 1807, the average

yearly amount of our exports to that country was between \$15 and 16,000,000; while that of our imports was about \$31,000,000. But in 1808, the former was as low as \$3,200,305, and the latter as low as \$18,818,882; and though they almost recovered their lost average through the three following years, yet in 1812, the exports fell again to about \$4,682,296, and the imports to \$7,663,179. The merchandise imported from Great Britain consists principally of articles paying duties ad valorem, such as woolens, cottons, silks, and linens; manufactures of brass, copper, iron, tin, pewter, lead, glass, and clay; haberdashery, hats, salt, coal, beer, ale, and porter; the official value of all which, in 1807, amounted to nearly \$39,000,000; and, as the goods of that year imported free of duty, and subject to specific duties, could not have been valued at less than 20 or \$21,000,000, we shall not be far from the truth in stating the joint value of our importation at about \$60,000,000. The whole amount of British exports for the same year was about \$176,000,000; of which we, of course, received a little more than a third. The United States have always afforded a market for a large proportion of British woolens; and it appears from Macpherson's *Annals of Commerce*, that between 1790 and 1799, we received from a quarter to a third; and some years nearly one half of the whole exportation. For many years the export of woolen goods from Great Britain has been nearly stationary, while that of cottons has gone on to augment beyond all precedent.

‘The value of our imports from Great Britain has always exceeded that of our exports, even in those years, when we have consumed the whole of the imports. This difference, however, is less than appears from our custom-house books, as the value of our exports is ascertained from the prices of the articles, at the place of exportation. Most of the articles exported are bulky, and have been carried in our own ships.† The expense of transportation, therefore, as well as a reasonable profit to the shipper, which cannot be less than about twenty per cent. must be added to the estimated value of our exports. The balance is paid by our trade with the West Indies, and other parts of the world.’—p. 171.

Soon after the peace of 1783, we commenced a trade with the British East Indies: about five years afterwards the governor of those provinces ordered that American vessels should be treated there as the most favoured foreigners; and accordingly the ship *Chesapeake*, one of the first that displayed the thirteen stripes on the Ganges, was exempted from the customs to which the vessels of other foreign powers were subject. The treaty of 1794 permitted us to trade with British India in all articles that were not entirely prohibited, or that did not become contraband by war; nor did it subject the tonnage of our vessels to any higher duties than

† The number of American ships cleared from Liverpool, in 1807, was four hundred and eighty-nine, and their tonnage one hundred and twenty-three thousand five hundred and forty-five.

English vessels were obliged to pay in American harbours: but, on the other hand, it forbade us to interfere with the coasting trade of the Indies, and, instead of suffering an importation into any European port, it compelled us to come directly home and unload our cargoes. There were no restrictions, however, upon the intermediate commerce of the outward voyage; and accordingly our vessels were accustomed to touch at European ports, and sail directly thence to those of East India. The treaty of 1794 expired in 1803; but the provisions of the article which regulated this part of our commerce with Great Britain were still permitted to survive; and although, in 1806, Messrs. Munroe and Pinkney were unable to settle the terms of their treaty without a stipulation that American vessels should sail directly from American ports, and although the treaty which they finally negotiated was so discordant with the views of the president, that he refused his ratification without consulting the senate; yet our trade with these parts of the world was suffered to continue for nearly five subsequent years upon the same footing as Mr. Jay had placed it, in the treaty which he was so much applauded and abused for negotiating. In 1811, however, the East India Company promulgated orders for regulating the trade of foreigners with the countries over which parliament had granted it jurisdiction.

‘By these regulations, American vessels must proceed from their own ports direct, to the British East Indies, without touching at any other port in the outward voyage, except from necessity, &c. When there, they cannot carry on the coasting trade, nor can they, either with or without a cargo, proceed to the settlements of any other European nation in India, or to any part of India, or to China, nor can they go to any place on the river Ganges, except Calcutta. They must return direct to some port in the United States, and they are to give bond, to deliver their cargo at the port for which their clearance is made, and they are likewise subjected to double the duties paid by British bottoms. In consequence of these regulations, the owners of some American vessels, employed in the East India trade, were placed in a most unfortunate situation. They had given bond in India, to land their cargo in some port in the United States. On their arrival here, the non-intercourse law prohibited the landing of the cargo, because it came from a British port. If landed in the United States, the vessel and cargo were forfeited under the laws of their own country; if carried to any other place, the bond given in India was forfeited. Thus situated, the owners were obliged to apply to congress for relief; who granted them permission to land their goods, and finally to dispose of them, for their own use.’—pp. 176-7.

The commercial convention of 1815 restores our trade with British India to almost all the privileges which it enjoyed by the above-mentioned treaty of 1794. But, perhaps, the most important privileges have either been altogether omitted, or very materially modified to our disadvantage; for while the 13th article of the latter provided that American vessels ‘should be admitted and hospitably received in *all* the sea ports and harbours of the British territories in the East Indies,’ the 38th article of the former restricts

them to Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, and Prince of Wales' Island; and though we were before permitted to go as circuitously as we pleased to India, we are now obliged to sail on a direct voyage from our own ports to the places whither we are bound. It is impossible to foresee the precise manner in which these regulations are calculated to operate in the long run; nor do we possess any data sufficient to ascertain the effects which it has already produced upon this department of our commerce. Under the operation of Mr. Jay's treaty, the value of our East India trade increased, between 1795 and 1801, from \$742,523, to \$5,134,456. Money was formerly the chief article of exportation to the British East Indies; while our imports consisted principally of various cotton goods, indigo, sugar, spices, &c.; of which last, the portion paying duties *ad valorem* was valued, in 1807, at about \$4,000,000.

Although our trade with the British West Indies has always been very important; yet from the peace of 1794 to that of 1815, it never could be made the subject of conventional arrangement. During the winter of the former year, indeed, a bill was introduced into parliament for the purpose of establishing some regulations on the subject; but, as the chief provision exempted American vessels from any higher duties than were paid by those of Great Britain, it encountered a strenuous and fatal opposition. The subject was now left to the superintendence of the king and council. Accordingly they issued an order on the 26th of December, which, while it excluded American vessels from the British West Indies, permitted their own vessels to import into the islands, from the United States, pitch, tar, turpentine, hemp and flax, masts, yards, and bowsprits, staves, heading, boards, timber, shingles, and all other kinds of lumber; peas, beans, potatoes, wheat, flour, bread, biscuit, rice, oats, barley, and every other sort of grain, 'the same being the growth or production of the United States;' and to export hither rum, sugar, molasses, coffee, cocoanuts, ginger, and pimento, under the same restrictions as were imposed upon their exportation to any Anglo-American colony. By the 12th article of Mr. Jay's treaty it was provided that American vessels of no more than 70 tons burthen should be placed upon the same footing with these British vessels; but the provision was not agreed to by our administration; and the treaty, as every body knows, was ratified by both governments without it. In 1806 our plenipotentiaries were unable to obtain any stipulation as to this department of American trade; but during the late wars of Europe, the difficulty of supplying the commercial wants of the West Indies necessitated the British government to admit American vessels into the ports of those islands for certain limited periods of every year. Proclamations for this purpose were customarily issued by the respective colonial governors, until parliament passed what is called the American Intercourse Bill, in 1807; since which period all such proclamations have appeared in the shape of Orders in Council; and the importation of beef, pork, and

fish, has been prohibited, either in American or in British bottoms. We have before intimated that the treaty of Ghent is silent upon the subject of the West India trade.

From 1795 to 1807 inclusive, the average yearly exports from the United States to the British West Indies amounted, by our own custom-house books, to between 5 and \$6,000,000; while the annual average imports from the same places were about \$5,000,000; a difference which we cannot believe to be near so great as the reality, when we reflect that the value of the exports were estimated at the place of exportation, and that of the imports at the place of importation. As most of the exported articles were bulky, the freight and insurance must have amounted to nearly the original cost; nor could the freight and charges of the imported goods bear a very inconsiderable proportion to their first value; and since our own ships* were chiefly employed in the trade, it is indubitable that the disadvantages of any *balance* against us were, in this way, pretty thoroughly equiponderated. We are not in possession of sufficient data for a progressive history of our commerce in this part of the world; and it may suffice to state, in a general way, that we have always supplied a great part of the demands of the British West Indies, and that during the years 1804, 5, and 6, particularly, we furnished them with more than nine-tenths of their flour, meal, and bread; with about two-thirds of their Indian corn, oats, peas, and beans; with about one-half of their beef, and pork; with more than one-half of their dried fish; and with nearly the whole of their live stock and lumber.

II. According to M. Peuchet, France and her dependencies exported to the United States, in 1787, coffee, sugar, rum, syrup, salt, olive oil, fruits, brandy, wine, and other liquors, to the value of about \$2,100,000; cotton, drugs, &c. to the value of \$140,000; and stuffs, laces, silk, hosiery, linen, cambric, soap, gloves, gun-powder, glass-ware, and hard-ware, to the value of about \$247,000; in all, to the value of about \$2,500,000: while they imported from our country, grain, fish, and bread-stuffs to the value of about \$896,000; boards, timber, staves, live stock, fish-oil, peltry, pitch, and tar, potash, linseed, and tobacco, to the value of about \$3,860,000; negroes, to the value of about \$45,000; manufactures introduced into the colonies to the value of \$109,600; in all about \$5,000,000. For three years directly preceding the French revolution our average exports to that country amounted to about \$1,520,000; while our average imports were only \$360,000. 'Voilà donc pour France (said M. Arnould) *le ne plus ultra* d'un commerce, dont l'espoir a pu contribuer à faire sacrifier quelques centaines de millions et plusieurs generations d'hommes.' In 1795 our exports to France (\$7,698,687;) almost doubled our imports from the same country (\$3,671,331;) and nearly the same disproportion continued through the following year; the former

* The amount of our tonnage thus employed in 1801, was 131,123.

being \$3,171,759; the latter only \$1,835,066; but during 1797-8 they were nearly on a par; the exports for the first year being \$3,828,231, the imports \$3,045,796; the exports of the second \$1,476,588, the imports \$1,371,727. In 1799 the exports were almost nothing; while the imports were \$901,018: and in the next year the latter (\$74,228) nearly doubled the former (\$40,400;) but in 1801 they recovered their wonted proportion; the exports being \$3,985,292, and the imports only \$1,013,690. From 1804 to 1807 inclusive the average yearly export was about \$3,000,000 of domestic, and more than \$8,000,000 of foreign produce; but in 1808 the former was down to \$708,670, the latter to \$2,126,396; in the two next years they are hardly worth stating; nor through 1811-12-13 did they recover their lost amounts; though in the last year the domestic produce was valued at \$1,780,291, and the foreign at \$2,296,453.

On the 30th of August, 1784, the French government issued an arret, by which, on paying, besides the local customs, a duty of one per cent. ad valorem, American vessels, of at least 60 tons, were permitted to import into French West-India every article of domestic produce, except salt pork; but to bring thence only rum, molasses, and goods brought from France. They are liable to the further duty of three livres on every quintal of salt beef, cod, and other dried fish. In times of scarcity, however, the colonial legislators were empowered to suspend this law; and during the late European wars the French West Indies have generally been open to Americans for most articles, either of export or of import. In 1786 the United States furnished these islands with about \$2,613,000, or nearly two-thirds of their whole imports; and received in return about \$1,452,000, or about one-half of their whole exports; and from 1795 to 1798 inclusive, the former were upon an average about \$6,000,000 of domestic, and \$15,000,000 of foreign produce; but in the next year their import from our country was only \$2,776,604 of domestic, and \$2,022,929 of foreign produce; and thenceforward to 1807 the amount was less than it had formerly been; being, upon an average of the whole, not so great as \$10,000,000. In 1808 their joint value was only \$2,835,006: in 1809, nothing; but between 1810 and 1813 it augmented from \$18,454 to \$4,877,734, and the average was about \$2,357,000.

III. Though our trade with Spain has never been contemptible, it did not compose any great or integral part of our commerce till the peninsular invasion of Bonaparte, in 1809. Upon an average of years the state of our trade with that country, from 1795 to 1801, exports, was,—fish, flour, whale oil, rice, tobacco, &c. cocoa, coffee, sugar, pepper, and other spices, to the value of \$2,500,000; imports,—brandies, wines, fruit, salt, and latterly, sheep, to the value of \$1,800,000. From 1804 to 1807 inclusive, the average yearly value of the exports was about \$1,700,000 of domestic, and about \$1,700,000 of foreign produce; of all, about

\$3,400,000. In the following year their joint value was only \$,442,381; but from 1809 to 1813 inclusive, the domestic produce increased by more than an arithmetical ratio, from \$1,289,220 to \$6,532,101; while the foreign produce decreased, by a still greater ratio, from \$1,290,003 to \$40,905. From 1802 to 1807 inclusive, our average yearly import of wines from Spain amounted to about \$800,000, and that of brandies to about \$600,000. A pretty extensive trade with the Spanish West-Indies and American colonies was a part of the benefit which accrued to us from the late European wars. We became the interagent between them and Spain, as well as between almost all colonies and their parent states. From 1795 to 1801 inclusive, our exports to colonial Spain augmented more than six-fold; and our imports from the same countries increased in about the same ratio. The value of the former, in 1795, was only \$1,389,219; in 1801, as many as \$8,437,659; while the value of the latter, in 1795, amounted to \$1,739,138; in 1801, to \$12,799,878; and of course, the yearly average value of the exports was \$4,000,000; that of the imports \$6,000,000. The data for the years from 1804 to 1813 are founded upon our custom-house books, which give merely the destination of merchandise according to the clearance of the vessel; but we need not advertise our readers of the fact, that ships often cleared for one port, and went to another. From these books it appears, however, that between 1804 and 1808 our average export to the Spanish West-Indies and American colonies, was \$2,000,000 of domestic, and \$6,000,000 of foreign* produce; in all about \$8,000,000. In 1808 the domestic produce amounted to \$631,086 only; the foreign to \$3,545,067 only; and, though in the subsequent years the former more than recovered its lost value, and was about \$3,000,000 on an average, the latter augmented very little for four years, and was as low as \$183,449 in 1813.

IV. The same general observation which we made in respect to our trade with Spain, is equally applicable to that with Portugal. Our exports to that country, and to the island of Madeira, consist principally of wheat, flour, corn, rice, dried fish, whale oil, soap, staves, heading; and our imports from the same places are chiefly wines, fruits, and salt. From 1795 to 1801 the former in the trade with Portugal, nearly doubled themselves; while the latter diminished almost in the same proportion: insomuch that, in 1795, the exports amounted to \$594,801; the imports to \$1,032,339: but in 1801 the first had risen to \$1,139,377; the second had fallen to \$645,111. The same is true of our trade with Madeira; the exports in 1795 being no more than \$133,476; the imports as great as \$917,260: but in 1801 the former were as high as \$523,344; the latter as low as \$514,791. The average yearly value of our exports to Portugal from 1804 to 1807 inclusive, was, \$875,000 of domestic, and \$500,000 of foreign produce; in all about \$1,355,000: in 1808, the whole was only \$342,277;

* That of this increased during this period from \$1,176,998 to \$9,870,753.

but between 1809 and 1813, the domestic produce rose from \$1,629,709 to \$9,992,012; while the foreign produce fell from \$151,426 to \$7,275; and of both the joint yearly average value was not far from \$6,000,000. During our acts of non-intercourse, domestic produce (chiefly cotton) to the value of \$5,263,138 was *shipped* to Madeira, Fayal, and the Azores, but *destined*, the greater part of it, to Great Britain, and the other continent. The removal of the Portuguese government to the country of Brazil has increased our trade with its American colonies; and though, in 1807, the value of our export to these countries, was only about \$5,000, its average amount from 1809 to 1812 was \$600,000 of domestic, and more than \$600,000 of foreign produce; in all above \$1,200,000 yearly.

V. Till lately our commerce with Russia was quite inconsiderable. From 1795 to 1801 the value of our exports to that country, though extremely irregular, may be averaged at about \$33,400 yearly; while our imports from the same place amounted to about \$1,330,000 annually. During 1805-6-7 the average value of exports was \$31,000 of domestic, and \$145,000 of foreign* produce, in all, about \$176,000; in 1808 it was nothing; and, though in the three next years that of the former rose from \$146,426 to \$1,630,499, and that of the latter from \$737,799 to \$4,507,158, the domestic produce fell in value, through 1812 and 13, to \$50,000, and foreign produce, to \$750. In 1809 we began a trade of cotton with Russia; but in that year the amount of exports was only 625,112lbs; in 1810 they were 3,769,138lbs.; and in 1811 as many as 9,368,839lbs. In 1810 we shipped to the same country 5,270lbs. of rice, 1,462hnds. of tobacco, 4,536galls. of spirits from grain, and 124,169galls. of spirits from molasses. Sugar, coffee, pepper, tea, and cocoa, are the principal articles of foreign produce exported to Russia.

Our imports from that country consist of iron, hemp, cordage, duck, drillings, diapers, tickings, sheetings, &c. of which the average value, in 1802, 3, 4, was about \$1,302,217; in 1807, \$1,804,860; in 1810, \$1,587,784; and in 1811, \$3,049,033. The average quantity of hemp imported in 1802, 3 and 4, was 28,830 cwt.; value \$779,473; in 1811 the quantity of hemp was 205,853 cwt.—of cordage, tarred, 589,944 lbs.†—of cordage, untarred, 34,806 lbs.;‡ and of cables 108,685 lbs.§ As hemp, to the amount of 115,100 cwt. and to the value of \$600,000, together with cordage, to the amount of 39,870 cwt. and to the value of \$398,400, were produced, in Kentucky alone, during 1810, the United States will, ere long, be independent on Russia for either of these articles.

* In 1800, only \$8,827; in 1807, as many as \$366,567.

† No less than 1,007,780lbs. in 1807.

‡ Only 6,843lbs. in 1807; and nothing in 1810.

§ Only 30,469lbs. in the preceding year.

VI. Our real trade with Sweden has never been great; inasmuch as, from 1795 to 1801, the average value of exports thither, consisting of tobacco, and a few other articles of domestic and foreign growth, was only about \$60,000; and that of imports from the same country, principally of iron, not above \$80,000. In 1809 (when a direct trade with England and France was prohibited) domestic produce, principally cotton and tobacco, to the value of \$4,030,395, and foreign produce to the value of \$1,409,303, were cleared out for Swedish ports, but destined to Great Britain and the northern parts of Europe. In 1810 the same thing took place; only the domestic produce amounted to but \$1,563,336, and the foreign produce to \$-,294,997.—The state of our trade with the Swedish West Indies, between 1795 and 1801, was; exports \$685,000; imports \$500,000, upon an average valuation. In 1807 the value of the exports was, \$416,509 of domestic, and \$911,155 of foreign produce—in all, \$1,327,664; for which we received in return 92,858 galls. of rum, 30,764 galls. of molasses, 2,752,412 lbs. of sugar, and 1,705,672 lbs. of coffee. Between 1809 and 1812, the export of domestic produce fell in value from \$2,757,859 to \$1,060,500—that of foreign produce from \$687,960 to \$126,274; but the average was about \$1,330,000 of the former, and \$400,000 of the latter. During 1810 and 11 we imported from these islands, upon an average, about 1,300,000 galls. of rum, nearly 1,500,000 galls. of molasses, about 1,870,000 lbs. of coffee, and more than 5,000,000 lbs. of sugar; but a great part of the two first came, without doubt, from British islands, through Swedish neutral ports.

VII. From 1795 to 1801 the average value of our yearly exports to Norway and Denmark was about \$600,000, and of our imports from the same countries about \$400,000: during 1805, 6 and 7, the yearly value of the exports was \$400,000 of domestic, and \$1,100,000 of foreign produce—in all about \$1,500,000; but, in consequence of the restrictions upon a direct trade with England and France, during 1809 and 10, tobacco, cotton, and colonial produce were cleared in great quantities for ports in Denmark and Norway; and thence found their way to their respective places of destination, in other parts of Europe. The custom-house books furnish very imperfect data for estimating the amount of our trade in these years; but they are all the authority we have, and, according to them, the value of our exports to the countries in question was \$958,584 of domestic, with \$3,327,766 of foreign produce, in 1809,—and \$3,962,739 of the former, with \$6,548,050 of the latter, in 1810. Between 1795 and 1801 the state of our trade with the Danish West Indies was, upon an average valuation, about \$2,093,000 of exports, and about \$2,122,000 of imports. From 1804 to 1807 the average value of the exports was about \$1,410,000 of domestic, and \$1,026,000 of foreign produce—in all, about \$2,436,000.

VIII. Hamburg has long been the great depôt for the north of Europe; and previous to its occupation by the French, during the late continental wars, afforded an extensive market for the various articles of colonial produce. The state of our trade with that city and Bremen, between 1795 and 1801, was, upon an average valuation, \$11,400,000 of exports—such as tobacco, rice, cotton, spirits from molasses, whale oil, pot and pearl ashes, of domestic; and sugar, coffee, teas, cocoa, pepper and other spices, of foreign produce; imports, being chiefly German manufactures of linen, \$3,800,000. From 1802 to 1807 inclusive, the value of our exports to the same places, and to other German ports, was, upon an average, \$1,159,000 of domestic, and \$1,308,000 of foreign produce—in all \$2,467,000. In 1808 the value of the former was only \$24,963, and that of the latter \$204,852; but during 1809 and 10 their average values were \$772,000 of domestic, and nearly \$1,000,000 of foreign produce.

IX. Notwithstanding the spoliation committed upon our trade, both by France and by England, and notwithstanding the late emperor Napoleon endeavoured to compel the Hollanders into his continental system, by placing over them his brother Louis; our trade with the Dutch continued to be very important, till we ruined it ourselves, by the institution of commercial restraints. From 1795 to 1801 the state of that trade was, upon an average valuation—exports—tobacco, rice, cotton, whale oil, pot and pearl ashes, spirits of molasses, coffee, sugar, tea and pepper, \$4,533,000; imports—woolen, linen, and other goods, paying duties ad valorem (of which the average value was \$1,110,354, during 1802, 3, 4, and \$1,881,741 in 1808), spirits from grain (of which 1,059,540 galls. upon an average of years, from 1802 to 1804, and as many as 1,460,000 galls. in 1807, were exclusively in gin), nails, spikes, lead, in its various forms, paints, steel, cheese, glass, anchors, shot, slit and hoop iron, about \$1,500,000. The average value of the exports, from 1804 to 1807, inclusive, was \$2,638,000 of domestic, and \$13,913,000 of foreign produce—in all \$16,551,000: but between 1808 and 1813 the former dwindled from \$382,121—the latter from \$2,227,722, to nearly nothing. With the Dutch West Indies and American colonies, the state of our trade, between 1795 and 1802 was, upon an average valuation—exports about \$1,491,000—imports about \$2,774,000. From 1804 to 1807 inclusive, the exports were \$780,000 of domestic, and \$440,000 of foreign produce—in all \$1,220,000; but between 1808 and 1810 the former dwindled from \$97,734 to \$39,724, and the latter from \$14,839 to \$31.—Between 1795 and 1801, the value of our imports from the Dutch East Indies augmented from \$26,706 to \$4,430,733; and the average yearly value was \$1,858,000. The articles were coffee, sugar, pepper, and other spices; for which we have generally paid in money, or in bills of exchange, or in cargoes, shipped for Europe. In 1803 we imported from the Dutch East Indies, and the Cape of Good

Hope together, 6,820,203 lbs. of coffee, valued at \$1,706,300; in 1804 as many as 8,395,783 lbs., valued at \$2,098,954; and nearly the same quantity in 1807.

X. The state of our trade with Italy, between 1795 and 1801, was—exports—dried fish, sugar, coffee, pepper, and cocoa, to the average value of \$1,194,000; imports—silks, wines, brandies, fruits, lead, and cheese, to the average value of \$703,000. The increase of the former was from \$1,223,150 to \$2,090,439—that of the latter from \$319,653 to \$902,406. Between 1804 and 1807 the value of the exports increased from \$1,671,149 to \$5,749,979; and the average was \$200,000 of domestic, and \$3,490,000 of foreign produce; in all \$3,690,000: but between 1808 and 1813 the former dwindled from \$58,085 to \$1,947; and the latter from \$1,106,539 to about nothing.

XI. A trade was opened with China soon after the close of the revolution; and it increased so greatly that in 1789, we had fifteen vessels at Canton; more than were there from any other nation except Great Britain. The principal articles of importation are teas, silks, nankeens, and China ware; of which we imported for many years considerably more than was wanted for home consumption. The yearly quantity of imported tea has kept pace with the increase of population; and between 1790 and 1808 it had augmented from 3,047,242 lbs. to 8,108,774 lbs.; but the average was about 3,674,000 lbs. In 1808 the whole quantity was 4,812,638 lbs.; in 1809, 1,482,990 lbs.; in 1810, 7,839,457 lbs.; but, in the two following years, only about 3,000,000 lbs. upon an average. From 1790 to 1800, inclusive, we imported, upon an average, about 1,858,000 lbs. of bohea, 273,000 lbs. of souchong, 316,400 lbs. of hyson, and 200,000 lbs. of other green tea. Between 1801 and 1812, our average total import was about 4,858,000 lbs.; our consumption about 3,270,000 lbs.; and our export, of course, about 1,588,000 lbs. From 1802 to 1807, inclusive, the average value of goods, paying duties ad valorem, viz. all silks, cottons, and China ware, was about \$2,000,000: in 1808, it was only \$533,929; in 1809, as many as \$3,374,850; but, through the three following years, it sunk from \$2,889,642 to only \$556,676. As few American articles are shipped *directly* to China, the balance of this trade, according to the custom-house books, has always been against us; and it is the calculation of well informed merchants, engaged in it, that, except during the late war, between two and three millions of dollars, in specie, have been annually exported to that country.—The furs and skins procured upon the north-west coast, have formed a valuable article of trade in the Chinese markets.—They are purchased from the Indians, at a very cheap, and are sold to the Chinese, at a very dear price; and so great has been the perseverance of our countrymen in this hazardous species of enterprise, that not only the north-west coast, but every shore of South America, and every island of the South seas, have been explored, in quest of

the seal. Nor has the animal increased by persecution; and indeed its numbers are now so few that they are hardly worth hunting. In 1800, the value of goods embarked in this kind of trade was \$827,748.

'The following statement exhibits the value of merchandise, domestic and foreign, exported from the United States, to each quarter of the world, from 1801 to 1812:—

Years.	EUROPE.		ASIA.	
	Domestic.	Foreign.	Domestic.	Foreign.
	Dolls.	Dolls.	Dolls.	Dolls.
1801	27,569,699	31,380,558	371,737	1,136,517
1802	19,904,389	23,575,108	547,386	820,423
1803	25,939,111	8,561,834	292,593	149,600
1804	23,094,946	27,468,725	546,278	830,223
1805	23,640,776	36,341,320	612,683	2,156,229
1806	24,384,020	40,267,711	514,621	1,968,860
1807	31,012,947	38,882,633	497,769	1,598,445
1808	5,185,720	7,202,232	26,649	267,542
1809	17,838,502	13,072,045	703,900	1,218,228
1810	27,202,534	17,786,614	377,795	406,646
1811	29,552,442	8,727,011	581,815	812,950
1812	20,626,488	5,644,433	308,510	588,299

Years.	AFRICA.		W. INDIES, AMERICAN CONTINENT, &c.	
	Domestic.	Foreign.	Domestic.	Foreign.
	Dolls.	Dolls.	Dolls.	Dolls.
1801	934,331	756,445	17,482,025	13,369,201
1802	747,544	411,855	14,982,854	10,967,585
1803	636,106	148,004	15,338,151	4,734,634
1804	1,264,737	681,499	16,561,516	7,251,150
1805	1,359,518	1,726,987	16,774,025	12,954,483
1806	1,371,475	901,916	14,983,611	17,144,759
1807	1,296,375	1,627,177	15,892,501	17,535,303
1808	278,544	218,950	3,939,633	5,308,690
1809	3,132,687	1,472,819	9,732,613	5,034,439
1810	2,549,744	722,777	12,236,602	5,475,258
1811	1,804,998	622,445	13,354,788	5,860,384
1812	1,235,457	197,587	7,861,655	2,064,808'

Mr. Pitkin throws very little new light upon the subject of commercial balances; and since the question is one of the most perplexed, as well as one of the most important, in the science of political economy, perhaps we may be expected to touch upon it before we again take leave of our author. Dr. Smith asserts very roundly that 'nothing can be more absurd than this whole doctrine about a balance of trade;' but he does not take the pains to refute it with his usual perspicuity and fulness. Political economists, we apprehend, are too apt to lose sight of the fundamental truth,—that all commercial exchange depends upon the difference, in point of value, at which different nations estimate the same com-

modity. In consequence of this fact, every article of trade has its real, and its exchangeable, value,—one value in domestic, and another in foreign, markets. When it is stated, therefore, as an abstract, unqualified proposition,—that if a nation imports more than it exports, the trade is a disadvantageous one,—we shall find that the language is utterly unintelligible, except in a kind of half-sophistical sense. The words *import* and *export* have no definite meaning; for in consequence of the distinction between the real and the exchangeable value, they both must stand for more or less, according to the place of estimation, whether in the domestic or in the foreign market. This principle should be present to us at every step of our reasoning upon the question of commercial balances: and it will be found, we apprehend, that when both are estimated by the domestic standard, the superiority of imports to exports is the exact measure of increasing wealth; and that, when valued by the foreign standard, the superiority of *exports* to *imports* is to be considered as that measure. To take a very simple instance:—suppose that a barrel of flour, which, in our own market is worth but ten dollars, can be turned into European goods, which, in our own market as before, are worth as much as twenty dollars,—it is quite clear, that, according to such a valuation, the United States are gainers by importing more than they export. But let us put both commodities in the European market. In this case, the barrel of flour carried out of our own ports, when it can be sold for no more than ten dollars, is in effect an export of twenty dollars; because it is an export which is worth that sum in the market of sale; and, on the other hand, the European goods brought into American harbours, where they can be sold for twenty dollars, are an import of only ten dollars, because they are an import which is worth only that sum in the market where we have agreed to estimate it. In this sense, and in this sense only, can it ever be true, that a nation is growing rich when it exports more than it imports. Yet even this consists only in a play upon words; and indeed we suspect that, in this, as well as in a great proportion of other cases, the dispute about the balance of trade has been in a great measure, owing to the indefiniteness of language. Even the phrase—wealth of nations—is equivocal; for a nation may be worth twice as much in a foreign, as it is in its own market.

Now it will be seen that the imports of the United States have always exceeded their exports; and Mr. Pitkin rightly observes, that the increase of national wealth has generally been in proportion to that excess. That our country has, notwithstanding some interruptions, been constantly and rapidly increasing in riches, we cannot open our eyes without seeing abundant demonstrations; and when these two facts are viewed in conjunction, we want no abstract reasoning to convince us that, with respect to ourselves at least, nothing can be more futile than the old doctrine on the subject of commercial balances.

According to that old doctrine, neither nation could gain any thing, if both reciprocally exported exactly as much as they imported. Here, too, the abettors of the doctrine forget that every *import* and every *export* has two distinct values; and that the difference between these values, in the way of exchange, must necessarily accrue to both parties. Merchandise is worth nothing till it can be sold. When our barrel of flour is exchanged for European goods, each party has got rid of an article which, in their own markets respectively, would only sell at ten dollars; and acquired another which, in their own country, as before, is worth twenty dollars. Each party therefore has gained the difference betwixt the values of their respective commodities. This results, again, from the different prices which the two nations put upon the same commodity; and without such a difference, it would be idle to think of carrying on a trade.

We intended to have given a historical view of our national debt in the present number of this journal; but our limits are already transgressed; and we must therefore defer the article to some future and more convenient opportunity. In the mean time, we again return our thanks to Mr. Pitkin for the general accuracy and order of his statements. There are a few instances of bad arrangement; but when the general character of a work is applaudable, we have no disposition to dwell upon particular delinquencies.



Crystalina, a Fairy Tale. New York, 1816. 12mo. pp. 112.

OUR readers must never mistake us for those who think to promote the literature of the country, by overlooking the delinquencies of our writers, and by praising indiscriminately every offspring of our press, merely because it is *American*. Nothing can be more really traitorous to the cause. We are forced to acknowledge, against all the comfortable prejudices of patriotism, that American authors have, in general, more faults than excellencies; and it is cruel, we think, to connive at their perseverance in error by keeping them ignorant of their mistake; much more by assuring them that they are altogether in the right. For our own parts, whenever we find them in the wrong, we shall tell them of it plainly; and while we would most heartily applaud whatever is written with felicity, we shall as heartily away with whatever nauseates and disgusts.

From the tenor of these observations, our readers will undoubtedly conclude that we have no very high opinion of the volume before us. We feel no disposition to cloak or dissemble that opinion. We commenced the perusal with all our prejudices on the favourable side: every succeeding line contributed its quota

towards a change of opinion; and we turned over the last leaf with rather a despicable opinion of the whole performance. The author has some poetical qualifications; but never perhaps were respectable powers more abominably perverted and abused. A fairy tale is the worst of all subjects for a poem of any length; and we are unable to conceive what could have possessed our author to venture upon ground which—if he is extensively read in poetry—he must have seen covered with the wrecks of all his predecessors. Spencer, to be sure, had affluence and harmony of diction sufficient to counteract, in part, the radical disadvantages of his subject; but, with all its beauties, his poem is monotonous and soporific; and indeed we might conclude, from the very nature of the thing, that no excellence of treatment could prevent the reader from nodding over a long tale about fairies. The interest we feel in a tale of any sort, depends entirely upon our sympathy with the persons whom we see acting and suffering;—but who can sympathize with a set of creatures engaged in no human business, and actuated by no human bosom?—The whole excellence of a fictitious work consists in the possible reality of its events. Character must be so represented as to hurry us into the midst of what is taking place. We must be able to take sides with the actors; to anticipate conduct and foresee effects from the acknowledged force of motive and the known efficiency of causes. We must be able to appropriate the feelings of the individuals—to laugh when they laugh—and to realize, in our own breasts, all the revolutions of sentiment which are represented as belonging to the fictitious personages before us. We must rely, too, upon the continuance and stability of the laws of nature; so as to never make any allowances for miracles and monsters. But how can any of these things have place in the perusal of a work which treats of ultra-human beings, and which makes the whole universe subservient to the magic wand of an old heremital wizard?—In which—

‘—all things are chang’d, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and performed faculties,
To monstrous quality.’

These observations are alike applicable to all fairy productions. It is not in the power of poetry to sustain our interest through a long story about Oberon and Titania, and all the magical adventures which may be contrived in their fairy domains. Indeed poets have generally represented man as asleep when the fairies are abroad; and if his eyes are not closed at the commencement of the play, it is most infallibly certain that they will be before its conclusion.

As to *Crystalina*,—it is, we think, about the worst of all fairy tales. Never perhaps did poet eke out such a quantity of couplets from so scanty a stock of materials. It is all a repetition of a few simple elements; and we might venture to give a receipt for

making such poems by the hundred. Take twelve bottles of lightning put up in the Franklinian way, together with a proportional quantity of thunder made after the recipe of Scriblerus: mix these with, it makes no difference what number of 'harpies, hydras, and chimeras dire;' and you may immediately get out an advertisement of CRYSTALINAS FOR SALE. Indeed we never so forcibly realize the importance of Franklin's discovery, as when we can congratulate ourselves upon having a thunder-pole over our heads while reading a production like this.—For the subordinate and less nocent parts of scenery, the directions would be equally simple. The following four lines repeated with the proper permutation would be amply sufficient for any number of fairy tales:—

————— 'and lo! four hills appear—
Enchanting sight!—but richer still than fair.
And one was pearl, and one was silver white,
And one was gold, and one was diamond bright.'—p. 51.

Should these fail of producing the desired effect, the two next couplets might be added to the composition:—

'High in the midst arose a dazzling throne,
Built all of emerald and of diamond stone,
With gold and purple canopy o'erspread,
Fair as the curtains of Aurora's bed.'—p. 51.

If any thing is wanting to prove the complete futility of such a tale as this before us, it will be found in the incongruities which constantly occur in placing human beings upon fairy ground. Thus, though in travelling through the realms of Oberon, Rinaldo and Crystalina are represented as 'wading (p. 70) through a sea of waving flowers,' our author makes the knight pick up a posy and give it to his mistress, as a rare present (p. 71); and when the bridges and the very stones under their feet are gold or diamond, Rinaldo thinks to please his Crystalina by presenting her with a gem he had just stopped to take from the ground.

'And fondly says—'this bright and precious gem,
Shall grace the virgin's regal diadem.'—p. 72.

But this is mere lover's play. We shall now present our readers with a scene, the like of which we venture to say they have never beheld. We give them to understand, therefore, that all the following sharks and crocodiles and leviathans, &c. &c. are assembled in a lake, of which we suppose the transverse and conjugate diameters may be one or two bow-shots.

'The virgin ceas'd, and mute with horror stood.
Her eyes directed o'er the sable flood;

And lo! she saw new forms of horror rise
 From the black deep, and roll their Gorgon eyes.
 The fatal shark, fierce plunging for his prey,
 With his dread sport deform'd the wat'ry way;
 The crocodile with jaws expanded wide,
 Stretch'd forth his scaly vastness on the tide.
 Leviathan, unweildy, huge, and bold,
 From his broad sides the tumbling billow's roll'd.
 And horrid hydras, (fearful sight!) appear'd,
 And o'er the waves their fifty heads uprear'd.'—pp. 66-7.

The human head upon a horse's neck,—the female body with a piscatory tail—are nothing to this. Indeed it has no parallel, except in one of Horace's other specimens of perverted taste—where dolphins are flouncing among the trees, and wild boars grunting over the waves.—But the above extract does not embrace half the fine things in this congress of terrors. We have, besides, 'the hideous gorgons,' 'the furies three,' and 'the harpies fierce,' and 'the griffon, sphinx, and centaur,' and 'dark Æolus,' and 'blustering Boreas' and 'sullen Auster' and 'flying dragons,' and 'threat'ning phantoms,' and 'giant horror,' and 'colossal danger,'

'And huge Chimeras, horrible to view;
 And thousands more, which once on earth were known,
 But now, exist in Fairy Land alone.'—p. 67.

All of which are commingled in the aforesaid pond, and accompanied by earthquake and thunderstorm No. VIII.

Indeed the 'performed-faculties' of things are no obstacle to this fairy writer. Thus the capacity of human skulls in the bottom of the sea are represented as sufficient to allow lobsters to play 'hide and go seek' in them:—

'There, many a grinning skeleton was laid,
 Whose brainless skull th' unsightly lobster made
 His citadel! oft peering forth, dismay'd
 At the huge whales that round about him play'd.'—p. 16.

The hyenas, leopards, tygers, and indeed almost all the animals of our author, utter one uniform sound:

'And *screamed* the leopard from his cavern'd rock—
 The couchant tyger *screamed* as they passed by, &c.

We have been accustomed to think that a shield was an instrument of defence:—but our author 'changes the ordinance' with perfect ease:—

'Against the weak i ne'er uplifted shield.'—p. 21.

Again, the mountains of our author are very light-footed things:

‘Mountains sublime in even circles rose,
And tow’ring high, *on tip-toe* seem’d to stand.’—p. 25.

And in addition to these perversions, almost every thing in this fairy world is endowed with the saccharine principle. Thus we have

‘Rinaldo stood enchain’d in *sweet surprise*’—
‘In *sweet amaze* and exultation high’—
‘While *sweet adieus* prolong’d the parting strain’—
‘Rov’d to and fro, in *sweet perplexity*’—
‘But O! your *sweet temptations* all display’—
‘And try each *sweet lascivious attitude*’—
‘With harp and song, and *salutations sweet*’—
‘By love o’erpower’d, the pair, in *sweet embrace*’—&c. &c.

There are some couplets which we would gladly animadvert upon, if we knew what they meant;—such as,

‘From the touch’d lyre a soft *bewilder’d* sound,
Of *doubtful* tones, fell *murmuring* around.’—p. 17.
‘Elysian *groves* of *harmony* and flow’rs,
Leafy pavilions and ambrosial bow’rs.’—p. 25.
‘And from her forehead many a golden tress
Fell on the panting bosom of the knight,
Whose *fetter’d eyes* grew dizzy at the sight.’—p. 35, &c.

Our author is natural philosopher enough to enumerate *green* among the colours of the rainbow. Speaking of the “rainbow bridge,” which connects the Isle of the Fairies with the main land, he says—

‘Its blue was solid sapphire—its gay *green*
Was massy emerald.’—p. 29.

He is equally adept in botany; and we humbly suggest the insertion of the two following instances in the next edition of the Loves of the Plants. The first is an anomalous case of some trees falling in love with themselves:

‘At length, before the mournful hero’s way,
The silver lake, in halcyon slumber lay;
Encircled round with gay green, bow’ry trees,
That wav’d their gilded summits in the breeze,
And o’er the smooth deep stretched their slender arms,
As if love-sick with their reflected charms.’—p. 39.

The next relates to the sagacity of the ivy, in case of a storm:

——‘the ivy, when the tempests roar,
Clings to the oak for safety.’—p. 62.

We at first intended to have detailed, at some length, the adventures of sir knight; but we believe our readers will now be contented with the mere outline of the story. Crystalina is the daughter of Armigrand, the proprietor of Mermaid isle; which, we suppose, is situated about where Homer places that of Calypso. Rinaldo loved the maid: but when he adventured to propose a union, she told him, that, though he already possessed her heart, he could only win her hand by valorous achievements in the field of battle. The knight accordingly embarked in foreign war; fought valiantly of course; and, after a lapse of several years, returned to claim the promised reward. But in the mean time Crystalina had vanished from the island; and Rinaldo found nobody at home except the heart-broken and disconsolate father. The isle was ransacked; but no trace of the maid could be discovered; and she was about to be given up for lost, when the knight heard of a wizard, who dwelt in a cavern on the isle of Sky, and who, as he had all the invisible spirits at his command, could probably ascertain whether she was existent in any of the four elements. Rinaldo set sail, in order to consult him; and the poem opens with his appearance in the vicinity of the cave. Altagrand—that was the wizard's name—was sitting out of doors: the knight approached him; and, after developing the object of his visit, was conducted into the cell; where, by means of a magic book, and various other implements of wizardism, it was discovered that Crystalina had been kidnapped by Oberon; and carried off to Fairy Land. Rinaldo resolved to invade the spot immediately: Altagrand gave him directions for his conduct; such as

‘Eat not, drink not; of smooth deceit beware:’

(the latter of which, in our humble judgment, would have been superfluous, provided he strictly followed the two former); and he accordingly set out in quest of his long lost mistress. The hermit points him to the spot where Fairy Land was to be entered: a thunder-storm ensues; the ground opens under foot; the knight drops into the cavity, and the jaws of the earth come together over his head, like a clap of thunder.

We shall not be able to follow him through the remainder of his journey. The monsters and metamorphoses which he encountered at every step, would fill (and have filled) a volume. As a specimen of these events, we shall present our readers with the last act of his adventures, in the pursuit of his Crystalina. She was found in the shape of a bird ‘shrieking and panting;’ at the same time, upon the bottom of a ‘pearly cage;’ and it was not till after she had completely exhausted herself with efforts to attract notice, that Rinaldo bethought him of breaking the bars, and taking her out. The bird soon turned into a vapour—then rose in the shape of a column, and at last was transformed, limb after limb, into Crystalina! The two lovers embraced, and immediately took up their way out of the dominions of Oberon.

They found the wizard at his cave; persuaded him to bear them company to Mermaid isle; embarked on board of the knight's vessel; and, after encountering divers perils, arrived safely at the place of destination. The wizard tells his story: it turns out that Rinaldo is his son: Armigrand resigns his crown and sceptre to the knight, and the poem closes with a *carmen nuptiale* by Altigrand.

From what has been said above, it must not be concluded that we think meanly of every line in this book. On the contrary, wherever our author has consented to describe scenery analogous to what exists in our own every-day world, we find he possesses by no means a meagre vein of poetical talent; and it is in consequence of this fact alone that we have been induced to give him so large a space in our pages. Take, in the first place, the description of Armigrand's chateau, as it appeared to Rinaldo, when he returned to claim his Crystalina:

'The green-clad isle I soon and safely found,
With joy elated and with glory crown'd;
I climb'd the cliffs, I pass'd the fragrant grove,
And reach'd the splendid palace of my love;
On spire and turret glanced the setting sun,
And the proud pile in all its glory shone,
While groves of myrtle glimmer'd on my sight,
And from their foliage shook a quivering light.'—p. 6.

The description of the scene, in which Crystalina was captured, is rich and harmonious:

'All in her garden Crystalina lay,
Beneath a bow'r adorn'd with blossoms gay,
And sweetly slumber'd, on an evil day;
The luscious woodbine all around her threw
Its fragrant blossoms and ambrosial dew;
On every side nectarean flow'rs were spread;
The plump birds sang sweetly o'er her head;
While amorous zephyrs, o'er her bosom fair,
Play'd wantonly, and curl'd her golden hair.
Flora she seem'd, reposing 'mid her flow'rs,
Or Venus, slumb'ring in Italian bow'rs.
On either cheek celestial roses shone,
Such as Aurora blushes, when the sun,
At morn, salutes her with a glowing kiss,
And heav'n, and earth, and ocean smile with bliss.
As thus alone the sleeping virgin lay,
On couch of roses, charm'd with visions gay,
The fairy monarch thither chanced to stray.'—p. 18.

Nor can we deny that the first coup d'œil of Fairy Land is finely imagined:

'Celestial visions!' cried th' astonish'd knight—
'Ye golden prospects that enchant my sight!
Are ye indeed substantial? or but vain
And wild delusions of a love-sick brain?

Methinks I dream!" When thus Rinaldo said,
 His well known self he doubtfully survey'd,
 And wav'd his arms, and shook his plumed head.
 But soon the mem'ry of his captive love
 The sweet amazement from his senses drove.
 'Fair land!' he cried—'And dangerous as fair,
 A foe to thy prosperity is near;
 Darkness shall soon thy saffron skies o'erwhelm;
 I come to spoil thee of thy richest gem:
 But where, where fly to find my captive fair?
 No cities, fields, or cottages appear;
 'Tis desert all—th' unnumber'd flow'rets sweet,
 Lift their gay heads, unbruised by living feet;
 Ev'n at my command the fearless songsters sing,
 And round me flutter with familiar wing;
 Or mid the flow'rs, like sun-beams, glance about,
 Sipping with slender tongues the dainty nectar out.'—p. 26.

The river which embraces the ait of Oberon is described in the same happy strain:

'But ere he reach'd that palace, huge and bright,
 A glorious scene detain'd the wond'ring knight—
 A pearly river! whose melodious tide
 Lav'd golden shores! whose banks were beautified
 With trees wide waving, paradisiac bow'rs,
 And all the gaudy multitude of flow'rs
 That on spring's lap the liberal Flora show'rs.
 This stream, dividing, roll'd its branches twain,
 In circling sweep around a flow'ry plain,
 Thro' vocal groves, then fondly met again.
 The islet fair, so form'd, arose between,
 With dome-like swell, array'd in richest green.
 So fair it was, so smooth, so heavenly sweet,
 It seem'd made only for angelic feet.'—pp. 28, 9.

His eleventh thunderstorm is the best;—for our readers will see he has improved it by classical reading.

'Then muttering spells, his mighty wand he took,
 And now the air, and now the ocean strook—
 The sky grew black! the troubled ocean gave
 A sullen roar, and groan'd from ev'ry wave;
 Thron'd in a chaos, and a night of cloud;
 Discharg'd the thunder, his artillery loud;
 And the dread king of tempests, from the shore,
 Proclaim'd his coming, with tremendous roar.
 He drove the sea before him, and uppill'd
 Huge waves on waves, of foamy waters wild,
 As if on dark conglomerated floods,
 To scale the heav'ns, and, with the angry gods,
 Wage impious battle; like the Titans bold,
 Who Ossa huge on tottering Pelion roll'd.
 Then might they hear th' affrighted seamen's cries,
 What time, uplifted in the stormy skies,

High on the slippery pinnacle they rode,
Of some tall wave, and view'd th' outrageous flood
That yawn'd below! then might they hear the crash
Of meeting gallies, plung'd with furious dash,
Beneath the madding billows of the main,
With all her crew, no more to rise again.'—pp. 35, 6.

The following night-scene is beautiful:

'And now the pinnacle rode, in stately pride,
The foamy sea, and fill'd the waters wide
With fairy splendours—all the day they sped,
And all the night; and when, on ocean's bed,
The placid moon her milky light disspread,
O, they would sit and view the polish'd main,
Sprinkled with stars; which seem'd the starry plain
Of heav'n inverted; then, thrice happy pair!
When mellow moonlight soften'd all the air,
And nought around them met the roving eye,
But sky above, below both sea and sky,
They lov'd to sit and tell, with many a sigh,
Their strange adventures in the Fairy Land.'—p. 37.

From these extracts, it is, we think, sufficiently apparent that our author has too much poetical genius to be abused and perverted, by writing such poems as the one on our table. Indeed a great part of the faults in *Crystalina* are to be attributed to king James I. of Scotland. If he never had written his *Quair* in six cantos, Scott would never have made such a division popular, and our author would not have found himself compelled to draw out his poem to such a tedious and intolerable length. We wish, for our own parts, to see an American author independent of all transatlantic whims; and we earnestly intreat the writer of *Crystalina* to lay no more scenes in the isle of Sky, and to talk no more about 'Tiviot side,' and 'the green-wood tree.' We have scenes and events enough of our own to employ all the pens of all our poets; and we hope the next production of the author before us will bear some marks in the contents, as well as in the title-page, of its having been written by an American. But we exhort him, at all events, to quit the present topics of his exertion. Let him take a Gobbonian resolution, to 'run as far as Oberon has any ground;' and we shall think 'his conscience is but a hard kind of conscience,' if it 'hangs about the neck of his heart, and counsels him to stay with the Fairy.'

Philosophical Essays; to which are subjoined Copious Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Supplementary Narrative; with an Appendix. By James Ogilvie. Philadelphia, 1816. 8vo. pp. 413.

To the above enumeration our author should have added a Preface, an Introduction, an Address to the Candid Reader, together with Copious Errata. We must say, we have seldom had occasion to peruse a book in which the text was so completely hedged in, on all sides, with double and triple walls of explanation and annotation: and we venture to affirm, that the three essays of the author before us do not compose one-half of the matter with which he has filled his volume. Whether Mr. Ogilvie found it impossible to proceed without such a train of accompaniments, we are not competent to determine; but we certainly see nothing in his own case which should sanction a departure from immemorial precedent; and we are equally certain that, while not a few of his notes could have been omitted altogether, a great many more might have been interwoven with the context.

This, however, is a matter of no very great importance; only if it was intended to enumerate in the title-page the contents of the volume, we see no good reason why so many should have been omitted.—We are cordially glad to see a work of this sort issue from the American press; it is an era in our literature; and we think Mr. Ogilvie justly entitled to the approbation of his countrymen for being bold enough to lead the way in a field of knowledge, which no other cis-atlantic writer has ventured to occupy. Philosophical disquisition has never been a favourite with the people of the United States; and the writer, therefore, who undertakes to make it popular, has to encounter so many prejudices in the great body of his readers, that he has a peculiar claim upon the indulgence of critics. To have even started in this unpopular course, is worthy of all praise; and notwithstanding we may sometimes have occasion to differ with Mr. Ogilvie upon the principles of his essays, we shall always approve his design of giving them to the world.

The work is by no means perfect; and in saying this we only repeat the general truth, that imperfection must always attend the incipency of an undertaking. The haste, in the first place, with which our author chose, (we hardly think we can say was necessitated,) to dress up his materials, has frequently given them a slovenly and informous appearance. When we are told that these essays were chiefly written and printed in four months after issuing the prospectus, and that to prevent being overtaken by his typographer (*insequitur, trepidique pedem pede urget, jam jamque tenet*) he seldom could retire to bed till about 2 o'clock in the morning, our wonder is, not that there are so few praise-worthy attributes in his manner, but that he should possess longanimity

enough to have displayed any at all. There is, secondly, however, a more radical cause for Mr. Ogilvie's general imperfections. Perhaps no person ever undertook the composition of a book under so many disadvantages of previous habit. The stile of that species of oratory with which he has been conversant, is not at all calculated for the temperate and chaste disquisition of philosophical subjects. It gives the mind a declamatory turn; and in the volume before us, Mr. Ogilvie forgets rather too often that he is not on the rostrum.

So far we are the apologists of our author; but we cannot extend our indulgence to his contempt for all elaboration of stile; and we must assure him, that the acquisition of 'extensive and permanent celebrity as a philosophical writer,' (a fame which he so ardently covets) is altogether incompatible with loose and negligent habits of writing. Nor can we wholly agree with Mr. Ogilvie in the assertion, that stile is altogether mechanical, and therefore perfectable by practice alone. Mere practice will not infallibly make a good writer; and, on the contrary, will surely make a bad one, unless it be regulated by incessant circumspection, and by a steady observance of the purest and most classical models. In this particular it resembles the manual operation of writing; in which, as all know, the copy must be perfect, the pen well made, and the pupil mindful of his business, or practice will only give him a kind of hieroglyphic *écriture* which nobody can decypher.

With these few preliminary observations we are prepared to enter into a more particular analysis of the volume before us. As it may contribute to the elucidation of the essays, we shall, in the first place, lay before our readers all the real information contained in the very loose and discursive article, called the Supplementary Narrative. Mr. Ogilvie tells us that, from his earliest childhood he has felt and cherished a passionate fondness for rhetorical distinction. Between the 19th and 34th years of his life he resided in Milton, Albemarle county, Virginia; where he superintended an academy of about 50 scholars, and devoted his leisure time to the study and cultivation of oratory. At the semi-annual exhibition of his pupils, he was accustomed to pronounce a discourse upon some rhetorical subject; and the visible impression made by these discourses upon the minds of his audience, induced him to propose the reduction of such occasional and capricious efforts into a regular system of hebdomadal lectures. In the execution of this design no patronage was solicited, and no remuneration thought of; but the skill and success which attended his performances soon induced the inhabitants of Milton and its vicinity to offer him an appropriate room for the delivery of his orations, and to insist upon his acceptance of pecuniary compensation. As he was engaged with his pupils from seven o'clock in the morning till 'an hour or two after tea,'* there was very little time, and, one would suppose,

* We must, once for all, complain of Mr. Ogilvie's negligence in the specification of time. He gives us but two dates (pp. 12 and 27) in the whole Supple-

there was very little inclination, to enter afterwards upon any other pursuit: yet he tells us he spent four or five hours every evening in the investigation of the most important subjects connected with morals and politics. So much, indeed, was he occupied in the discharge of his academical duties, that he was obliged to compose on Saturday afternoon, and commit to memory on Saturday evening, the discourse which he was to deliver in the forenoon of the following Sunday; and yet 'he does not recollect (p. 8.) in delivering these discourses, ever to have felt the necessity of recurring to notes.'

'An enthusiastic attachment to the profession, which he had embraced; an habitual, heart-felt and elevating consciousness of its dignity and usefulness; a constitution invigorated by the precious privations and mind-awakening abstinence of a Scotch education, combined with the excessive use of opium, (which proved, in the sequel, a most treacherous auxiliary), enabled him to sustain and survive, this unremitted and overwhelming drudgery. He escaped insanity and suicide: He survived—But, heret lateri lethalis arundo—Health, equanimity, and steady intellectual energy, were irretrievably sacrificed. He cannot, "from the dregs of life,

"Hope to receive,

"What the first sprightly running could not give,"

and cares not how soon the curtain drops. But the experience which is useless to him, may be useful to others.' pp. 8, 9. *Suppl. Nar.*

It was in the midst of this routine of hearing pupils, delivering lectures, and taking opium, that our orator received a new impulse of encouragement from the hands of Mr. Jefferson. As that gentleman was at the city of Washington, in the discharge of his presidential functions, he had no opportunity of putting his name to the subscription which had been set on foot, by the Montonians and their neighbours, for the support of Mr. Ogilvie's rhetorical establishment; but, immediately on his return to Monticello—which is about two miles from Charlottesville, the place where the lectures were delivered—he solicited, for himself and his guests, the tickets of admission which were customarily sold to occasional auditors. Mr. Ogilvie directed the messenger to

mentary Narrative; and probably the last of these would never have been specified, if it had not been attached to a document which the orator quotes. His only chronological references are to his first or second visit to such or such a place: and when he was professedly informing us of the time consumed in the discharge of his pedagogical duties, what could be more vague than the above-mentioned allusion to the time of drinking tea in Milton, Albemarle county, Virginia? Our narrator may possibly suppose that an attention to such things would betray 'the polished littleness and elaborate frivolity' with which he so contemptuously charges 'modern taste;' but we must assure him, that dates are as indispensable to a narrative, as milestones to a journey; and that to be absolutely regardless of such 'little' accompaniments, is quite as culpable as to regard them overmuch.

assure Mr. Jefferson, that his attendance would be considered as a high honour, and that the honour would be enhanced, if he would dispense with the procuration of tickets. 'The first discourse, which the narrator delivered after Mr. Jefferson's return to Monticello (says our orator, with a pride which he has a right to feel) was honoured by the presence of the chief magistrate of the United States, and all the visitors then at Monticello.' As he was next day entering the school-room, he observed in the entry a box, labelled with his name, and was told by a pupil that it had been left there, with a letter, by a servant from Monticello. Mr. Jefferson intimated his wish that the orator would accept the contents—which he found, upon opening the box, were a complete and elegant quarto edition of Cicero's works.

But while such flattering attentions inspired him with new ardour, in his darling pursuit of oratorical fame, it augmented his disgust for academical drudgery; and he soon conceived the novel idea of becoming an itinerant orator, and of erecting a rostrum in all the principal cities of the United States. When the plan was first formed in his mind, he was so sanguine as to its practicability, (for he seems to possess a mind which is alternately at the very farthest extremities of dejection and elevation)—that he triumphed in the anticipated removal of all the difficulties which he saw in his way, and appeared already to possess the trophies which were to be won in the accomplishment of so noble an enterprise.

'So firmly did this idea fasten itself on his imagination, so entirely did it occupy his attention, so intensely did it rouse the latent, or more properly, revive the extinguished sensibilities of his soul; that he experienced for several days a kind of morbid reverie, (accompanied by slight fever,) which during two nights successively, chased repose from his pillow, and prevented him from closing, or wishing to close his eyes. During the latter part of the succeeding night, he sunk (from the exhaustion produced by intense excitement,) into a sleep so profound and protracted, that he remembers to have been roused by a faithful and affectionate negro man, (Diogenes could dispense more readily with the services of Menas,) who waited on him, and apprehending from the death-like stillness of his sleep and the lateness of the hour, that he was dead, or had fainted, began to halloo in his ear, and shake him violently.' p. 10, *Sup. Nar.*

He mentioned his design to several of his friends; and although it was received by some with passive incredulity, and by others with utter astonishment, they could not change the settled purpose of his soul. When, however, he came to close the door of his academy—to quit a profession which was a source of certain emolument, and in which he had spent the best part of his life—to enter upon a career, in which success was doubtful, and his experience limited—he confesses there was a painful struggle of conflicting passions. 'But (says he) the struggle was transient:' his enthusiastic predilection for the rostrum soon overcame his affection for the school-room; and in the beginning of 1809 he

shut the door, and took the stage to Staunton, as a literary adventurer in the new and arduous employment of itinerant declamation. The following anecdote will give our readers some idea of the sort of encouragement which he was at first necessitated to receive:—

“The day after his arrival in Fredericktown, in the state of Maryland; he intimated through the medium of a printed hand-bill, (he did not at that time think or rather *feel*, that his exhibitions were of sufficient consequence in public estimation, to entitle him to use a card for that purpose,) his intention to deliver, on the succeeding evening, one of his orations, in the largest room of the hotel, in which he lodged. On entering this room, (a few minutes after the appointed time,) he found only four gentlemen, whose appearance and deportment bespoke urbanity and intelligence. The narrator stepped upon what he called his rostrum, (a small platform, covered with a carpet and elevated about two feet above the floor,) and was beginning to deliver the discourse which he had announced, when one of the four auditors rose from his seat, and very politely said—“You do not sir, I hope, think of delivering your discourse in the presence of four persons: the hand-bill intimating your intention, has not been circulated through the town: if you will postpone your exhibition till to-morrow evening, you will certainly have many more auditors.” The narrator, after thanking the stranger for his polite suggestion, replied, “that he was a stranger in Fredericktown: that his exhibition was of a nature somewhat novel; that he had no sort of ground to expect in the first instance a numerous audience: that he could draw and *wished to draw* attention, solely by means of the favourable impression, which the discourse he had announced, and the manner, in which it was delivered, might leave on his mind and on the minds of the other gentlemen who by visiting the room, manifested a willingness to become his auditors; if at the close of his exhibition, he should be fortunate enough to leave a favourable impression on their minds.” The gentleman bowed and resumed his seat, and the narrator proceeded to deliver an oration on Duelling, with as much earnestness and energy, although he acknowledges with far less self-complacency, than he afterwards felt, in delivering the same oration, in the principal cities of the United States. The impression, which this discourse, and the manner in which it was delivered, made on the minds of his four respectable auditors, was evidently and decidedly favourable: the gentleman, who proposed a postponement of the exhibition, before he left the room, said, (with marked sensibility and emphasis, and in a manner indicating that he expressed the sentiments of his companions as well as his own,) “If our exertions, sir, can fill your room to-morrow evening, it shall not be *full* merely, it shall overflow.” The narrator recollects this evidence of extorted and unequivocal approbation, with livelier sensibility, than he feels in recollecting the according plaudits of crowded, intelligent and fashionable audiences, in the principal cities of the United States, with which the *same* oration was afterwards honoured. On the succeeding evening in Fredericktown, his room was crowded.” pp. 14, 15, 16 *Suppl. Narr.*

From Fredericktown Mr. Ogilvie proceeded to Washington waited upon the president, and developed the plan and object of his undertaking. Mr. Jefferson was convinced of the usefulness, but somewhat doubted the feasibility, of the enterprise. He was good enough, nevertheless, to give our orator an introductory let-

fer to a distinguished preacher in Baltimore. Extracts were published in the gazettes; and we hardly needed to be informed, that they 'materially contributed' to his rhetorical success, on his first visit to that city. But, before he went there at all, he resolved to counteract his natural disposition to caprice, by establishing five fundamental rules of conduct. He was determined, in the *first* place, to connect,* on no account, the declamations of oratory with the controversies of faction: *secondly*, to be equally cautious about exciting the *odium theologicum*, by entering upon any topic of religious polemics: *thirdly*, to select such subjects as were calculated to interest the greatest number of intelligent hearers—particularly the greatest number of *female* hearers—on whose approbation depends, he seems to think, the whole success of rhetorical exertion: *fourthly*, to obey the dictates of his own feelings, in whatever related to the selection or treatment of his subjects, as well as in the dress and decorations of himself and his rostrum; trusting always to an intelligent audience, and a free press, for the detection and exposure of the faults he might commit: and *fifthly*, to embrace every opportunity of demonstrating the usefulness of the rostrum, by adding to the funds of literary and charitable institutions, and by maintaining a uniform tone of disinterestedness and independence of mind, which alone, he thought, could achieve a favourable reception to this species of entertainment.

We left our orator at Washington; but at what time he quit the metropolis, or to what place he directed his steps, we have no means of ascertaining,—and, indeed, we may as well advertise our readers at once, that all the subsequent events of the narrative are to be considered as dated between the years 1809 and 1816. We now and then hear Mr. Ogilvie declaiming in some part of the United States; but not even the year of the century is given; while his transitions from place to place are neither dated nor mentioned. Fortunately the preservation of the document we mentioned above, relative to his expulsion from the college hall enables us to ascertain the time of his first—and last—exhibition in Philadelphia. On that occasion the orator ruined his prospects in this city, by having the 'indiscreet sincerity' (p. 26) to profess his scepticism as to the divinity of the christian religion. The expressions which he employed, though conveyed in the circumlocutory diction of poetry, were too unequivocal to be misapprehended. 'The silence, he well remembers, (p. 23) was deep and dead;' and, though he could no way account for such a phenomenon at the time, he learned after the delivery of the oration, that his religious scepticism had not only offended all his clerical

* Our author here uses the word *disconnect*; and in p. 51 again, he talks of 'disconnecting oratory from all connexion with party;' but as *disconnect* signifies the separation of two things that are joined, it is inapplicable to the meaning he intends to convey.

hearers,—but had greatly displeased every grave and serious auditor of the laity. His sleep that night was not the sweetest; and next morning he paid a visit of expostulation to Dr. Rush, and on his return met Bishop White in the street. Decided marks of exprobration were visible in both their countenances:—the orator contritely acknowledged his offence,—protested that he did not mean to say so much,—and promised never to do so any more; but the doctor and the bishop remained inflexible—except in the head, which both shook with negative significance; and in the forenoon of the succeeding day, he was presented with the subjoined resolution of the trustees of the university:—

‘Permission having been given to Mr. James Ogilvie to deliver lectures in the College Hall, in consequence of his assurance, that they should ‘contain no sentiments, which could be offensive to persons of any religious persuasion;’ and it appearing to this board from satisfactory information, that, in the course of his lectures, he has given offence to persons of divers religious persuasions: Therefore,

Resolved, That the said permission be, and it is hereby revoked.

Ordered, That the secretary furnish Mr. Ogilvie with a copy of the foregoing resolution.

‘Extract from the minutes.

‘EDWARD FOX, Sec’y.’

On his first visit to New York our declaimer was implicated in another scrape by his ‘indiscreet sincerity’ in political discussion. At the close of an extravagant tirade against Bonaparte and a correspondent eulogy upon England, he was applauded long and loudly by the great part of his audience:—but when the *clap-fing* ceased, ‘a gentleman deliberately rose from his seat, in the middle of the room,—assumed an erect and disdainful port, looked intrepidly and indignantly all around,—and without casting a glance, or directing his hand toward the rostrum,—but turning both successively and slowly, to the auditors in every part of the room,—began to hiss with set teeth and with an intensity of sibilation which indicated unusual vehemence of feeling.’ The subject was brought into the columns of the gazettes *de more*;—but Mr. Ogilvie put an end to the ‘vile altercations,’ by proclaiming an equality of rights in the suffrage of his auditors; and the hisser then explained, by assuring the orator that his sibilation was intended—not for him—but for his hearers; who, as he asserted, had been silent under compliments to their own country,—but *clapped* most obstreperously when England was eulogized.

At another time, when he was delivering an oration to the people of Paris, Bourbon county, Kentucky, a drunken person undertook to diversify the amusement by acting and declaiming for himself. Mr. Ogilvie marked the perturber; but resolved not to interrupt the sport till he could do it with effect:—

‘He accordingly raised his voice, to a tone that drowned the unmeaning noise of this salamander of alcohol, and advanced, in the delivery of his oration; till a passage occurred, in which the misery and ignominy of intemperance, were depicted in strong colours: In pronouncing this pas-

sage, he descended from the rostrum, and, advancing with a slow and pausing step, towards the bench, on which the involuntary, and, probably, unconscious violator of decorum sat, or on which he had staggered, and lay stretched; continuing to declaim, as he advanced, till he approached the mind-deserted body, as nearly as he could. Here, for a few moments, he stood still: ceased to declaim: folded his arms, and resting his eye on the floor, slowly and solemnly said—‘Where example so emphatically arrests attention, declamation may well be dumb: It is, and *can be*, but babbling and impertinence, in the presence of a warning, that addresses the soul through the senses.’ pp. 31, 2.

The third and last adventure of this sort was at the pronunciation of a discourse in the city of Charleston, South Carolina. His room contained seats for 500 persons; but 700 had assembled when he entered, and he observed six or eight young gentlemen perched on the verge of his rostrum. He expostulated; but expostulation was ineffectual, and—

‘After pondering a few moments, the narrator advanced in front of the rostrum, on which he had turned his back, and, as soon as his indication of a wish to address the audience, had hushed the buzz of chattering, which, in a crowded and miscellaneous assembly, uniformly and unhappily precedes exhibition, he said, (suppressing, as perfectly as he could, every appearance of irritation or discomposure)—‘Under arbitrary governments, order and decorum are preserved, in assemblies of this sort, by a coercive police, by military force: under a republican government, and in a state of society ripe for its reception; the self-respect of every respectable citizen, and his habitual and unaffected deference for the equal rights of his fellow-citizens, are the safe-guards of decorum and order, not only in polite and select, but in the most miscellaneous and numerous assemblies. To the rightful authority of this moral police,’ the narrator continued to say, turning his eye, and pointing with his hand to the young gentlemen, who were seated on his rostrum, ‘it is, *he is sure it is!* unnecessary to make a formal appeal.’’ *Suppl. Nar.* pp. 33, 4.

When our narrator had terminated his second excursion through the eastern and middle states, he resolved to visit Charleston, Savannah, and one or two inland towns of South Carolina and Georgia,—and then to spend eighteen months or two years in the western states. He wished to compose a new series of discourses; and his object, in retiring into the solitude of the western forests, was, in the first place, to get at a distance from the interpellations of the world; and in the second place, to enjoy the society and conversation of a Mr. James M‘Alister; who, it seems—while he might be flourishing as one of the first men in Europe,—is wasting his sweets upon the desert air of Bardstown, Kentucky. But from the ineffable sloth of this personage,—who ‘lives’ indeed, but seldom ‘moves,’—and from the logic which he employed to demonstrate the inanity of fame,—our author was fearful he should himself catch the infection of laziness, and sink down into the same torpidity of life. He accordingly made his escape from Bardstown, and took up the road for Nashville, in Tennessee:—

‘On his way thither, he stopped for refreshment at a solitary log house, situated at the bottom of a glen, encircled by hills, whose summits may

have been bathed by the waters of the flood, and whose sides were overshadowed by pathless, and at that season of the year, leafless forests. There was not a human habitation within miles of this house. Here he found an intelligent gentleman, with an amiable wife, and interesting children. This family lived in singular seclusion: neighbours they had none, and their distant acquaintances and friends could not be expected to visit this solitary spot, during the dreary winter, which was then commencing. Here accordingly, the narrator determined, with the consent of his landlord, to sojourn six months, and devote his leisure exclusively to the composition of orations. On intimating his wish to this gentleman, (Mr. Benjamin Temple,) his consent and that of his lady were promptly, and even affectionately accorded. In this state of monastic seclusion,

‘The world forgetting, by the world forgot,’

without access to books, or to any society, but that of the family for half an hour at breakfast and dinner, and sometimes an hour and a half in the evening; he consumed six months in tasking and exhausting, the transient and tantalizing hours of intellectual energy, which in his “system,” are uniformly alternated by days, weeks, and sometimes by months, of collapse, atony, and impotent volition. At the expiration of this period, he determined, (for the sake of health and exercise, and in order to try the effect of one or two of the orations, which he had written during his seclusion,) to visit the principal towns in Kentucky, and to deliver orations in each. He passed successively, (lingering a few days in each,) through Louisville, *Bardstown* Frankfort, Lexington, Danville, Winchester, and Paris, and had often the pleasure of addressing audiences, (composed of nearly one hundred persons of both sexes,) nowise inferior in intelligence and accomplishments to their eastern brethren.’ *Sup. Nar.* pp. 49, 50, 1.

When our orator had finished his second excursion through the United States, he determined to deliver a course of lectures on oratory to successive classes in the various colleges and cities of the country. But before he entered upon the execution of his design he wished to make an experiment on a small scale; and an incident which occurred while he was pronouncing discourses in Columbia college, South Carolina, determined him to make that place the first scene of his novel undertaking. The president, Dr. Maxcy, had given him the use of the chapel, and all the students attended his performances with the greatest eagerness and satisfaction. When he was crossing the yard, after the delivery of the third oration, he was surprised by a sudden glare of intense light; and, on turning round, beheld the windows of the college and of the president’s house decorated with the candles of illumination; while over the door of the chapel was an American eagle bearing a phylactery inscribed with the name of—JAMES OGILVIE. This was enough:—after his western tour the orator re-visited Charleston; thence travelled to Columbia, and embraced the earliest opportunity of making proposals to the faculty and trustees of the college for the delivery of the contemplated course of lectures. And here we shall extract a few of Mr. Ogilvie’s remarks, which, we hope, will contribute to do away the squeamish antipathy of some persons to the acceptance of money for literary services.

'The hope of pecuniary emolument, made no part of his inducement to undertake this design. Not that he is insensible to the propriety and reasonableness of being influenced, and even, in many instances, *exclusively* influenced, by views of pecuniary emolument. At his time of life, he would be thoroughly ashamed of so absurd an affectation, or of so childish a delusion. Nor is he at all disposed to overlook the efficacy, or disparage the propriety of such motives; when directed to their proper objects, and confined within their appropriate sphere. In all pursuits; that have for their object the gratification of the animal wants of the individual; or the acquisition of the physical means of gratifying wants of any description; regard to pecuniary emolument is a reasonable, moral, and becoming motive of action. Such motives and actions make a part of virtue; that virtue on which the happiness of every human being, *more or less*, and on which the happiness of a great majority of human beings, *principally*, depends.' *Sup. Nar.* p. 56.

The course of lectures was entered upon in the beginning of March; and occupied from two to three hours of two days in each week, till the end of June. As his method of lecturing is original, and, in our opinion, better, than any other, calculated to make every student equally and thoroughly proficient in his lessons, we shall give it in the orator's own words:—

'On entering the lecture room, he laid upon the table a manuscript, containing a series of questions, the answers to which comprehended the substance of each successive lecture: These questions were transcribed, as expeditiously as possible, by every member of the class, into the blank-book with which they were furnished, for that purpose exclusively: When transcribed, he requested every member of the class, to read, in his place, the first question:—The question thus proposed; he rose, and answered, in a manner, which was, he trusts, generally, full, clear and impressive: It then became the duty of every member of the class, to prepare himself, as speedily as possible, to restate, aloud, and in his own language, the substance of the explanation: That due time might be afforded for this purpose, the lecture was suspended, until it was announced to the lecturer, by a member, that the whole class was thus prepared:—He then proposed the question to one, two, or, perhaps, three members, of the class, taken without selection; who rose in their places successively, and restated the substance of the explanation: If these restatements, were made with sufficient distinctness of thought and propriety of expression; he proceeded to the second question, and from the second to the third, through the whole series, until the lecture was concluded: the explanation connected with each question, passing through the same preparatory process by the class, as the first:—But, if any member of the class, (when called on to restate the substance of an explanation,) exhibited evidence, that he had not perfectly comprehended it, the lecture was again suspended, for a few minutes, until such member of the class obtained, from the lecturer, or from his class-fellows, a more distinct knowledge of the subject. When cases of this sort occurred, those members of the class, who, (from closer habits of attention, or greater quickness of apprehension,) had more readily and clearly seized an explanation, were urged to stimulate and aid the exertions of their companions. When the lecture, thus delivered, was finished; every member of the class was required to prepare a *written* answer to one of the questions; which converted the explanations that composed the lecture, into a series of exercises in com-

position: These exercises were handed to the lecturer, when the class assembled to listen to the succeeding lecture, and as soon as they assembled.' *Sup. Nar.* pp. 58, 9.

At the close of his course our orator received the most flattering testimonials of approbation from the president and faculty of Columbia college, and an appropriate medal from the students, 'as a token of their esteem and gratitude for his unremitted attention in promoting their improvement.*' This success prompted him to take one more step in the accomplishment of his design to establish in all the American colleges a professorship of rhetoric, and to have erected in each of our large cities a spacious hall for the exhibition of oratory. His first attempt was to be made in Charleston, South Carolina; and he accordingly prepared, and delivered before the legislature of that state, two elaborate discourses in recommendation of his plan. He was heard with approbation; but not even 'the half of his prayer' was granted. Such a check to the career of enthusiasm and success was well calculated to produce the most excruciating anguish; and our narrator assures us that he spent almost all the rest of his time among the South Carolinians in a sulky and misanthropic seclusion. But his design is not yet relinquished: if he lives but a few years he *will have* his oratorical halls; and if any person is calculated to force the erection of such edifices, we believe it is Mr. Ogilvie.

Here we must stop one moment to contemplate with our orator the prospective glories of the rostrum. 'In other departments (we are told) oratory may display her power partially and incidentally; but the rostrum alone, will contain her altar; her chosen ministers; her exclusive votaries; her fairest ornaments; her most formidable weapons; and her proudest trophies.' All this may be true; but we confess it sounds too much like a professor's introductory lecture. Scientific men are, some of them, the most intolerant sectaries in the world. An exclusive professor will often convince his auditors that the sort of knowledge which he designs to communicate is, not only far superior to that which can be acquired in any other pursuit, but so very essentially important, that, without it, we could hardly live and move and have our being. Of this professional selfishness Mr. Ogilvie seems to possess an adequate share. We are willing to admit that his species of eloquence is laudable enough *in its place*, and will have its appropriate reward; but we cannot believe, without the production of more argument than he has yet given us, that the rostrum will monopolize the altar and all the most eligible ministers, and votaries, and ornaments, and weapons, and trophies of oratory.

Mr. Ogilvie himself acknowledges that the glories of the rostrum are merely prospective, and that not one of all these fine

* 'When he has since delivered orations from the rostrum, this medal has been uniformly suspended around his neck, and proudly too.'—p. 62.

things has yet been the reward of his oratorical labours. It was incumbent on him, therefore, to prove, either from the nature of his art, or from some other topic, that the future success of the undertaking would be of a different sort from what it has been in time past. This duty, indeed, he has attempted to fulfil; but we must confess that after perusing, and re-perusing his *a priori* remarks upon the subject, we find nothing that can counteract the unfavourable bias which the record of his own experience is calculated to produce. But he has invoked us to hear him impartially; we shall accordingly suffer him to speak for himself.

‘As the oratory of the rostrum can only attract general attention, in proportion as it possesses the power of amusing or affecting a miscellaneous audience; and as, from the dignified and didactic nature of its subjects, it cannot call to its aid, the music, fable and pageantry of the theatre, its means of amusing or affecting are, and must be, derived *exclusively*, from a consummate skill in the arts of rhetoric and elocution. In other departments of oratory; the object, and consequently the success of the orator, are often wholly independent of his power to affect or amuse a miscellaneous audience: but, on the rostrum, during *every* exertion, and almost during *every moment* of every exertion, the orator must affect or amuse his auditors. To the successful exertion of oratory, in other departments; superior skill in rhetoric and elocution is often unessential; to the very existence of oratory on the rostrum, it is indispensable; and the success of its exhibition, (as it respects the reputation or emolument of the orator, the improvement or gratification of his auditors, or his usefulness to society,) will be exactly *measured* by the extent of his skill. The same causes, therefore, that produce superior ability in the practice of law, medicine, painting or sculpture; of any liberal profession, or ingenious art, may be expected to produce, on the rostrum, superior skill in the use of rhetoric and elocution. In his efforts to attain this skill, the orator possesses on the rostrum, the peculiar and inestimable advantage of being permitted to follow the dictates of his judgment, and the impulse of his feelings, with independence and freedom.’ *Sup. Nar.* pp. 19, 20.

We have it, then, in our declaimer’s own words, that the success of oratory upon the rostrum depends entirely upon the power of affording perpetual amusement to a miscellaneous audience. When we have cited Mr. Ogilvie’s own testimony relative to that sort of rhetorical stuff which is alone calculated to ‘amuse and affect’ a miscellaneous audience, our readers will be able to determine whether the oratory of the rostrum is susceptible of that dignity and didacticism of which he so enthusiastically talks. Speaking of the unfortunate oration which ruined his cause in Philadelphia, he tells us that—

‘The sentiments which he expressed, according with those entertained by a great majority of his auditors, and being clothed in that hyperbolic and bombastic jargon, and delivered with that impassioned vehemence, and unaffected enthusiasm; which will always, it is to be feared, be more acceptable to a miscellaneous audience, than luminous analysis, and Attic elegance of diction, extorted a plaudit, loud, long, and apparently unanimous.’ *Sup. Nar.* p. 24.

Again we are told in another place that—

‘He soon became very painfully conscious, that the applause bestowed by a miscellaneous audience, depends more on the animation and impassioned vehemence, with which an oration is delivered, than on the value, novelty or profoundness of the thoughts, or on the propriety, or even beauty of the language in which they are clothed.’ *Sup. Nar.* pp. 36, 37.

But in the preface our orator has taken the pains to be still more full and explicit.

‘The eclat of popular declamation, on the rostrum, depends upon so many circumstances wholly independent of superior capacity or cultivation; so many circumstances perfectly contemptible in the view of generous ambition; so many circumstances, compatible with mental imbecility, and even with depravity, in the characters of those who may obtain this eclat; that it would be difficult, even to imagine, a more equivocal or shallow evidence of personal merit, value, or virtue, than, (taken singly,) such success exhibits. Any thing, how superficial and sophistical soever in substance; however faulty, tumid, or meretricious in its stile, if delivered with a certain degree of animation, energy, and grace; will *often* not only escape censure, but even extort a plaudit, from a miscellaneous audience. It ought to be recollected too, that the attempt, (in the incipient stages of the enterprise which he has undertaken,) to exhibit specimens of luminous analysis, or philosophical reasoning, on the rostrum; would not only have been preposterous, but a whimsical kind of suicide. Any public speaker, however gifted by nature, or graced by culture, with the natural and acquired powers of oratory, who may make this attempt, in the early stages of such an enterprise; may *begin* by addressing a very numerous and fashionable audience, but will assuredly *close* his oration, if he speaks *three quarters of an hour*, in the presence of a very select one.’ p. iv.

For our own parts, we cannot see how such facts are to warrant our author’s views of the ‘prospective dignity, grandeur, and usefulness’ of rostral declamation; nor can we find any good reason for believing that its eventual progress will be any way different from its ‘incipient and retrospective stages.’ We have been accustomed to think the past and the future are always analogous: we cannot comprehend the logic which draws sanguine conclusions from adverse experience; and till the production of further argument, we must still believe, that he who expects to be ‘didactic and dignified’ upon the rostrum, must lay his account with speaking before a ‘select,’ and not a ‘miscellaneous,’ audience. Let our orator remember the exclamation of the prince of declaimers, when he saw a temple dedicated to Minerva in his banishment from Athens—‘O goddess, how comes it that thou delightest in three such fierce and *untractable* creatures, as the owl, the dragon, and *the people?*’

We shall now enter upon the more argumentative part of the volume before us. In essay I,—‘On the study of mathematical

science,' Mr. Ogilvie has a division of reasoning, to which we cannot entirely assent. He says, p. 9, that 'reasoning is of three sorts,—demonstrative, certain, and probable;' but we are told a little farther on, p. 11, that 'certain and probable reasoning differ merely in degree.' Surely it is quite illogical to introduce differences of '*degree*' merely, in divisions professedly founded on '*sorts*,'—or, at all events, there is absurdity in calling that a difference of *sort* which is afterwards acknowledged to be a difference of *degree* only. Independently of this objection, however, we are still inclined to question the propriety of the distinction which our author has instituted. If we violate the Newtonian rules of philosophizing, when we assign to any effect more causes than are adequate to its production, we commit no less a fault in making a greater number of distinctions than are necessary to the clearness and perspicuity of our reasonings. On this subject there ought to be some general criterion; and perhaps we shall find no circumstance sufficiently determinate to form such a criterion, except it be in the difference of sort. Between sorts there is always a line of separation which can never be narrowed;—but between degrees there is no end to the variations of breadth which such a line will admit; and even where broadest, it is not, in but very few cases, sufficiently palpable and important to constitute a ground of formal distinction. Nor do we think this is one of those very few cases:—and we expect to make it clear, from a quotation of Mr. Ogilvie's language, that the word *certain* is materially distorted from its common acception, by being made to stand for the meaning which he has given it. 'Reasoning is certain (says he, p. 10) when the conclusion which the reasoner endeavours to establish, is unhesitatingly embraced and confidently acted on, by a vast majority of the intelligent persons who comprehend the evidence, although a different and even a contrary conclusion, may be conceived without incongruity, and expressed without contradiction, and is therefore possible, and being possible, is within the immense range, although on the very verge of credibility.' Now to those who are accustomed to consider *certainly* as the complete excluder of all doubt, there appears to be a very manifest departure from philological propriety in making it depend, not on the faith of a vast majority of persons generally, nor on that of a vast majority of 'intelligent' persons,—but on the faith of a vast majority of those intelligent persons 'who comprehend the evidence.' For our own parts, we never could look upon that as certain which was disbelieved by even a small minority of those intelligent persons who were capable of comprehending the evidence. But besides this violation of common phraseology, there seems to be a palpable absurdity in the proposed measure of appealing to this vast majority of intelligent persons. When shall we know that such a majority has 'embraced and acted on' the conclusion? How long must we expect the decisions of intelligence and comprehension before we may venture to conclude for our-

selves, that a thing is certain? And how many certainties would be 'embraced and acted on' if all should think of making such an appeal, and, therefore put off their own conclusion, till the vast majority in question had concluded, and acted on the conclusion? Or, in fine, how will you be able to ascertain at all the suffrage of intelligence and comprehension? We have always been in the habit of thinking, that one's own mind is the only proper judge of the evidence offered in its tribunal, and that the conviction of certainty depend altogether upon the satisfactory conclusiveness of such evidence.

But this is a subject of no very great consequence,—and we must hasten to what is said in the subsequent part of the essay. It was not to have been expected that Mr. Ogilvie, would say many new things upon the study of mathematics; and he has accordingly confined himself pretty much to the illustration of what has been said by others. His remarks are often happy, and his language almost always glowing and forcible. We give, as a specimen, the following observations upon the immutability of mathematical truth:—

'Were every order of created intelligences, from the most glorious seraphim and cherubim, down to the humblest human intellect capable of comprehending its evidence, contemplating this theorem at the same moment, it is inconceivable that it should not appear in the same light, to every individual mind, in this stupendous congregation of intelligent beings. Respecting mathematical truth, the ideas of Adam, before the fall, must have corresponded with those of the celestial visitants of Paradise, and with those also of the most corrupted and irreclaimable of his descendants. Even in the infernal regions, where the glorious faculties of one of the highest orders of created intelligences, are in the utmost possible degree perverted and malignant, where God is detested, evil pursued as good, and truth abhorred, mathematical truth sheds its "incarnate" and irrefrangible light, on the minds of demons and damned spirits, as clearly, as on the originally less, but now perhaps more glorious faculties, of Newton or of Pascal. We may even dare to believe, that in regard to every theorem supported by mathematical demonstration, science and omniscience coincide; that the evidence is beheld in the same light, by the Almighty mind, by the Creator himself, and by the humblest and most fallible of his intelligent creatures. Mathematical science may be therefore viewed, as a portion of divine truth, revealed not by inspiration but by intuition.' pp. 12, 13.

In some instances we think the author exalts mathematics at the expense of some other sciences; and we confess we do not assent to his remarks upon the comparative mutability of moral truth. Whether such truth is demonstrable, according to the rigorous signification of that term, we are not prepared, nor is it essential, to determine: but that it is as immutable as mathematical truth, and that the circumstance upon which Mr. Ogilvie founds its mutability is equally applicable to the truth of mathematics, we think there are good reasons for believing. Nothing, in the first place, appears to us more immutably true than the pro-

position—that a creature must be absolutely dependent on its creator. All mathematical demonstration, we know, is founded upon definitions only; and to us it seems extremely clear that, when we have once established precise definitions of the words *creature*, *dependence*, and *creator*, the relation subsisting between these three ideas is as absolute as that which subsists between any mathematical ideas. In all sublunary things a creator can only control the creature in so far as his power is adequate, and our notions are therefore vitiated by conditions; but when we ascend to the source of all power, where adequacy is lost in omnipotence, our ideas acquire a precision which it is scarcely possible to surpass; and the relation subsisting between those of *creator*, *dependence*, and *creature*, is as immutable as that which subsists between those of ‘equality,’ ‘the sum of two right angles,’ and ‘the sum of the three acute angles in any triangle.’ The first principle of natural ethics,*—that all created things, inanimate as well as animate, are unconditionally dependent upon the will of the Almighty, appears to us as indisputable, as universal, and as indestructible as any mathematical truth whatsoever.

Nor, in our opinion, has Mr. Ogilvie established the ‘solitary pre-eminence of mathematical science’ in point of practical invariability. And lest we should lay ourselves open to the charge of garbling the author’s phraseology by attempting to abridge it, we shall transcribe what he says on the subject, word for word. ‘The principles of moral science (p. 14) so far as they inculcate the cardinal duties of conforming moral action to the revealed will of God, pursuing what, according to the laws of nature in every part of the universe, is intrinsically good, and avoiding what, according to the same laws, is intrinsically evil, are questionless immutable, and extend their imperial sway throughout the intellectual universe: *but* in the application and practice of these principles, even moral science, (so far as it depends on the pleasurable and painful, the noxious or salutary effects, which material objects produce on the external and internal organs of conscious beings, and on the social relations, that derive their origin from the varieties of this influence and action) necessarily varies with their organization.’ Now we apprehend that all this may be said of mathematics also: and in order to make ourselves the better understood we must primarily inquire, what is the true object of mathematical science? This question is discussed somewhat at large by Mr. Stewart; and we had occasion to notice his reasoning on the subject in our Number for January.† Our readers will there find us supporting Mr. Stewart in the observation, that *hypothetical*, and not *absolute*, truth, is the object of mathematical reasoning;—but to prevent all possibility of misapprehension, we shall extract from the Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind the whole passage in which this doctrine is recognized and enforced.

* We apply this term to inanimate existences, because there is no other that will answer our purpose.

† Vol. VII, p. 52.

In mathematics, (says Mr. Stewart, Vol. II. p. 123, Boston edition) the propositions which we demonstrate only assert a connexion between certain suppositions and certain consequences. Our reasonings, therefore, in mathematics, are directed to an object essentially different from what we have in view, in any other employment of our intellectual faculties; not to ascertain *truths* with respect to actual existences, but to trace the logical filiation of consequences which follow from an assumed *hypothesis*. If from this *hypothesis* we reason with correctness, nothing, it is manifest, can be wanting to complete the evidence of the result; as this result only asserts a necessary connexion between the supposition and the conclusion.

And again (p. 165, id. vol.) he says, 'For the more complete illustration of this subject, it may be observed, in the first place, that although the peculiar force of that reasoning which is properly called *mathematical*, depends on the circumstance of its principles being *hypothetical*, yet if in any instance the supposition could be ascertained as actually existing, the conclusion might, with the same certainty, be applied. If I were satisfied, for example, that in a particular circle drawn on paper, all the *radii* were exactly equal, every property which Euclid has demonstrated of that curve might be confidently affirmed to belong to this diagram. As the thing, however, here supposed, is rendered impossible by the imperfection of our senses, the truths of geometry can never, in their practical applications, possess *demonstrative* evidence; but only that kind of evidence which our organs of perception enable us to maintain.'

In demonstrating a property of the lever, for example, we make no allowances for weight or size,—but confine our reasoning to an inflexible mathematical line; whereas in all actual existences both these considerations must have place; and our conclusions will be found to vary according to the size and weight of every individual lever which we may have occasion to examine. To mathematics, therefore, we may apply the same language which our author uses in relation to moral science. It is equally true of both that, while the principles themselves are absolutely immutable, 'the practice of those principles must necessarily vary with the organization' of the subjects to which they are applied. The only thing absolutely immutable about either, is the relation subsisting between abstract ideas,—between existences which are altogether unconnected with the grossness and corruptibility of matter, and which therefore seem to have a fair prospect of sharing the immortality of mind.

In the foregoing remarks, we must not be considered as placing moral science upon the same footing with mathematics, in the demonstrative clearness and precision of its reasoning:—nor, on the other hand, must we be supposed to concede, in the full extent of the proposition, that its inferiority in this particular is ascribable to any necessary incapability of such precision and clearness. Fortunately mankind can reason upon mathematical problems with unbiassed deliberation,—for the interests of no individual seem to be particularly at stake in the conclusions which may be deduced: but when the propositions of morality are to be examined, every human being reads his own fate in the truths which

may be discovered; and some shrink from the task without proceeding a step,—while others go just so far and admit just so much as will insure the safety of ‘their single selves.’ Perhaps a majority will acknowledge the existence of an omnipotent Creator, and the consequent dependence of all created things upon his single will; but then there still remains sufficient room for scepticism in determining how and where that will is manifested. Some will conclude that their own reason is only to be consulted, yet neglect to exercise that reason; while others will confess that a revelation must be had, yet deny the authenticity of that which we already possess; and thus, in some way or another, mankind will contrive to get rid of a question, which so deeply involves their own welfare in the present world, and so completely determines the complexion of their destiny in that which is to come. Had all this been at stake in verifying the proposition, that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, we somewhat question whether Pythagoras, or any body else, would have ventured upon the demonstration.

With the remainder of Mr. Ogilvie’s remarks upon the study of mathematical science our own opinion very nearly coincides; and we think he is particularly happy in demonstrating the effect which it produces upon the intellectual habits of the student. We shall not have space for much detail; but the whole of his reasoning is compendiously stated in the following paragraph:—

‘The study of mathematical science then ought, he conceives, to enter extensively into every course of liberal education, because it has a strong and peculiar tendency to exercise the governing faculty of the mind, the understanding; because it communicates, and because from this source only we can derive, an accurate knowledge of immutable truths, susceptible of practical applications infinitely diversified, and imparting to every subject to which they are applied, all the distinctness and precision of thought, which the human mind is capable of reaching; and because the study of mathematical science has a stronger tendency to establish habits of composure, recollectedness, dispassionate inquiry, intense reflection, and patient investigation, than any other study that can engage the attention of youth.’ p. 18.

There are one or two topics upon which we wish Mr. Ogilvie had dwelt with more emphasis; and as we sympathize with him in a desire of recommending the study of mathematics, we shall record a few of our own reflections upon what we consider is an all-important subject. Perhaps the greatest benefit derivable from the intellectual discipline of mathematics, is the habit and disposition which it gives the mind of resting contented with nothing far short of demonstration in moral and political science. To use a parallelism, of which Mr. Ogilvie will particularly recognize the cogency, the mind that has become accustomed to mathematics is like the stomach which has been addicted to opium; in neither case will any ordinary stimulus produce the satisfaction for which our artificial habitude has given us a craving; and we naturally

seek to make up in quantity what we perceive to be deficient in kind. The person, therefore, who has been well educated in mathematics will never terminate his research on moral subjects, till by the multiplication, if not by the cogency, of his proofs, the proposition he may be examining is reduced to something like demonstrative certainty. When a theorem of morality is proposed to such a person, the mathematical habit of his mind induces him to conclude at once, that, like all the other propositions with which he has been conversant, the one before him is capable of complete demonstration; and thus he acquires a faith which, we are told both in sacred and in profane writings, is about equivalent to power itself: *potest, quia posse videtur*. This is unquestionably one of the senses in which mathematical studies are said to 'strengthen' the natural powers of the mind. Exertion is the soul of ability; and any intellectual regimen which furnishes a provocative to the mind is, in effect, the creator of just so much power as it is the means of bringing into play.

There is another indirect sense in which we say the mind is strengthened by being versed in mathematical reasoning. Perhaps it is not so much in the actual increase, as in the due application of intellectual strength, that the benefit of such studies can with propriety be said to consist. Great native vigour, without some artificial skill, is only superior to absolute imbecility in the means which it possesses of defeating its own purposes. If it makes a false or clumsy trip, its own innate power will often bring it to the ground. But, on the other hand, even comparative impotency acquires prodigious power by learning to apply itself in the right season and at the right spot; insomuch that the greatest natural strength is often obliged to suffer the mortification of being overthrown by an opponent, of which almost the only power seems to be that of proper application. Nothing is better calculated to give the mind this kind of power, than the study of mathematical science. In demonstration of all sorts we learn by sad experience that we must patiently labour from the beginning to the end,—and that it will never do to anticipate some steps and pass hastily over others. Every successive part must wait for its turn; and to begin in the middle, or hurry on to the end, is soon found to be a misapplication both of time and of ability. When this experience generates a habit and the mind acquires skill in handling its faculties, we are enabled to discuss moral or political science with a success which untutored intellect can never hope to attain.

It is acknowledged, moreover, that the mind actually acquires strength by mathematical exercise;—and on this part of the subject we adopt in its full extent the observations of the essayist before us.—'The understanding (says he) is as naturally and necessarily invigorated by a study of this sort, as our arm, or any other limb, by the gymnastic exercises that call into frequent and vigorous action, the muscles that actuate it; or, any organ of sense by frequent and concentrated attention to the class of sensi-

ble objects, to the perception of which it is exclusively adapted.'—These we consider as the leading benefits derivable from mathematical pursuits. Our author has not entered so deeply as we expected he would into that part of the subject which was to point out their bearing upon the acquisition 'of ability and skill, in oratory;' a circumstance which is, we think, the more to be regretted, because his own experience has been peculiarly favourable to such an examination. We can readily perceive, however, that the same mathematical habits which would assist us in all kinds of moral reasoning, must of course be advantageous in composing or in delivering the argumentative part of an oration.

'The study of mathematical science has a strong tendency to imbue the mind with impartiality and candour in estimating the strength of reasoning; to weaken the influence of every sort of prejudice; to render the mind less accessible to the perturbations of passion, even in deliberating on a subject peculiarly calculated to excite and inflame passion; to enable the orator to exert an habitual recollection, a dignified self-possession, a philosophical composure of temper, even amidst the turbulence, and strife, and rancorous contentions of popular assemblies, vested with supreme political power, and debating on measures of the most momentous consequence to the community. The study of mathematical science, has also a peculiar tendency to train and prepare the mind, to investigate with patient and persevering attention any subject, (how novel, complicated and tedious soever) the investigation of which, may be necessary to the successful exertion of oratorical skill.' p. 123.

This Essay is closed with an examination of the effects produced upon the mind by an exclusive employment on mathematical subjects. As our reasonings are entirely confined to ideas which are purely hypothetical, and can never be strictly applied to actual things, it is pretty plain that a mind exclusively employed in this manner may, in no great length of time, become so completely heremetical in the body as to lose all inclination and capacity to participate in concerns of the world. This will appear to be more especially true, when we consider how completely some persons become fascinated with the study, and how thoroughly it stifles and suppresses every faculty of the soul—except the understanding. This absolute predominance of the strongest intellectual power is analagous to usurpations of every other sort:—The stability of empire can only be secured either by utterly exterminating all the other powers, or by reducing them to one uniform level of obedient insignificance. Hence the exclusive mathematician is incapable of perceiving the beauty of outward objects,—of distinguishing the boundaries between the shades of moral reasoning,—or of sympathizing with the feelings of his fellow creatures.

'The eye of the mere mathematician is open, and the pictures of external objects are optically delineated on his retina, but he is insensible to the beauty or deformity, and often unconscious of the existence of the

picture. The air in the vicinity of his auditory nerve vibrates, and the nerve vibrates in unison, but he hears not the sound, attends not to the impression, nor interprets the meaning it conveys: when he calls into action his locomotive muscles, his movements are rather *automatic* than voluntary, for being perfectly inattentive to the shifting scene without him, he is as unconscious of change of place as a somnambulist: his reflections and speculations during the day are almost as perfectly disconnected from, and as little influenced by external impressions, as the dreams of night: his fits of profound reverie and absence exhibit all the appearance of trance.'—p. 26.

'Particular modes of thinking, of arranging our ideas, when rooted by habit, cherished with enthusiasm and exerted exclusively, are in their operation and effects, somewhat analogous to our corporeal organs of sense, each of which affords us access to a *particular* class of sensations and excludes *every other*. The mere mathematician taking supreme delight in one mode of arranging his ideas, and wholly indifferent and unaccustomed to every other, regards not with indifference merely, but with disgust and scorn, the tasteful but unreal transpositions and combinations of ideas, in which imagination most delights.'—p. 27.

'The intellectual eye of the mere mathematician, inured to contemplate only subjects, that are irradiated by the solar light of intuition, becomes inexcitable and blind to the faint and dubious light of probability, and he thus grows sceptical about the truth of opinions, and even facts, which every body else admits to be probable, or, even certain: or, if, on evidence which he regards as unsatisfactory, he is induced to admit the truth of conclusions, that are not deduced from mathematical principles, his understanding debauched and enervated by excessive devotion to a species of evidence in which there are no degrees, will be apt to overlook the nice and almost infinite shades of probability, and thus become credulous. The writer of this essay, was well acquainted with a mathematician, who averred with perfect innocence and simplicity, his conscientious belief that all forms of government, were equally expedient, all codes of law equally equitable, and all systems of morality equally defensible.' pp. 31, 32.

The examination of the two following essays, together with some verbal remarks upon the stile of our author, must be postponed to our next number. In the mean time we ought to remark that Mr. Ogilvie does not seem to have staked his reputation on the essay we have just done examining,—but to have laid out his strength and placed his reliance upon that which directly succeeds it,—'On the Nature, Extent, and Limits of Human Knowledge.



CHRONICLE.

The following official letters complete our series of naval documents relative to the late war.—We take this occasion to advertise our readers that, as the affairs of the navy can occupy but very little space during the inaction of peace, we shall not find sufficient materials for a regular continuance of the Chronicle. Articles under that head, however, will appear as often as occasion shall require:—and we are induced to believe that such an arrangement will be satisfactory to the greater part of our readers.

CAPTURE OF THE ÉPERVIER.

Copy of a letter from Captain Warrington to the Secretary of the Navy.

*United States' Sloop Peacock, at sea, lat. 27° 47',
long. 80° 9', 29th April, 1814.*

SIR, I HAVE the honour to inform you that we have this morning captured, after an action of forty-two minutes, his majesty's brig Epervier, rating and mounting 18 thirty-two-pound carronades, with 128 men, of whom eight were killed, and 15 wounded (according to the best information we could obtain). Among the latter is her first lieutenant, who has lost an arm, and received a severe splinter-wound on the hip. Not a man in the Peacock was killed, and only two wounded; neither dangerously so. The fate of the Epervier would have been determined in much less time, but for the circumstance of our foreyard being totally disabled, by two round shot in the starboard quarter, from her first broadside, which entirely deprived us of the use of our fore and fore-topsails, and compelled us to keep the ship large throughout the remainder of the action.

This, with a few topmast and top-gallant back-stays cut away, a few shot through our sails, is the only injury the Peacock has sustained. Not a roundshot touched our hull; our masts and spars are as sound as ever. When the enemy struck, he had five feet water in his hold, his main-topmast was over the side, his mainboom shot away, his foremast cut nearly in two and tottering, his forerigging and stays shot away, his bowsprit

badly wounded, and forty-five shot-holes in his hull, twenty of which were within a foot of his water line. By great exertion we got her in sailing order, just as dark came on.

In fifteen minutes after the enemy struck, the Peacock was ready for another action, in every respect but her fore-yard, which was sent down, fished, and had the fore-sail set again in forty-five minutes: such was the spirit and activity of our gallant crew. The Epervier had under her convoy an English hermaphrodite brig, a Russian and a Spanish ship, which all hauled their wind, and stood to the east north-east. I had determined upon pursuing the former, but found that it would not answer to leave our prize in her then crippled state, and the more particularly so, as we found she had in specie 120,000 dollars, which we soon transferred to this sloop.

Every officer, seamen, and marine did his duty, which is the highest compliment I can pay them.

I am, respectfully,

L. WARRINGTON.

P. S. From lieutenant Nicholson's report, who was counting up the Epervier's crew, there were eleven killed and fifteen wounded.

L. W.

CAPTURE OF THE REINDEER.

Copy of a letter from Captain Johnson Blakeley to the Secretary of the Navy, dated United States Sloop of War, Wasp, L'Orient, 8th July, 1814.

SIR,

ON Tuesday the 28th ultimo, being then in latitude $48^{\circ} 36'$ north, and longitude $11^{\circ} 15'$ west, we fell in with, engaged, and, after an action of nineteen minutes, captured his Britannic majesty's sloop of war the Reindeer, William Manners, esq. commander. Annexed are the minutes of our proceedings on that day, prior to and during the continuance of the action.

Where all did their duty, and each appeared anxious to excel, it is very difficult to discriminate. It is, however, only rendering them their merit due, when it is declared of lieutenants Reilly and Bury, first and third of this vessel, and whose names will be found among those of the conquerors of the Guerriere and Java, and of Mr. Tillinghast, second lieutenant, who was greatly instrumental in the capture of the Boxer, that their conduct and courage on this occasion fulfilled the highest expectation, and gratified every wish. Sailing-master Carr is also entitled to great credit for the zeal and ability with which he discharged his various duties.

The cool and patient conduct of every officer and man, while exposed to the fire of the shifting gun of the enemy, and without an opportunity of returning it, could only be equalled by the animation and ardour exhibited when actually engaged, or by the promptitude and firmness with which every attempt of the enemy to board was met, and successfully repelled. Such conduct may be seen, but cannot well be described.

The Reindeer mounted 16 twenty-four-pound carronades, two long six or nine-pounders, and a shifting twelve-pound carronade, with a complement of on board 118 men. Her crew were said to be the pride of Plymouth.

Our loss in men has been severe, owing in part to the proximity of the two vessels, and the extreme smoothness of the sea, but chiefly in repelling boarders. That of the enemy, however, was infinitely more so, as will be seen by the list of killed and wounded on both sides.

Six round shot struck our hull, and many grape, which did not penetrate far. The foremast received a twenty-four-pound shot, which passed through its centre, and our rigging and sails were a good deal injured.

The Reindeer was literally cut to pieces in a line with her ports: her upper works, boats and spare spars were one complete wreck. A breeze springing up next afternoon, her foremast went by the board.

Having received all the prisoners on board, which, from the number of wounded, occupied much time, together with their baggage, the Reindeer was on the evening of the 29th set on fire, and in a few hours blew up.

I have the honour to be,

Very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

J. BLAKELEY.

Hon. Wm. Jones, Secretary of the Navy.

Minutes of the action between the United States Sloop Wash and his Britannic majesty's Sloop Reindeer, on the 28th June 1814, lat. 48° 36' N. long. 11° 15' W.

At 4, A. M. light breezes and cloudy; at a quarter after 4 discovered two sails, two points before the lee beam, kept away in chase; shortly after discovered one sail, on the weather beam; altered the course and hauled by in chase of the sail to windward. At 8, sail to windward bore E. N. E., wind very light; at 10 the stranger sail, bearing E. by N., hoisted an English ensign and pendant, and displayed a signal at the main (blue and yellow diagonally). Meridian, light airs and clouds; at half past 12, P. M., the enemy showed a blue and white flag, diagonally, at the fore, and fired a gun; 1 hour 15 minutes, called all hands to quarters, and prepared for action; 1 hour 22 minutes, believing we could weather the enemy, tacked ship and stood for him; 1 hour 50 minutes, the enemy tacked ship and stood from us; 1 hour 56 minutes, hoisted our colours and fired a gun to windward, which was answered by the enemy with another to windward; 2 hours 20 minutes, the enemy still standing from us, set the royals; 2 hours 25 minutes, set the flying-jib; 2 hours 29 minutes, set the upper staysails; 2 hours 32 minutes, the enemy having tacked for us, took in the staysails; 2 hours 47 minutes, furled the royals; 2 hours 51 minutes, seeing that the enemy would be able to weather us, tacked ship; 3 hours 3 minutes, the enemy hoisted his flying-jib; brailed up our mizen; 3 hours 15 minutes, the enemy on our weather quarter, distant about 60 yards, fired his shifting gun, a twelve-pound carronade, at us, loaded with round and grape-shot, from his top-gallant fore-castle; 3 hours 17 minutes, fired the same gun a second time; 3 hours 19 minutes, fired it a third time; 3 hours 21 minutes, fired it a fourth time; 3 hours 24 minutes, a fifth shot, all from the same gun. Finding the enemy did not get sufficiently on the beam to enable us to bring our guns to bear, put the helm a-lee, and at 26 minutes after 3 commenced the action, with the after-carronade on the starboard side, and fired in succession; 3 hours 31 minutes, hauled up the mainsail; 3 hours 40 minutes, the enemy, having his larboard bow in contact with our starboard quarter endeavoured to board us; but was repulsed in every attempt; at 3 hours 44 minutes, orders were given to board in turn, which were promptly executed, when all resistance immediately ceased, and at 3 hours 45 minutes the enemy hauled down his flag.

J. BLAKELEY.

List of Killed and Wounded on board the Wasp.

Killed,	5
Wounded,	21

Killed and Wounded on board the Reindeer.

Killed,	25
Wounded dangerously,	10
Do. severely,	17
Do. slightly,	15
Whole number wounded,	42
Whole number killed and wounded,	67

N. B. More than half the wounded were, in consequence of the severity and extent of their wounds, put on board a Portuguese brig, called the Lisbon Packet, on the third day after the action, to wit, on the 1st July, bound to Plymouth, England.

CAPTURE OF THE LEVANT AND CYANE.

Copy of a letter from Captain Stewart to the Secretary of the Navy, dated United States' Frigate Constitution, May — 1815.

SIR,

ON the 20th of February last, the island of Madeira bearing about W. S. W., distant 60 leagues, we fell in with his Britannic majesty's two ships of war, the Cyane and Levant, and brought them to action about six o'clock in the evening, both of which, after a spirited engagement of 40 minutes, surrendered to the ship under my command.

Considering the advantages derived by the enemy, from a divided and more active force, as also their superiority in the weight and number of guns, I deem the speedy and decisive result of this action the strongest assurance which can be given to the government, that all under my command did their duty, and gallantly supported the reputation of American seamen.

Inclosed you will receive the minutes of the action, and a list of the killed and wounded on board this ship: also inclosed you will receive, for your information, a statement of the actual force of the enemy, and the number of killed and wounded on board their ships, as near as could be ascertained.

I have the honour to remain,

Very respectfully, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

CHARLES STEWART.

*Honourable B. W. Crowninshield,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington.*

List of Killed and wounded on board the United States' frigate Constitution, of forty-four guns (mounting thirty-two twenty-four pounders, and twenty thirty-two pound carronades), on the 20th February, 1815, in action with his Britannic majesty's ships Cyane and Levant.

Killed—3. Wounded—12. Total—15.

*Statement of the actual force of his Britannic majesty's ships **Levant**, captain the honourable George Douglas, commander; and **Cyane**, captain Gordon Falcon, commander, with the number killed and wounded on board each ship, on the 20th February, 1815, as near as could be ascertained, while engaged with the United States' frigate **Constitution**.*

Levant.

18 thirty-two-pounders, carronades.

1 twelve-pounder, do.

2 nine-pounders, long guns.

21 guns, 156 officers, seamen, and marines.

Prisoners, 133 officers, seamen, and marines.

Killed—23. Wounded—16. Total killed and wounded—39.

Cyane.

22 thirty-two-pounders, carronades.

10 eighteen pounders, do.

2 twelve-pounders, long guns.

34 guns, 180 officers, seamen, and marines.

2 brass swivels.

Prisoners, 168 officers, seamen, and marines.

Killed—12. Wounded—26. Total killed and wounded—38.

*Minutes of the action between the United States' frigate **Constitution**, and his Britannic majesty's ships **Cyane** and **Levant**, on the 20th February, 1815.*

Commences with light breezes from the east, and cloudy weather; at 1, discovered a sail two points on the larboard bow; hauled up and made sail in chase; at a quarter past 1, made the sail to be a ship; at three quarters past 1, discovered another sail a-head; made them out at 2 P. M. to be both ships, standing close hauled, with their starboard tacks on board; at 4 P. M. the weathermost ship made signals, and bore up for her consort, then about ten miles to leeward; we bore up after her, and set lower, topmast, top-gallant, and royal studdingsails in chase; at half past 4, carried away our main-royalmast; took in the sails and got another prepared; at 5 P. M. commenced firing on the chase from our two larboard bow guns; our shot falling short, ceased firing; at half past 5, finding it impossible to prevent their junction, cleared ship for action, then about four miles from the two ships; at forty minutes after 5, they passed within hail of each other, and hauled by the wind, on the starboard tack, hauled up their courses, and prepared to receive us; at forty-five minutes past 5, they made all sail close hauled by the wind, in hopes of getting to windward of us, at fifty-five minutes past 5, finding themselves disappointed in their object, and we were closing with them fast, they shortened sail, and formed on a line of wind, about half a cable's length from each other. At 6 P. M., having them under command of our battery, hoisted our colours, which was answered by both ships hoisting English ensigns; at five minutes past 6 ranged up on the starboard side of the sternmost ship, about 300 yards distant, and commenced the action by broadsides, both ships returning our fire with great spirit for about fifteen minutes; then the fire of the enemy beginning to slacken, and the great column of smoke collected under our lee, induced us to cease our fire, to ascertain their positions and conditions; in about three minutes, the smoke clearing away, we found ourselves abreast of the headmost ship,

the sternmost ship luffing up for our larboard quarter; we poured a broadside into the headmost ship, and then braced aback our main and mizen-topsails, and backed astern, under cover of the smoke. abreast the sternmost ship, when the action was continued with spirit and considerable effect, until thirty-five minutes past 6, when the enemy's fire again slackened, and we discovered the headmost bearing up; filled our topsails, shot ahead, and gave her two stern rakes; we then discovered the sternmost ship wearing also; wore ship immediately after her, and gave her a stern rake, she luffing too on our starboard bow, and giving us her larboard broadside; we ranged up on her larboard quarter, within hail, and was about to give her our starboard broadside, when she struck her colours. fired a lee gun, and yielded. At fifty minutes past 6, took possession of his Britannic majesty's ship *Cyane*, captain Gordon Falcon, mounting thirty-four guns. At 3 P. M. filled away after her consort, which was still in sight to leeward. At half past 8, found her standing towards us, with her starboard tacks close hauled, with top-gallant sails set and colours flying. At fifty minutes past 8, ranged close alongside, to windward of her, on opposite tacks, and exchanged broadsides: wore immediately under her stern, and raked her with a broadside; she then crowded all sail, and endeavoured to escape by running; hauled on board our tacks, set spanker, and flying-jib in chase. At half past 9, commenced firing on her from our starboard bow chaser; gave her several shot, which cut her spars and rigging considerably. At 10 P. M. finding they could not escape, fired a gun, struck her colours, and yielded. We immediately took possession of his Britannic majesty's ship *Levant*, honourable captain George Douglas, mounting twenty-one guns. At 1 A. M. the damages of our rigging was repaired, sails shifted, and the ship in fighting condition.

Minutes of the chase of the United States' frigate Constitution, by an English squadron of three ships, from out the harbour of Port Praya, Island of St. Jago.

Commences with fresh breezes and thick foggy weather. At five minutes past 12, discovered a large ship through the fog, standing in for Port Praya. At eight minutes past 12 discovered two other large ships astern of her, also standing in for the port. From their general appearance, supposed them to be one of the enemy's squadrons, and from the little respect hitherto paid by them to neutral waters, I deemed it most prudent to put to sea. The signal was made to the *Cyane* and *Levant* to get under weigh. At 12 A. M. with our topsails set, we cut our cable, and got under weigh (when the Portuguese opened a fire on us from several of their batteries on shore), the prize-ships following our motions, and stood out of the harbour of Port Praya, close under East Point, passing the enemy's squadron about gun-shot to windward of them; crossed our top-gallant yards and set foresail, mainsail, spanker, flying-jib, and top-gallant sails. The enemy seeing us under weigh, tacked ship and made all sail in chase of us. As far as we could judge of their rates, from the thickness of the weather, supposed them two ships of the line and one frigate. At half past meridian, cut away the boats towing astern, first cutter and gig. At 1 P. M. found our sailing about equal with the ships on our lee quarter; but the frigate luffing up, gaining our wake, and rather dropping astern of us, finding the *Cyane* dropping astern and to leeward, and the frigate gaining on her fast, I found it impossible to save her if she continued on the same course, without having the *Constitution* brought to action by their whole force. I made the signal at ten minutes

past 1 P. M. to her to tack ship, which was complied with. This manoeuvre, I conceived, would detach one of the enemy's ships in pursuit of her, while at the same time, from her position, she would be enabled to reach the anchorage at Port Praya, before the detached ship could come up with her; but if they did not tack after her, it would afford her an opportunity to double their rear, and make her escape before the wind. They all continued in full chase of the *Levant* and this ship; the ship on our lee quarter firing, by division, broadsides, her shot falling short of us. At 3 P. M. by our having dropped the *Levant* considerably, her situation became (from the position of the enemy's frigate) similar to the *Cyane's*. It became necessary to separate also from the *Levant*, or risk this ship being brought to action to cover her. I made the signal at five minutes past 3, for her to tack, which was complied with. At twelve minutes past 3, the whole of the enemy's squadron tacked in pursuit of the *Levant*, and gave up the pursuit of this ship. This sacrifice of the *Levant* became necessary for the preservation of the *Constitution*. Sailing-master Hixon, midshipman Varnum, one boatswain's mate and 12 men, were absent on duty in the fifth cutter, to bring the cartel brig under our stern.

CAPTURE OF THE PENGUIN.

Copy of a letter from Captain Biddle to Commodore Decatur, dated United States' Sloop Hornet, off Tristan d'Acunha, March 25, 1815.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to inform you, that, on the morning of the 23 instant, at half past ten, when about to anchor off the north end of the island of Tristan d'Acunha, a sail was seen to the southward and eastward, steering to the westward, the wind fresh from the south-south-west. In a few minutes she had passed on to the westward, so that we could not see her for the land. I immediately made sail for the westward, and shortly after, getting in sight of her again, perceived her to bear up before the wind. I hove too for her to come down to us. When she had approached near, I filled the main-topsail, and continued to yaw the ship, while she continued to come down, wearing occasionally to prevent her passing under our stern. At 1, 40, P. M. being within nearly musket-shot distance, she hauled her wind on the starboard tack, hoisted English colours, and fired a gun. We immediately luffed too, hoisted our ensign, and gave the enemy a broadside. The action being thus commenced, a quick and well-directed fire was kept up from this ship, the enemy gradually drifting nearer to us, when at 1, 55 minutes, he bore up, apparently to run us on board. As soon as I perceived he would certainly fall on board, I called the boarders, so as to be ready to repel any attempt to board us. At the instant every officer and man repaired to the quarter-deck, where the two vessels were coming into contact, and eagerly pressed me to permit them to board the enemy; but this I would not permit, as it was evident, from the commencement of the action, that our fire was greatly superior, both in quickness and effect. The enemy's bowsprit came in between our main and mizen rigging, on our starboard side, affording him an opportunity to board us, if such was his design; but no attempt was made. There was a considerable swell on, and as the sea lifted us ahead, the enemy's bowsprit carried away our mizen shrouds, stern-davits, and spanker-boom, and he hung upon our larboard quarter. At this moment an officer, who was afterwards recognized to be Mr.

McDonald, the first lieutenant, and the then commanding officer, called out that they had surrendered. I directed the marines and musketry-men to cease firing, and, while on the taffrail, asking if they had surrendered, I received a wound in the neck. The enemy just then got clear of us, and his foremast and bowsprit being both gone, and perceiving us wearing to give him a fresh broadside, he again called out that he had surrendered. It was with difficulty I could restrain my crew from firing into him again, as he had certainly fired into us after having surrendered. From the firing of the first gun, to the last time the enemy cried out he had surrendered, was exactly twenty-two minutes by the watch. She proved to be his Britannic majesty's brig *Penguin*, mounting 16 thirty-two-pound carronades, two long twelves, and a twelve-pound carronade on the top-gallant fore-castle, with swivels on the capstern in the tops. She had a spare port forward, so as to fight both her long guns of a side. She sailed from England in September last. She was shorter upon deck than this ship by two feet, but she had a greater length of keel, greater breadth of beam, thicker sides, and higher bulwarks, than this ship, and was in all respects a remarkably fine vessel of her class. The enemy acknowledge a complement of 132; 12 of them supernumerary marines, from the *Medway* 74, received on board in consequence of their having been ordered to cruise for the American privateer, *Young Wasp*. They acknowledge, also, a loss of 14 killed, and 28 wounded; but Mr. Mayo, who was in charge of the prize, assures me that the number of killed was certainly greater. Among the killed is captain Dickenson, who fell at the close of the action, and the boatswain; among the wounded is the second lieutenant, purser, and two midshipmen; each of the midshipmen lost a leg. We received on board, in all, 118 prisoners, four of whom have since died of their wounds. Having removed the prisoners, and taken on board such provisions and stores as would be useful to us, I scuttled the *Penguin*, this morning before day-light, and she went down. As she was completely riddled by our shot, her foremast and bowsprit both gone, and her mainmast so crippled as to be incapable of being secured, it seemed unadvisable, at this distance from home, to attempt sending her to the United States.

This ship did not receive a single round shot in her hull, nor any material wound in her spars; the rigging and sails were very much cut: but having bent a new suit of sails, and knotted and secured our rigging, we are now completely ready, in all respects, for any service. We were eight men short of complement, and had nine upon the sick list the morning of the action.

Inclosed is a list of killed and wounded. I lament to state that lieutenant Conner is wounded dangerously. I feel great solicitude on his account, as he is an officer of much promise, and his loss would be a serious loss to the service.

It is a most pleasing part of my duty to acquaint you, that the conduct of lieutenants Conner and Newton, Mr. Mayo, acting-lieutenant, Brownlow of the marines, sailing-master Bonney, and the other officers, seamen and marines I have the honour to command, was in the highest degree creditable to them, and calls for my warmest recommendation. I cannot indeed do justice to their merits. The satisfaction which was diffused throughout the ship, when it was ascertained that the stranger was an enemy's sloop of war, and the alacrity with which every one repaired to quarters, fully assured me that their conduct in action would be marked with coolness and intrepidity.

I have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant,

J. BIDDLE.

CAPTURE OF THE PRESIDENT FRIGATE.

Copy of a letter from Commodore Decatur to the Secretary of the Navy, dated his Britannic majesty's ship Endymion, at sea, January 18, 1815.

SIR,

THE painful duty of detailing to you the particular causes which preceded and led to the capture of the late United States' frigate *President*, by a squadron of his Britannic majesty's ships (as per margin), has devolved upon me. In my communication of the 14th, I made known to you my intention of proceeding to sea on that evening. Owing to some mistake of the pilots, the ship, in going out, grounded on the bar, where she continued to strike heavily for an hour and a half: although she had broken several of her rudder braces, and had received such other material injury as to render her return into port desirable, I was unable to do so from the strong westerly wind which was then blowing. It being now high water, it became necessary to force her over the bar before the tide fell. In this we succeeded by 10 o'clock, when we shaped our course along the shore of Long Island for fifty miles, and then steered S. E. by E. At 5 o'clock, three ships were discovered a head: we immediately hauled up the ship, and passed two miles to the northward of them. At daylight we discovered four ships in chase, one on each quarter, and two astern—the leading ship of the enemy a *razee*. She commenced a fire upon us; but without effect. At meridian, the wind became light and baffling: we had increased our distance from the *razee*, but the next ship astern, which was also a large ship, had gained, and continued to gain upon us considerably. We immediately occupied all hands to lighten ship, by starting water, cutting away the anchors, throwing overboard provisions, cables, spare spars, boats, and every article that could be got at, keeping the sails wet from the royals down. At 3, we had the wind quite light: the enemy, who had now been joined by a brig, had a strong breeze, and were coming up with us rapidly. The *Endymion* (mounting 50 guns, twenty-four-pounders on the main-deck) had now approached us within gun-shot, and had commenced a fire with her bow guns, which we returned from our stern. At 5 o'clock, she had obtained a position on our starboard quarter, within half point blank shot, on which neither our stern nor quarter guns would bear. We were now steering E. by N. the wind N. W. I remained with her in this position for half an hour, in the hope that she would close with us on our broadside; in which case I had prepared my crew to board; but, from his continuing to yaw his ship to maintain his position, it became evident that to close was not his intention. Every fire now cut some of our sails or rigging.

To have continued our course, under these circumstances, would have been placing it in his power to cripple us, without being subject to injury himself, and to have hauled up more to the northward, to bring our stern guns to bear, would have exposed us to his raking fire. It was now dusk, when I determined to alter my course south, for the purpose of bringing the enemy abeam; and, although their ships astern were drawing up fast, I felt satisfied I should be enabled to throw him out of the combat before they could come up, and was not without hopes if the night proved dark (of which there was every appearance), that I might still be enabled to effect my escape. Our opponent kept off at the same instant we did, and our fire commenced at the same time. We continued engaged, steering

south, with steeringsails set, two hours and a half, when we completely succeeded in dis-masting her. Previously to her dropping entirely out of the action, there were intervals of minutes when the ship was broad-side and broadside, in which she did not fire a gun. At this period (half past eight o'clock), although dark, the other ships of the squadron were in sight, and almost within gun-shot. We were of course compelled to abandon her. In resuming our former course, for the purpose of avoiding the squadron, we were compelled to present our stern to our antagonist; but such was his state, though we were thus exposed, and within range of his guns, for half an hour, that he did not avail himself of this favourable opportunity of raking us. We continued this course until 11 o'clock, when two fresh ships of the enemy (the Pomona and Tebedos) had come up. The Pomona had opened her fire on the larboard bow, within musket-shot; the other about two cables' length astern, taking a raking position on our quarter; and the rest (with the exception of the Enlymion) within gun-shot. Thus situated, with about one-fifth of my crew killed and wounded, my ship crippled, and a more than four-fold force opposed to me, without a chance of escape left, I deemed it my duty to surrender.

It is with emotions of pride I bear testimony to the gallantry and steadiness of every officer and man I had the honour to command on this occasion; and I feel satisfied that the fact of their having beaten a force equal to themselves, in the presence, and almost under the guns of so vastly a superior force, when, too, it was almost self-evident, that, whatever their exertions might be, they must ultimately be captured, will be taken as evidence of what they would have performed, had the force opposed to them been in any degree equal.

It is with extreme pain I have to inform you, that lieutenants Babbit, Hamilton, and Howell, fell in the action. They have left no officers of superior merit behind them.

If, sir, the issue of this affair had been fortunate, I should have felt it my duty to have recommended to your attention lieutenants Shubrick and Gallagher. They maintained throughout the day the reputation they had acquired in former actions.

Lieutenant Twiggs, of the marines, displayed great zeal; his men were well supplied, and their fire incomparable, so long as the enemy continued within musket-range.

Midshipman Randolph, who had charge of the fore-castle division, managed it to my entire satisfaction.

From Mr. Robinson, who was serving as a volunteer, I received essential aid, particularly after I was deprived of the services of the master, and the severe loss I had sustained in my officers on the quarter-deck.

Of our loss in killed and wounded, I am unable at present to give you a correct statement: the attention of the surgeon being so entirely occupied with the wounded, that he was unable to make out a correct return when I left the President, nor shall I be able to make it until our arrival in port, we having parted company with the squadron yesterday. The inclosed list, with the exception I fear of its being short of the number, will be found correct.

For twenty-four hours after the action it was nearly calm, and the squadron were occupied in repairing the crippled ships. Such of the crew of the President as were not badly wounded, were put on board the different ships: myself and a part of my crew were put on board this ship. On the 17th we had a gale from the eastward, in which this ship lost her bowsprit, fore and mainmasts, and mizen-topmast, all of which were badly wounded, and was, in consequence of her disabled condition, obliged to

throw overboard all her upper deck guns. Her loss in killed and wounded must have been very great. I have not been able to ascertain the extent. Ten were buried after I came on board (36 hours after the action). The badly wounded, such as are obliged to keep their cots, occupy the starboard side of the gun-deck, from the cabin bulk-head to the main-mast. From the crippled state of the President's spars, I feel satisfied she could not have saved her masts; and I feel serious apprehensions for the safety of our wounded left on board.

It is due to captain Hope to state, that every attention has been paid by him to myself and officers that have been placed on board his ship, that delicacy and humanity could dictate.

I have the honour to be,

With much respect, sir,

Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN DECATUR.

Hon. Benjamin W. Crowninshield,
Secretary of the Navy.

British squadron referred to in the letter.

Majestic razee; Endymion, Pomone and Tenedos frigates; and the Dispatch brig.

List of killed and wounded on board the United States' frigate President.
Killed—24. Wounded—55.

Extract of a letter from Commodore Stephen Decatur to the Secretary of the Navy, dated New York, March 6th, 1815.

'In my official letter of the 18th January, I omitted to state, that a considerable number of my killed and wounded was from the fire of the Pomone, and that the Endymion had on board, in addition to her own crew, one lieutenant, one master's mate, and 50 men, belonging to the Saturn, and, when the action ceased, was left motionless and unmanageable until she bent new sails, rove new rigging, and fished her spars: nor did she join the squadron for six hours after the action, and three hours after the surrender of the President. My sword was delivered to captain Hays, of the Majestic, the senior officer of the squadron, on his quarter-deck; which he with great politeness immediately returned. I have the honour to inclose you my parole, by which you will perceive the British admit that the President was captured by the squadron. I should have deemed it unnecessary to have drawn your attention to this document, had not the fact been stated differently by the Bermuda Gazette, on our arrival there; which statement, however, the editor was compelled to retract, through the interference of the governor, and some of the British officers of the squadron.

'The great assiduity of Dr. Trevett, and surgeon's mates, Dix and Wickes, to the wounded, merit the highest approbation. The only officer badly wounded is mid-shipman Richard Dale, who lost a leg—a circumstance to be particularly regretted, as he is a young man possessed of every quality to make a distinguished officer.'

EXTRACTS.

De l'Etat présent de l'Europe, et de l'accord entre la Légimité et la Systeme Représentatif. Par M. CHARLES THEREMIN.— Liberi sensi in simplici parole. Paris, chez Plancher, Editeur; et Delaunay, Palais-Royal, 1816. 8vo. pp. 214.

[From the Critical Review.]

THE French have always shown themselves the best theoretical, and the worst practical statesmen; the history of their writers affords a long list of most able and eminent men, who have enlarged upon the general principles of government, in a subdued spirit of liberty, and a pure spirit of wisdom: while the history of their country, on the other hand, supplies still more numerous examples of the abandonment, or rather of the disregard, of the plainest maxims of justice and prudence. It cannot, certainly, be said, that this mal-administration of public affairs has been the consequence of the admirable rules laid down, though it may, perhaps, be truly asserted, that these admirable rules have resulted from the mal-administration: that they have not hitherto been carried into effect, is to be attributed to several causes; but the very circumstance of the absence of enlightened principles, in the executive departments, and the inconveniences and suffering produced by that absence, naturally led the minds of reflecting men to the consideration of the best means by which they might be avoided, or remedied, in a different state of things. It has been a common remark, that the best writers upon the British constitution, have not been found among those who were in the tranquil enjoyment of its shelter and blessings; but among those, who, viewing the structure at a distance, were better able to contemplate it in the wholeness of its beauty, and to estimate the accordance of its parts, and the harmony of its proportions.

The theoretical excellence of which we have spoken, in a considerable degree, applies to the work of *M. Theremin*; the title of which, "The Agreement between Legitimacy and Representation," will be perfectly understood in this country, where the benefits of this union have happily long been experienced, but will not be quite as comprehensible in France; where, for a protracted series of years, legitimacy and despotism were nearly synonymous. The King of France has now no easy task to perform in practically establishing, for the first time, the admitted distinction.

In the preface to the work before us, the author is extremely anxious to impress upon his readers, that though a native of France, he writes as a citizen of the world: that he has thrown off the

amour propre, (an individual term, which the French nation, exclusively, has applied nationally,) which his countrymen almost proverbially feel;—that he writes “dans un esprit Européen,” as a friend to the rational liberty of the people, and an equal friend to the rights of sovereigns. If *M. Theremin* really believes that, in the course of his work, he has proceeded upon this enlarged plan, he labours under one of those self-deceptions to which the *amour propre* was likely to lead him; for, as before the French Revolution, legitimacy and despotism were synonymous, so now, after the expulsion of Buonaparte, we apprehend that royalty and impartiality are to be understood in France in the same signification. Even if the author could persuade himself that he has been impartial, he must know that in the present state of his country, with the restrictions and visitations the press is liable to, it would be next to impossible that any work should be printed, which did not tend to promote the cause of the legitimacy of the sovereign, as contra-distinguished from the cause of the representation of the subject. Upon this point we well recollect the language of Mr. Whitbread, only a few days before his melancholy end:—“That these were dangerous times for the liberties of nations;—that by the military power of legitimate sovereigns, the will of a whole people had been stifled and overcome, and that the only chance for continental freedom was the establishment of a free press.” We register these as the dying words of a man who, though sometimes hurried too far by a generous impetuosity, was, indeed, the true friend of royalty, by being the true friend of liberty; and, until his prayers upon this subject are accomplished in France, we shall constantly see published there, books like the present, written by a man of talents, and of a comprehensive mind, but intended, under the appearance of impartiality, to accomplish only the purposes of a particular set of individuals. The Emperor *Alexander Severus* is reported to have wisely said, that he more dreaded one able writer, than an army of soldiers; for, independently of the immediate influence of the pen, it inflicted an incurable wound, even in the memory of kings. The same apprehension is felt by Louis XVIII. but he takes a far different method to avoid the censure, and to prevent the advice of his subjects. How admirably does one of our great unknown poets speak upon the importance of this wise and free counsel to a sovereign, who wishes to remain securely on his throne.

“ ————— I have found that counsels
 Held to the line of justice, still produce
 The surest states and greatest, being sure;—
 Without which fit assurance in the greatest,
 As you may see a mighty promontory
 More digg'd and under-eaten than may warrant
 A safe supportance to his shaggy brows,
 All passengers avoid him, shun all ground
 That lies within his shadow, and bears still
 A flying eye upon him.—So great men

Corrupted in their grounds, and building out
 Too swelling fronts for their foundations,
 When most they should be propt are most forsaken;
 And men will rather thrust into the stormes
 Of better grounded states, than take a shelter
 Beneath their ruinous and fearful weight:
 Yet they so oversee their faulty bases,
 That they remain securer in conceit."

Chapman's Byron's Conspiracy, A. 4.

It is only those who are placed lower in the state than the king, that can give him warning of the decay of the foundation of his throne, and that warning is only effectually to be communicated by the liberty of unlicensed printing;—"for this is not liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth;—that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained, that wise men look for;" says Milton in his well known treatise, the object of which is to show, that these benefits can result only from a free press.

Perhaps we have said more than necessary upon this point, but it was called for by the vain boast of perfect impartiality made by *M. Theremin*. We will now proceed to give some extracts from his work. The "Introduction" is occupied by various general remarks upon the nature of the public mind; the tendency of which remarks is to show, that though its impulses may sometimes produce beneficial consequences, as in the case of the French Revolution, yet that they are generally to be repressed as injurious. Next, he traces the progress of civilization from the treaty of Westphalia;—first, the religious controversies that followed;—next, the improvement in arts and sciences;—and, thirdly, the advancement of literature. With considerable ingenuity he endeavours to prove, that though the people of France were imposed upon in the Revolution, and had since been conquered by their enemies, their national pride ought not in any degree to suffer, since, even in their misfortunes, they had dictated the fate of Europe, and had opened the eyes of the nations of the continent, to the value of the representative system. After remarking, that the question had been between a pure and a mixt, or between an absolute and a constitutional monarchy, he adds,

'This question has been decided for almost all nations by the French Revolution,—according to the original signification of that term; and representative monarchy is, at present, the unanimous wish of every people, either tacitly or openly expressed. France has given the first movement, by taking refuge in this secure port.—or rather by being conducted into it by her conquerors; while, England in another quarter, presents a durable example of the stability of government under this form, and of the superiority,—of the happiness of the people which has adopted it.—so much that absolute monarchy will no longer be tolerable, except upon the condition of its being strenuously and constantly opposed. Nations now

demand constitutions, or sovereigns, that are the offspring of principles which have their origin in the present age.' p. 21.

Soon afterwards he observes, 'that the era of representative government has arrived: it has been established in France under the auspices of sovereigns, who for the most part, have not themselves adopted that species of government.' This is a singular contradiction, which the people of France cannot but observe, that while all the monarchs of Europe, sword in hand, have been compelling her, as M. Theremin admits, to accept this form of government, compounded of legitimacy and representation, not one of them has taken a single step to communicate its advantages, great as they contend them to be, to their own subjects. In the next chapter, the author considers what species of liberty is best adapted to the modern state of Europe; and he here examines, with some minuteness, the representative system as established in England, committing, however, a few errors as to the practical part of the subject; viz. the mode in which debates are conducted in parliament; and borrowing the theory mainly from Montesquieu and Hume. In this, and the succeeding discussion on party and faction, M. Theremin evinces great knowledge of the facts, and of the philosophy of the history of Great Britain. His remarks upon the legitimacy of kings are worth extracting.

'The question of legitimacy is a new question; and strictly speaking there is no occasion to stir or discuss it,—for nobody disputes legitimacy. It would, perhaps, be better, therefore, to suffer its quiescence in the obscurity which renders it sacred and a thing not to be touched. The principle of legitimacy has in truth, been once attacked,—but it was in a practical way only: or rather the attack was an anomaly peculiar to one nation, and therefore cannot involve any consequence applicable to others. But the principle has never been attacked in speculation:—nobody has ever attempted to establish the contrary doctrine. And what is the doctrine contrary to legitimacy? It is, that the most worthy individual in the nation has a right to inherit the throne, to the exclusion of the reigning family. Folly itself never went so far as this. We speak indeed of a republic,—a thing, however, very different from this, and which leaves untouched the rights of legitimacy, as rights equally inviolable with all other hereditary rights. No one has ever pretended that the establishment of the Republic in America, or of that in France, was an attack upon the legitimacy of sovereigns in general. The system of legitimacy can never be attacked except by the system of usurpation.

'We must remount very high in modern history to find usurpers who have succeeded in establishing a dynasty which time has legitimated:—such things happened only in the barbarous age, when the people had no opinions, and when whatever was, was right. Probably Cromwell never intended to form a new dynasty; and if Buonaparte realized such a project, we must attribute the fact to the singular audacity of his character;—an audacity which, it must be considered also, was sustained by circumstances of equal singularity. But his elevation was never considered by himself or by those who recognized him, in any other light than an exception to the general fact;—and it was in this very circumstance that he placed all the glory of which he boasted. Puffed up by his first success, he wished to establish his brothers and his marshals upon the thrones

of Europe. This was a real attack upon legitimacy by conquest; and it was this circumstance that created at Vienna the discussions started by a statesman, which founded the doctrine of legitimacy. In truth, the nation of Europe never cordially seconded the enterprises of Bonaparte; and looked with an unfavourable eye upon his strange novelties. They are imbued, time out of mind, with the principles of legitimacy, as belonging to that class of rights which we consider as hereditary. They have seen elective thrones totter and fall before their eyes, and have contracted a high idea of hereditary right;---by means of which, sovereignty, says a modern author, being perpetuated with the perpetuation of the human race, continues in an insensible course, without which it would be necessary to go back a long step at each generation,---*a chaque generation remonter, un aussi grand ressort.* And above all they have never been able to see in a general covered with glory, or in the most distinguished citizen, an immediate successor to a throne,---even if that throne has been inadequately filled. To see a crown bestowed upon a man born a subject, or upon any individual who is not the presumptive heir, is repugnant to all their habitual ways of thinking. Whenever they have received foreign sovereigns they have only submitted to force, and unanimously regarded such reigns as merely temporary.' p. 62.

We can by no means concur with this author in the opinion, we have already quoted, that the era of representative governments has arrived; nor do we think that the events that have recently taken place on the continent are likely at all to promote that object. It is true, that we, and the rest of the nations of Europe, have seen France suffering under the inflictions of military despotism; we and they have felt our share of the inconvenience; but, in order to destroy it, has not each country, opposed to it, been under the necessity, more or less, of erecting itself into a military power? The French were to be met and conquered only by their own weapons; and although Great Britain, less than Prussia, Germany, or Russia, may have been compelled to convert herself into a military power, (which, more or less, is always a military despotism,) yet, she has, to a certain degree, changed the nature of her government; and, upon the whole, there is much more reason to fear that the era of military dominion has approached, and has been brought about by the French Revolution, than that Europe has by late events made any material progress towards a general representative system. For ourselves, we confess, we should fear little upon this point, were it not for external circumstances; and as it is, we are not very apprehensive for the great result. The natural odium of the people of England for military establishments, did it depend upon themselves only, would soon reduce our form of government into its original wholesome form; but if the states of Europe keep up large armies, how is it possible, even with all our insular advantages, to avoid the maintenance, at least, of such a proportion as is calculated to meet the exigencies of the times? *M. Theremin* seems to congratulate his countrymen upon a speedy diminution of the liberties of Englishmen on this account.

'The English nation, which now begins to be so much pleased with military spectacles, is manifestly upon the watch to introduce a change in its cha-

acter, and consequently in its constitution. What could not be done by the victories of Marlborough, those of Wellington may do; for the laurels gathered on the continent now flourish in England, equally with, or to the detriment of, those gathered on the ocean, which is her legitimate domain. After having achieved victories of so high importance,—victories of which England never gained the like before,—since, with all the other advantages, they insure her one of the first ranks in the military powers of Europe,—it is to be feared that she will engage too much in continental ambition; and suffer her government to become military. Liberty will then be destroyed; for we are not apt to esteem at home what we have contributed to destroy abroad; and all conquering nations have ended in being subdued by the very same arms which served to achieve their conquests.’ p. 115.

The chapter devoted to a consideration of the state of France, is occupied in assigning reasons why the people are averse to any interference in politics, according to the assertion of Machiavel—*Gli Francesi non intendano niente dello Stato*; which is true of them as a nation, but very untrue if applied individually, as we have stated in the commencement of this article. The author’s observations on the *Republique politique Europeenne*, and on *la Monarchie universelle*, are very able; but to extract any considerable portion of them would exceed our limits, and we can find no distinct passages that will be properly understood without its relation to, and connexion with others, unless it be the following on the universal monarchy, to which it is asserted England aspires.

‘This phenomenon, which we have twice seen in history, is now realized before our eyes. England ‘tends’ to universal monarchy by her commerce, as conquering Rome did by her institutions, and as catholic Rome does by her religion,—or rather she has already obtained it. Universal monarchies are established,—not by arms,—but by opinions. When opinions are united to the interests of men, and are managed with skill and perseverance, they become a means of universal power. England would never have established her present universal monarchy, unless she had been the mistress of that knowledge which is the most indispensable to the wealth and power of nations,—the knowledge, namely, of commerce and of industry. She is like a instructress who rules the ‘ignorants’ that have all to learn from her, and to whom she is capable of teaching every thing. It is natural that she should enrich and aggrandize herself by the means which she owes to herself alone. It is not by wars,—as France supposed; nor is it by treaties,—according to Catharine’s policy,—that we are to overthrow an universal monarchy, which has its foundation in superior intelligence:—it is by acquiring the science of commerce and of industry. England reigns by her intellectual force, —because we constantly stand in need of her. We ought to aim only at things which we see are feasible, and never to undertake an attack till we are in possession of the appropriate means. We must learn from England how to vanquish, as she learned from Napoleon how to fight. In this second case victory is as certain as it had been in the first. Such is the advantage of inventors, that they can only be conquered by their own arms, and are only to be surpassed by imitating themselves. Every other means is pernicious to this assailant; and the defender smiles at his impotent efforts, as merely the blindfold blows of ignorance.’ p. 149.

The great object of M. Theremin is, as we stated in the outset, to recommend to the people of France an acquiescence in the principle of the legitimacy of sovereigns, on condition of receiving on their part a grant of the right of representation. We think that the principal error he commits is, in supposing that the people of France, after their revolution, their military despotism, and their subjugation, are in a condition to receive a constitution in all respects similar to that of Great Britain. We apprehend that nothing can be more true than this position, that the more a nation is reduced in the scale of freedom, and the more it has been debased by tyranny, the more it may be in need of relief, but the less it is capable of receiving it to the full extent. For this reason, we believe that, at present, it would neither be conducive to the happiness of the natives of France, nor to the security of Europe, if liberty, precisely in the proportion it was enjoyed in this country in our best times, were given: they are, in truth, not prepared for it; and even if some injustice be shown in deciding the limit, we think that the evil will be less than would result from the disregard of all limitation.

Tracts Relative to the Island of St. Helena; written during a Residence of five Years. By Major-General Alexander Beatson, late Governor, &c. Illustrated with Views. 4to. 1816. pp. 418. G. and W. Nicol.

[From the British Review.]

The 'Tracts' before us are chiefly designed to give a natural history of the island; a view of its geology or mineralogy; its indigenous productions; its soil, climate, and seasons; its capacities of improvement, and its singular strength and security as a military station. The writer, major-general Beatson, was well qualified to enter upon the subject, having a competent acquaintance with general physiology, and a strong attachment to agricultural pursuits. He was for some years Governor of St. Helena; and during that time was laudably engaged in inciting the settlers to a general improvement of his little colony. The present work, therefore, may be regarded as a kind of history of his administration in a domestic sense—of the scene that lay before him, and the incidents by which it was diversified.

'In a book entitled "Tracts," I did not deem it necessary to touch upon the history of St. Helena: I wished also to preserve uniformity, by confining this work *wholly* to subjects that have never yet appeared before the public; and to prevent enlarging it beyond the bounds I had prescribed. To those who are desirous of information upon the localities of the island, from the period of its discovery to the year 1807, I beg to recommend to their perusal Mr. Brooke's history of St. Helena, published in 1803; which is drawn from the most authentic sources, and is replete with accurate information.'

‘In attempting to introduce improvements upon an island where the arts of agriculture were little understood, where the lands were cultivated by manual labour, without the aid of animals, and where prejudices in favour of old customs were strong, it was obvious there could be no hope of amendment without evidence of successful examples. It was therefore necessary to have recourse to experiments. Ploughs and other implements were introduced; the labouring population was increased by the introduction of about three hundred Chinese; and an improved system of husbandry was carried on, under the direction of an experienced Norfolk farmer. But it was a long time before the generality of the islanders would even look at these improvements. They regarded them as “mere foolishness;” said “they might do very well in England; but that in a mountainous country the plough could never answer; that their forefathers had done very well with the hoe, and they saw no use or necessity for these new things.” At length, however, when they did perceive the facility with which extensive fields were broken up; the rapidity with which they were prepared by the plough, and the excellent crops of potatoes and corn that were raised, they acknowledged the superiority of English farming; and many of the most respectable soon afterwards followed the same example.’ (Preface, p. viii—x.)

We cannot concede to General Beatson the impropriety of touching upon the discovery and political history of the island in the present work, merely because he has chosen to entitle it “*Tracts relative to St. Helena.*” He might as well have furnished us with *tracts* relative to its political connexions as to its agricultural improvements and scenery. The discovery and political history of the island are interwoven with many of the most important incidents of the political history of modern Europe, and are equally interesting and instructive. They are to be sought for indeed in various sources, and through various countries, for St. Helena has successively passed through the hands of almost all the more adventurous maritime powers of Europe; and hence the scattered fragments of its annals are to be collected from Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, and French, as well as from English writers—from Castira, Faria y Sousa, Tavernier, and the voyages of Roggewein and Hackluyt, as well as from the official records of the island since it has been in possession of our own country; from Forster, Brooke, and an analytical description of it published anonymously in 1805.

The discovery of the island of St. Helena followed within three years and a half the important discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope. The good fortune and adventurous spirit of Bartholomew Diaz first traced out the promontory in 1486, which from the tremendous storms he there encountered he called *the Cape of Tempests*, a name which was soon afterwards exchanged by John II. of Portugal for that which it bears at present, from the prospect it afforded him of opening a maritime path to India.—Diaz, however, proceeded no further, intimidated by the darkness and tempests with which he found himself surrounded, and believing that he had reached the boundary of the world. It was in 1497 that the Cape was first doubled by the intrepid De Gama; and on May 21, 1501, the anniversary of the birth day of St. Hel-

na, the mother of Constantine, the picturesque island under consideration was discovered by the Portuguese admiral John de Nova, on his retreat from the Indian seas.

John de Nova, who discovered St. Helena in 1501, was at that period a commodore under De Gama, and appears to have been a commander of great intelligence and intrepidity. When first discovered, the productions of this island appeared to be but few and of little value. The interior of the island was one entire forest chiefly composed of the gum-wood tree, which flaunted over its loftiest steeps, and overhanging precipices. Lichens of various kinds, wire-grass, samphire, and salsola, were its principal herbaceous plants; and seals, sea-fowls, sea-lions, and turtle, its principal if not its only inhabitants. The Portuguese abandoned it as unworthy of attention, and its first cultivation was produced by an incident that ought not to remain unnoticed. During the government of the celebrated Alphonzo Albuquerque, several of his officers were seduced by the native princes of Deccan to desert the standard of their country, and abjure their religion. Upon these rebels and apostates he determined to take ample revenge; and having defeated the army of Rosto Mocus, the Indian commander, on the Malabar coast, he made it one of the articles of capitulation that the renegadoes should be surrendered. This was complied with upon condition that their lives should be spared. Albuquerque conceded indeed their lives, but he so mutilated their persons as to render their lives rather a misfortune than a blessing: he cut off their noses, ears, right hands, and the little finger of the left; and in this degraded and mangled state shipped them off for their native country. To the feelings of Ferdinandez Lopez, one of the sufferers, a Portuguese nobleman of high spirit and cultivated mind, such a return was worse than death: he preferred a voluntary exile, and in 1513 was, at his own request, landed at St. Helena with a few negro slaves. Such were the first human inhabitants of the island. The vengeance of the Portuguese gradually softened into commiseration for the sufferings and forlorn condition of the unfortunate Don-Ferdinandez; and such of his countrymen as occasionally touched at the island showed themselves solicitous to afford him every comfort and convenience he was capable of receiving, and plentifully stocked the island with such animals and plants as could be sustained on its surface.

The jealousy of the Portuguese made them anxious to conceal this island from the knowledge of other nations. In June 1588, however, it was descried by one of our own enterprising circumnavigators, captain Cavendish, on his return home; and the following is the account given of it by the writer of his voyage, as it then appeared. 'The same day about two or three o'clock in the afternoon we went onshore, where we found an exceeding fair and pleasant valley, wherein divers handsome buildings and houses were set up; and one particularly, which was a church, was tiled and whitened on the outside very fair, and made with a porch: and within

the church at the "upper end, was set an altar, wherein stood a very large table, set in a frame; having on it the picture of our Saviour Christ upon the cross, and the image of our lady praying, with divers other histories painted curiously on the same. The valley is the fairest and largest low plot in all the island, and is exceedingly sweet and pleasant, and planted in every place either with fruit or with herbs. There are fig trees which bear fruit continually, and very plentifully; for on every tree you may see blossoms, green figs, and ripe figs, all at once, and it is so all the year long. The reason is that the island standeth so near the sun. There is also a great store of lemon trees, orange trees, pomegranate trees, and date trees, which bear fruit as the fig trees do, and are planted carefully and very artificially, with pleasant walks under and between them; and the said walks are overshadowed with the leaves of the trees, and in every void place is planted parsley, sorrel, basil, fennel, aniseed, mustard seed, radishes, and many very good herbs. The fresh water brook runneth through divers places of this orchard, and may, with very small pains, be made to water any tree in the valley.' The chief animals at this time inhabiting the island, we are told, were partridges, pheasants, turkeys, and goats existing by thousands, very wild, and in flocks of one or two hundred, some as big as an ass; and 'great store of swine very wild and fat, and of great bigness.' They found four negroes in the houses who were slaves, who informed captain Cavendish that the Portugueze East India fleet, usually consisting of about five sail, of eight or nine hundred tons each, touched at the island in its passage, apparently both outwards and homewards, for refreshments, and especially for water.

It was, in like manner, touched at by the earliest English and Dutch East India fleets towards the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, at which time the Portugueze flag was flying over the whole line of coast from Sofala to Melinda, Mozambique, and, with some interruptions, to Macao. Its government did not think it necessary to retain the station of St. Helena any longer, or it was wrested from the Portugueze sway by the Dutch; who unquestionably held possession of it for about half a century, till having established a colony at the Cape of Good Hope, they in their turn abandoned it. This last event occurred in 1651, when it was taken possession of in the same year by the English East India Company; who have held it by a succession of charters giving an exclusive right and paramount authority to the present day, in which the company has voluntarily resigned it into the hands of government as a state prison for the tyrant of Europe.

The Dutch seem to have regretted their abandonment of the island shortly afterwards. And hence in the war between themselves and the English which broke out in 1665, they made a formidable and successful attack upon it. They did not, however, retain their conquest long, for in less than twelve months the En-

glish were again in possession of this valuable station. No fortifications seem to have been built on it, either by the Portuguese or the Dutch. At this time, indeed, the houses seem to have been in ruins, and the only permanent inhabitant a Portuguese Franciscan. "Il n'y a, says he, qu' une petite place proche de la mer, où autrefois on avoit bâti une chapelle, et où un religieux Portugais de l'observance de S. François avéu quatorze ans; mais à present la chapelle est à moitié rompue." * The first fort of which we have any information is said to have been a triangular redoubt, erected in 1665, on the site of the present government house, and called Fort James, probably in compliment to the duke of York, afterwards James II. who was an active patron of commerce, and at the head of an African company. Of the different vallies in the island the two principal are James's valley, named from the above fort; and Chapel valley, so called from the old Portuguese chapel, the ruins of which were visible not only in Tavernier's time, but when the island was first settled by the English. In Roggewein's voyage we are told that this chapel was constructed with the timber saved from a Portuguese vessel wrecked off Deep Valley.

We have called St. Helena the Gibraltar of the South Atlantic, and a chief key to the commerce of the east. We have not used these terms lightly. It was the first step to that enormous empire which Great Britain at this moment possesses in Asia; and is a much safer and, in this respect, a more valuable harbour than the Cape, which at certain seasons of the year offers no secure anchorage.

It is to the possession of St. Helena that we are mainly indebted for the destruction of the Dutch East India fleet, at the commencement of what may be called the *late* continental war in 1795, and the success of the attack which put the Cape of Good Hope into our hands, and consequently the utter extinction of the Dutch commerce, influence, and settlements in India.

The island of St. Helena is situate within the limit of the south east trade wind, 1200 miles from the coast of Africa, 1800 miles from South America; 600 miles from the small Isle of Ascension, and 1200 from Gough's Island, and that of Tristan d'Acunba. Our author concurs with Mr. Forster in believing it to be the remnant of a larger island, part of which has been buried in the waves by force of earthquakes and volcanoes, but compensated for what it has lost by an increased boundary of volcanic materials.

* In viewing the hills on the east and west sides of James's town from the anchorage, particularly the north end of Ladder Hill, we observe numerous strata rising from the base to the summit (600 feet above the level of the sea) which bear evident marks that the whole of this huge mass, extending several hundred yards to the westward, has been formed by a

* Voyage de Tavernier, vol. ii. 568.

long series of floating lava. The extreme ends of the strata on the coast are placed horizontally: but upon examining the sides of the hills, the lava seems to have descended at a depression of about 20 degrees, and apparently from a crater somewhere about the site of the waterfall. Of this crater no positive vestige remains; yet there are some appearances which might lead to a supposition that the present waterfall may have been its southern edge, or extremity—that it was bounded on the north-west by High Knoll, and that subsequently to the formation of that mountain and Ladder Hill, some tremendous explosion opened a chasm, extending from the sea to the waterfall; and at the same moment, by tearing away, and precipitating a large portion of High Knoll into the crater may have extinguished it.

We have observed already that the island when first discovered was an entire forest. In later times the soil, from various causes, has been considerably denuded, and several valuable plains, and other pasture on arable ground have hence been acquired for further improvement. One of the largest and loftiest is now bounded by two smaller forests, denominated Long Wood and Dead Wood, which were formerly united; it is hence denominated the 'Plain of Long Wood and Dead Wood.' From the last name it is clear that the ruin of the original forest is still spreading, and that the plain will soon, from natural causes, acquire a wider outline.

'It seems to me that the circumstance of this plain may be of some importance to the science of geology; because it affords a curious and singular contrast, and comparison, with every other part of the island. If such a comparison were undertaken by a skilful geologist, it might lead to some valuable discoveries; or, at least, plausible deductions—not merely concerning the original formation of St. Helena, but of islands in general.

'No traces of lava nor shells are to be seen on this plain, nor under its surface: throughout its whole extent there is seldom to be found a stone, of any sort, larger than a walnut; but in digging ditches for the fences at Long Wood, we lately discovered considerable beds of small stones resembling gravel. They are, however, a sort of soft iron stone, easily pulverised; some are close to the surface, others a foot or two underneath; and it has been observed that the crops are always more exuberant where the soil is intermixed with these stones. If we may judge from a deep ravine, which partly divides the plains of Long Wood and Dead Wood, the soil and substratum of friable clay in this part of the island may very possibly be several hundred feet deep. This ravine has evidently been formed by torrents of rain, which, in the course of ages, have opened a large hollow more than 500 feet across, and about 150 deep; the sides of this hollow expose to view an infinite number and variety of beautiful layers of coloured earths, which are supposed to be of volcanic origin. I am, however, inclined to believe that the colours are only superficial. These accounts of the depths of soil, and of the fine plain of Long Wood and Dead Wood, will no doubt surprize many who have been taught to believe, that 'St. Helena is a barren and unproductive rock;' indeed it will be seen by many facts stated in the first part of this work, that its lands, of which two or three thousand acres might be ploughed with the greatest facility (and even much more brought into cultivation), are not inferior in the production of wheat and every other grain; and of potatoes

and all sorts of esculents, to the very best lands in Europe. The annual produce is indeed much greater, on account of the certainty of two seasons of rain, and two harvests in the year.' (Intro. Chap. vii.)

The most striking or valuable mineralogical productions of the island are basaltes, *indurated* clay, which is said to constitute the mountainous ridge which divides the island by its greatest length (Intro. chap. p. xviii.) 'honeycomb-stone' lime-stone 'of excellent quality and in great abundance;' pozzolana, of which there are several extensive quarries, and saponaceous argil used by the soldiers as a substitute for soap in washing.

'Various coloured earths or clays abound in many parts of St. Helena. Upon the hills towards the sea they are discovered, only here and there, in thin veins, bedded between layers of rock. In the interior, particularly about a mile to the eastward of Long Wood house, the deep and sloping sides of some of the ravines, which are of great extent, are clothed with a variety of beautiful tints of white, blue, grey, and red. Of the brilliance of these earths, when the sun shines upon them, no words, nor even the finest touches of the pencil, could convey an adequate idea. (Intro. chap. p. xxvi.)

We do not think that the salubrity, picturesque beauty, or fertility of the island, are overrated in the following description:

'The climate of St. Helena is perhaps the mildest and the most salubrious in the world, and is remarkably congenial to the human feelings. Neither too hot nor cold, it preserves throughout the year that medium temperature which is always agreeable. This temperature, however, varies considerably according to the elevation of the land. At Plantation-house the range of the thermometer during the year, when kept in the same place, was only from 61 to 73 degrees. At Long Wood, although at the same height above the sea, it was generally 5 degrees lower: proceeding no doubt from the situation being more exposed to the south-east trade wind. In James's town it is generally 5 to 7 degrees higher than at Plantation-house.

'These are the temperatures within doors. In the open air at Plantation-house the thermometer sometimes falls to 52 degrees, which happens between June and September; and in the winter season (if it may be so called) the inhabitants living in the country find it necessary, or at least comfortable, to make use of fires in their rooms. Thus, it will be perceived, there is a diversity of climate; so that a person residing in James's town, in the warm season, may pass, within the short space of an hour, from the medium temperature of India, to that of the spring or summer months in England. This has been found beneficial to valetudinarians from India, who occasionally resort to the island; some of whom have been restored to perfect health, after a few months residence in this salubrious climate.' (Intro. Chap. p. xxxiii. xxxiv.)

'From thunder and lightning this climate may be said to be wholly exempted. In the course of sixty years only two flashes of lightning are recollected; and these, I believe, were unaccompanied with thunder: neither is it subject to those storms and hurricanes, which occasionally afflict and desolate many other tropical islands. The trade winds generally blow with uniform steadiness; very seldom increasing beyond what is called a fresh breeze.

'There are many copious springs of pure and wholesome water. These generally issue from the highest lands. The quantity usually dis-

charged at James's town was found to be six hogsheads in a minute, or 2,160 tons in the twenty-four hours, after the absence of rain. Comparing the size of this stream with the others on the island, I compute that not less than 10,000 tons of water are daily discharged from the springs into the sea in dry weather.'

We have already stated that the anchorage at St. Helena is far more extensive and secure than at the Cape, in consequence of the latter being exposed at all times to tremendous gales; and hence, before its navigation was well known in respect to coast and season, the shores of the Cape were the voracious grave of whole navies. Camoens makes the spirit of the Cape, when disenchanted by De Gama, prophesy that it would be so.

“ With every bounding keel that dares my rage
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
Each year thy shipwreck'd sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.”

MICKLE.

Such was the melancholy fate of the second fleet which was sent forth from Portugal to the East shortly after the return of Vasco de Gama. It consisted of thirteen sail under the command of Pedro Alvarez Cabral, of which only six escaped from the ruins of the tempests which they encountered in doubling the promontory. It lasted, says Faria y Sousa, twenty days; during which it was so dark even at noon, that the sailors could as little see as hear each other for the roar of the winds. It was in this tremendous tempest that the celebrated Bartholomew Diaz perished, who, as we have already observed, first discovered the Cape and named it, with a terrible truth of prophecy to himself, The Cape of Tempests. The well known fate of Don Immanuel de Sousa, and his beautiful wife Leonora de Sá, was still more afflicting. On returning home from his government of Diu in India, where he had amassed immense wealth, the ship in which he sailed, and in which were his lady as well as himself, and 500 men, his sailors and domestics, was dashed to pieces on the rocks that jut from the head land. The crew to the number of 400, including Don Emanuel, his lady, and three children, escaped, but almost destitute of every thing. As they marched through the uncultivated and desert country at the back of the Cape, some died of famine, of thirst, and fatigue; and others, who wandered from the main body, were murdered by the savages or destroyed by wild beasts. The remainder were at length stripped entirely naked by Ethiopian bandits; while the wretchedness of the delicate and exposed Leonora was increased by the brutal insults of the negroes. After having travelled about 300 leagues, her legs swelled, her feet bleeding at every step, and her strength exhausted, she sunk down, and with the sand covered herself to the neck to conceal her nakedness. In this dreadful situation she beheld two of her children expire. Her own death soon followed. Her

husband, enamoured of her to distraction, received her last breath in a frenzied embrace; and, snatching his remaining child in his arms, ran with heart rending cries into the thickest of the wood, where the wild beasts were soon heard to growl over their prey. Of the 400 that escaped the waves, only six-and-twenty reached their native land, and carried the melancholy account of their companions. The story is well calculated for poetic illustration, and has in various instances exercised the powers of the muse of the Tagus. The best poem upon the subject is that of Jerome de Cortereal.

The Tracts before us consist, for the most part, of papers published by Mr. B. in a periodical journal printed under his patronage and support, and which was entitled the *St. Helena Register*. A more patriotic step could not perhaps have been taken, and it seems to have succeeded as it deserved. The Governor strenuously recommended the plough in preference to the spade, which had hitherto been employed almost exclusively. In consequence of the abolition of the slave trade he encouraged the ingress of Chinese peasants and labourers, who are chiefly selected for this purpose in Ceylon and various parts of the Deccan. To preserve a due supply of water in the driest seasons he imitated the Indian method of collecting it in its descent from the hills, in enormous tanks or reservoirs, so as to be capable at all times of fertilizing the lower grounds, in every direction, by means of openings or gutters. And to preserve the soil from being washed down the declivities of steep hills, he recommended the forming of belts around their sides, as a substitute for the terraces employed by the Chinese upon the sides of mountains, too precipitous to be ploughed; an ingenious method, which is still practised in our own country on the sloping hills of Dorsetshire.

The soil and climate of St. Helena are equally favourable to the different grains of Europe and of India: and, in conjunction with these, governor Beatson set the example of cultivating potatoes, which appear to have answered very abundantly, mangel-wurzel, coss-lettuce, and various other esculents for man and domestic animals.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

MR. EDITOR—

I forward to you, for insertion in your Magazine, the accompanying paper, which has just fallen into my hands, and which, as a production of sir Joshua Reynolds, and illustrative of the characters of two very eminent men, who were both his intimate friends, cannot fail to amuse your readers.

London, July, 1816.

BIOGRAPHICUS.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was written by sir Joshua Reynolds, to illustrate a remark which he had made—‘that Dr. Johnson considered Garrick as his property, and would never suffer any one to praise or abuse him but himself.’ In the first of these supposed dialogues, sir Joshua himself, by high encomiums upon Garrick, is represented as drawing down upon him Johnson’s censure; in the second, Mr. Gibbon by taking the opposite side, calls forth his praise.

Dr. Johnson and sir Joshua Reynolds.

Reynolds. Let me alone, I’ll bring him out (*aside.*) I have have been thinking, Dr. Johnson, this morning, on a matter that has puzzled me very much; it is a subject that I dare say has often passed in your thoughts, and, though I cannot, I dare say you have made up your mind upon it.—*Johnson.* ‘Tisly fally, what is all this preparation—what is all this mighty matter?—*R.* Why, it is a very weighty matter. The subject I have been thinking upon is—Predestination and Free-will, two things I cannot reconcile together for the life of me; in my opinion, Dr. Johnson, free will and fore-knowledge cannot be reconciled.—*J.* Sir, it is not of very great importance what your opinion is upon such a question.—*R.* But I meant only, Dr. J. to know your opinion.—*J.* No, sir; you meant no such thing: you meant only to show these gentlemen that you are not the man they took you to be, but that you think of high matters sometimes, and that you may have the credit of having it said, that you held an argument with Sam Johnson on predestination and free-will;—a subject of that magnitude as to have engaged the attention of the world—to have perplexed the wisdom of man for these two thousand years;—a subject on which the fallen angels, who *had yet not lost all their original brightness*, find themselves in *wandering mazes lost*. That such a subject could be discussed in the levity of convivial conversation is a degree of absurdity beyond what is easily conceivable.—*R.* It is so as you say, to be sure; I talked once to our friend Garrick upon this subject, but I remember we could make nothing of it.—*J.* O noble pair!—*R.* Garrick was a clever fellow, Dr. J. Garrick, take him altogether, was certainly a very great man.—*J.* Garrick, sir, may be a great man in your opinion, as far as I know, but he was not so in mine; little things are great to little men.—*R.* I have heard you say Dr. Johnson.—*J.* Sir, you never heard me say that David Garrick was a great man; you may have heard me say that Garrick was a good repeater—of other men’s words;—words put into his mouth by other men; this makes but a faint approach towards being a great man.—*R.* But take Garrick upon the whole now, in regard to conversation.—*J.* Well, sir, in regard to conversation, I never discovered in the conversation of David Garrick any intellectual energy, any wide grasp of thought, any extensive comprehension of mind, or that he possessed any of those powers to which *great* could, with any degree of propriety be applied.—*R.* But still.—*J.* Hold, sir; I have not done—there are, to be sure, in the laxity of colloquial speech.

various kinds of greatness; a man may be a great tobacconist, a man may be a great painter, he may be likewise a great mimic; now you may be the one, and Garrick the other, and yet neither of you be great men.—*R.* But, Dr Johnson,—*J.* Hold, sir; I have often lamented how dangerous it is to investigate and to discriminate character, to men who have no discriminative powers.—*R.* But Garrick, as a companion, I heard you say—no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mr. Thrale's table—*J.* You tease me, sir. Whatever you may have heard me say, no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mr. Thrale's table, I tell you I do not say so now; besides, as I said before, you may not have understood me—you misapprehended me—you may not have heard me.—*R.* I am very sure I heard you.—*J.* Besides, besides sir, besides—do you not know—are you so ignorant as not to know, that it is the highest degree of rudeness to quote a man against himself?—*R.* But if you differ from yourself, and give one opinion to-day—*J.* Have done, sir, the company you see are tired, as well as myself. T'other side.

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Gibbon.

Johnson. No, sir; Garrick's fame was prodigious, not only in England, but all over Europe; even in Russia I have been told, he was a proverb; when any one had repeated well he was called a second Garrick.—*Gibbon.* I think he had full as much reputation as he deserved.—*J.* I do not pretend to know, sir, what your meaning may be, by saying he had as much reputation as he deserved; he deserved much, and he had much.—*G.* Why surely, Dr. Johnson, his merit was in small things only; he had none of those qualities that make a real great man.—*J.* Sir, I as little understand what your meaning may be, when you speak of the qualities that make a great man; it is a vague term. Garrick was no common man; a man above the common size may surely, without any great impropriety be called a great man. In my opinion, he has very reasonably fulfilled the prophecy which he once reminded me of having made to his mother, when she asked me how little David went on at school, that I should say to her, that he would come to be hanged, or come to be a great man. No, sir; it is undoubtedly true, that the same qualities, united with virtue or vice, make a hero or a rogue, a great general or a highwayman. Now Garrick, we are sure, was never hanged, and in regard to his being a great man, you must take the whole man together.—It must be considered in how many things Garrick excelled in which every man desires to excel. Setting aside his excellence as an actor, in which he is acknowledged to be unrivalled; as a man, as a poet, as a convivial companion, you will find but few his equals, and none his superior. As a man, he was kind, friendly, benevolent, and generous.—*G.* Of Garrick's generosity I never heard; I understood his character to be totally the reverse, and that he was reckoned to have loved money.—*J.* That he loved money nobody will dispute;—who does not? but if you mean, by loving money, that he was parsimonious to a fault, sir, you have been misinform-

ed. To Foote, and such scoundrels, who circulated those reports—to such profligate spendthrifts prudence is meanness and economy is avarice. That Garrick, in early youth, was brought up in strict habits of economy I believe, and that they were necessary I have heard from himself; to suppose that Garrick might inadvertently act from this habit, and be saving in small things, can be no wonder; but let it be remembered at the same time, that, if he was frugal by habit, he was liberal from principle: that when he acted from reflection he did what his fortune enabled him to do, and what was expected from such fortune. I remember no instance of David's parsimony, but once, when he stopped Mrs. Woffington from replenishing the tea-pot; it was already, he said, as red as blood; and this instance is doubtful, and happened many years ago. In the latter part of his life I observed no blameable parsimony in David; his table was elegant and even splendid; his house both in town and country, his equipage; and, I think, all his habits of life, were such as might be expected from a man, who had acquired great riches.—In regard to his generosity, which you seem to question, I shall only say; there is no man to whom I would apply with more confidence of success, for the loan of two hundred pounds to assist a common friend, than to David, and this too with very little, if any probability, of its being repaid.

G. You were going to say something of him as a writer: you don't rate him very high as a poet.—J. Sir, a man may be a respectable poet, without being a Homer, as a man may be a good player, without being a Garrick. In the lighter kinds of poetry, in the appendages of the drama, he was, *if not the first, in the very first class*. He had a readiness and facility, a dexterity of mind, that appeared extraordinary, even to men of experience, and who are not apt to wonder from ignorance. Writing prologues, epilogues and epigrams, he said he considered as his trade; and he was what a man should be, always, at all times, ready at his trade. He required two hours for a prologue or epilogue, and five minutes for an epigram. Once, at Burke's table, the company proposed a subject, and Garrick finished his epigram within the time. The same experiment was repeated in the garden, and with the same success.—G. Garrick had some flippancy of parts, to be sure, and was brisk and lively in company; and, by help of mimicry and story-telling, made himself a pleasant companion: but here the whole world gave the superiority to Foote; and Garrick himself appears to have felt as if his genius was rebuked by the superior powers of Foote. It has been often observed, that Garrick never dared to enter into competition with him, but was content to act an under-part, to bring Foote out.

J. That this conduct of Garrick's might be interpreted by the gross minds of Foote and his friends, as if he was afraid to encounter him, I can easily imagine. Of the natural superiority of Garrick over Foote this conduct is an instance. He disdained entering into competition with such a fellow, and made him the buf-

fool of the company, or, as you say, brought him out; and what was at last brought out, but coarse jests and vulgar merriment—indecenty and impiety—a relation of events which, upon the face of them, could never have happened—characters grossly conceived, and as coarsely represented! Foote was even no mimic: he went out of himself, it is true; but without going into another man. He is excelled by Garrick even in this, which is considered as Foote's greatest excellence. Garrick, besides his exact imitation of the voice and gesture of his original, to a degree of refinement of which Foote had the conception, exhibited the mind and mode of thinking of the person imitated. Besides, Garrick confined his powers within the limits of decency. He had a character to preserve:—Foote had none. By Foote's buffoonery and broad-faced merriment, private friendship, public decency, and every thing estimable amongst men, were trod under foot. We all know the difference of their reception in the world. No man, however high in rank or literature, but was proud to know Garrick, and was glad to have him at his table. No man ever considered or treated Garrick as a player. He may be said to have stepped out of his own rank into an higher, and, by raising himself, he raised the rank of his profession. At a convivial table his exhilarating powers were unrivalled: he was lively, entertaining, quick in discerning the ridicule of life, and as ready in representing it; and on graver subjects there were few topics in which he could not bear his part. It is injurious to the character of Garrick to be named in the same breath with Foote. That Foote was admitted sometimes into good company (to do the man what credit I can) I will allow; but then it was merely to play tricks. Foote's merriment was that of a buffoon—Garrick's that of a gentleman.—*G.* I have been told, on the contrary, that Garrick, in company had not the easy manners of a gentleman.—*J.* Sir, I don't know what you may have been told, or what your ideas may be of the manners of gentlemen.—Garrick had no vulgarity in his manners. It is true, Garrick had not the airiness of a fop, nor did he assume an affected indifference to what was passing: he did not lounge from the table to the window, and from thence to the fire, or, whilst you were addressing your discourse to him, turn from you, and talk to his next neighbour, or give any indication that he was tired of his company. If such manners form your ideas of a fine gentleman, Garrick had them not.—*G.* I mean that Garrick was more overawed by the presence of the great, and more obsequious to rank, than Foote—who considered himself as their equal, and treated them with the same familiarity as they treated each other.—*J.* He did so; and what did the fellow get by it? The grossness of his mind prevented him from seeing that this familiarity was merely suffered as they would play with a dog: he got no ground by affecting to call peers by their surnames. The foolish fellow fancied that lowering them was raising himself to their level. This affectation of familiarity with the

great, this childish ambition of momentary exaltation, obtained by the neglect of those ceremonies, which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another, only showed his folly and meanness. He did not see that, by encroaching on others' dignity, he puts himself in their power, either to be repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension. Garrick, by paying due respect to rank, respected himself: what he gave was returned, and what was returned he kept for ever. His advancement was on firm ground: he was recognized in public, as well as respected in private; and as no man was ever more courted, and better received by the public, so no man was ever less spoiled by its flattery. Garrick continued advancing to the last—till he had acquired every advantage that high birth or title could bestow, except the precedence of going into a room; but, when he was there, he was treated with as much attention as the first man at the table. It is to the credit of Garrick that he never laid any claim to this distinction; it was as voluntarily allowed, as if it had been his birth-right. In this, I confess, I looked on David with some degree of envy, not so much for the respect he received, as for the manner of its being acquired; what fell into his lap unsought, I have been forced to claim:—I began the world by fighting my way. There was something about me that invited insult, or at least a disposition to neglect; and I was equally disposed to repel insult and to claim attention; and I fear continue too much in this disposition now it is no longer necessary; I receive at present as much favour as I have a right to expect. I am not one of the complainers of the neglect of merit.—*G.* Your pretensions, Dr. Johnson, nobody will dispute; I cannot place Garrick on the same footing: your reputation will continue increasing after your death, when Garrick will be totally forgotten: you will be for ever considered as a classic.—*J.* Enough, sir, enough; the company would be better pleased to see us quarrel than bandying compliments.—*G.* But you must allow, Dr. Johnson, that Garrick was too much a slave to fame, or rather, to the mean ambition of living with the great—terribly afraid of making himself cheap even with them; by which he debarred himself of much pleasant society. Employing so much attention and so much management upon little things, implies, I think, a little mind. It was observed by his friend Colman, that he never went into company but with a plot how to get out of it; he was every minute called out, and went off or returned as there was or was not a probability of his shining.—*J.* In regard to his mean ambition, as you call it, of living with the great, what was the boast of Pope, and is every man's wish, can be no reproach to Garrick: he who says he despises it, knows he lies. That Garrick husbanded his fame, the fame which he had justly acquired both at the theatre and at the table, is not denied; but where is the blame either in the one case or the other, of leaving as little as he could to chance? Besides, sir, consider what you have said, you

first deny Garrick's pretensions to fame, and then accuse him of too great an attention to preserve what he never possessed.—*G.* I don't understand—*J.* Sir, I can't help that.—*G.* Well, but, Dr. Johnson, you will not vindicate him in his over and above attention to his fame, his inordinate desire to exhibit himself to new men; like a coquet, ever seeking after conquests, to the total neglect of old friends and admirers:

‘He threw off his friends like a huntsman his pack;’

always looking out for new game.—*J.* When you quoted the line from Goldsmith, you ought, in fairness to have given what followed:

‘He knew when he pleased, he could whistle them back;’

which implies at least that he possessed a power over other men's minds approaching to fascination; but consider, sir, what is to be done: here is a man whom every other man desires to know. Garrick could not receive and cultivate all, according to each man's conception of his own value; we are all apt enough to consider ourselves as possessing a right to be excepted from the common crowd; besides, sir, I do not see why that should be imputed to him as a crime which we all so irresistibly feel and practise; we all make a greater exertion in the presence of new men than old acquaintances; it is undoubtedly true that Garrick divided his attention among so many, that but little was left to the share of any individual; like the extension and dissipation of water into dew, there was not quantity united sufficient to quench any man's thirst; but this is the inevitable state of things; Garrick, no more than another man, could unite what in their natures are incompatible.—*G.* But Garrick not only was excluded by this means from real friendship, but accused of treating those whom he called his friends with insincerity and double-dealing.—*J.* Sir, it is not true; his character in that respect is misunderstood: Garrick was, to be sure, very ready in promising; but he intended at that time to fulfil his promise; he intended no deceit; his politeness or his good nature, call it what you will, made him unwilling to deny; he wanted the courage to say *no* even to unreasonable demands. This was the great error of his life; by raising expectations which he did not, perhaps could not gratify, he made many enemies; at the same time, it must be remembered that this error proceeded from the same cause which produced many of his virtues. Friendships from warmth of temper, too suddenly taken up, and too violent to continue, ended as they were like to do, in disappointment; his friends became his enemies; and those having been fostered in his bosom, well knew his sensibility to reproach, and they took care that he should be amply supplied with such bitter potions as they were capable of administering; their impotent efforts he ought to have despised; but he felt them; nor did he affect insensibility.—*G.* And that sensibility probably shortened his

life.—*J.* No, sir, he died of a disorder of which you or any other man may die, without being killed by too much sensibility.—*G.* But you will allow, however, that this sensibility, those fine feelings, made him the great actor he was.—*J.* This is all cant; fit only for kitchen wenches and chambermaids; Garrick's trade was to represent passion, not to feel it. Ask Reynolds whether he felt the distress of count Hugolino when he drew it.—*G.* But surely he feels the passion at the moment he is representing it.—*J.* About as much as Punch feels.—That Garrick himself gave into this foppery of feelings I can easily believe; but he knew at the same time that he lied. He might think it right as far as I know to have what fools imagined he ought to have; but it is amazing that any should be so ignorant as to think that an actor will risk his reputation by depending on the feelings that shall be excited in the presence of two hundred people, on the repetition of certain words which he has repeated two hundred times before, in what actors call their study. No, sir, Garrick left nothing to chance, every gesture, every expression of countenance and variety of voice, was settled in his closet before he set his foot upon the stage.

(From the Examiner.)

Monody on the death of the right honourable R. B. Sheridan, written at the Request of a Friend, to be spoken at Drury-lane Theatre.—Murray, 1816.

As this production has become the property of the town, first by partial recitation at the theatre, and afterwards by entire, though not correct publication in the daily papers, we are enabled, in the present number of our literary notices, to give the reader both work and criticism at once. The following is a correct copy, to the letter:—

MONODY.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day,
In summer's twilight, weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart—as dew along the flower?
With a pure feeling, which absorbs and awes,
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment, on the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime;
Who hath not shar'd that calm so still and deep,
The voiceless thought which would not speak, but weep
A holy concord, and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
'Tis not harsh sorrow—but a tender wo,
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness—but full and clear,
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear,

Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,
Shed without shame—and secret without pain.

Ev'n as the tenderness that hour instils,
When Summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes,
When all of Genius which can perish—dies.

A mighty spirit is eclips'd—a pow'r
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose hour
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame!
The flash of wit—the bright intelligence,
The beam of song—the blaze of eloquence,
Set with their sun—but still have left behind
Th' enduring produce of immortal Mind,
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
Which all embraced—and lighten'd over all,
To cheer—to pierce—to please—or to appal;
From the charm'd council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord;
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
The prais'd—the proud—who made his praise their pride;
* When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan,
Arose to heav'n in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder—his th' avenging rod,
The wrath—the delegated voice of God!
Which shook the nations through his lips—and blaz'd,
Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they prais'd.

And here, oh! here, where yet all young and warm,
The gay creations of his spirit charm,
The matchless dialogue—the deathless wit,
Which knew not what it was to intermit,
The glowing portraits fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring,
These wondrous beings of his fancy wrought
To fulness by the fiat of his thought.
Here in their first abode you still may meet,
Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat,
A halo of the light of other days,
Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.

But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heav'nly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,

* See Fox, Burke, and Pitt's eulogy on Mr. Sheridan's speech on the charges exhibited against Mr. Hastings, in the house of commons. Mr. Pitt intreated the house to adjourn, to give time for a calmer consideration of the question than could then occur after the immediate effect of that oration.

Still let them pause: Ah! little do they know
That what to them seem'd vice might be but wo.

Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze,
Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The secret enemy, whose sleepless eye
Stands centinel, accuser, judge, and spy;
The foe, the fool, the jealous, and the vain,
The envious, who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of glory to the grave,
Watch ev'ry fault that daring genius owes,
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth—accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of calumny!

These are his portion: but if join'd to these,
Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Disease,
If the high spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,
To sooth indignity, and face to face
Meet sordid rage, and wrestle with disgrace,
To find in hope but the renew'd caress,
The serpent-fold of further faithlessness.
If such may be the ills which men assail,
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?
Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling giv'n,
Bear hearts electric—charg'd with fire from heav'n,
Black with the rude collision—inly torn,
By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere, that nurst
Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—scorch—and burst.

But far from us, and from our mimic scene,
Such things should be—if such have ever been;
Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
To give the tribute glory need not ask,
To weep the vanquish'd beam, and add our mite
Of praise, in payment of a long delight.

Ye orators! whom yet our councils yield,
Mourn for the veteran hero of your field!
The worthy rival of the wondrous *three*!*
Whose words were sparks of immortality!
Ye bards! to whom the drama's muse is dear,
He was your master:—emulate him *here*!
Ye men of wit and social eloquence!
He was your brother:—bear his ashes hence!
While pow'rs of mind, almost of boundless range!
Complete in kind, as various in their change;
While eloquence, wit, poesy, and mirth,
That humbler harmonist of care on earth,

* Fox—Pitt—Burke.

Survive within our souls—while live, our sense
 Of pride in merit's proud pre-eminence,
 Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan!

These lines are attributed to a noble poet, who when he writes upon what really touches him, is sure to write so as to touch us. He feels most powerfully, and has opinions as well as an experience of his own. His character therefore as a poet is also his own;—a thing which can be said perhaps of but two other living poets,—Wordsworth and Moore, the former of whom is a metaphysical genius, the latter a refined Bacchanalian one, living in a world of wit, garlands, and music.

But as Mr. Wordsworth will never be a narrative poet, nor Mr. Moore a very grave one (for his very hymns have a Magdalen air, extremely reminiscent), so lord Byron will never be skilful in addresses, nor in any other oratorical part of poetry. It is not intense and conscious enough. His talent does not lie so much in appealing to others, as in expressing himself. He does not make you so much a party as a witness, and the consequence is, that in pieces of the present kind, he will infallibly want what is called *tact*. With every disposition to praise the object of his verse, he will not succeed in keeping him before you; and with nothing whatsoever like egotism, in the paltry sense of the word, he will chiefly be before you himself.

A Monody on Mr. Sheridan should, in our opinion, have been thus constructed. It should have touched briefly though indigantly on his calumniators; briefly, and with as great a mixture of tenderness and admonition as possible, on his real faults; briefly also on his general powers, but have dwelt chiefly on his dramatic talents; and then too, on the airy and graceful nature of them, holding him up principally for what he principally was,—an elegant comic poet.

The reader will see therefore that we consider the present Monody as too general and too uniformly grave; and the subject not being congenial with the poet's powers: we think also the execution indifferent, compared with them. The general cast of the images is not new enough for him: there is an appearance of eking out in the lines; and some of the metaphors are too gratuitous and lofty; as that, for instance, about the "pyramid of calumny," which is very good, as far as magnitude and durability are concerned—but begs the question as to essence, and is unsuitable to the inevitable feeling of majesty which the idea of a pyramid produces. Our favourite passages are, the first—the paragraph beginning, 'But should there be'—which insinuates a deep piece of knowledge—and the one beginning, 'These are his portion.' Our favourite lines are—

'A glorious sympathy with suns that set.'
 'So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes,
 When all of genius which can perish—dies.'
 'Men who exult when minds of heav'nly tone,
 Jar in the music that was born their own,'
 'And Folly loves the martyrdom of fame.'
 'And stoop to strive with misery at the door,
 To sooth indignity, and face to face
 Meet sordid rage, and wrestle with disgrace.'
 '————— And add our mite
 Of praise, in payment of a long delight.'
 '————— Mirth,
 That humbler harmonist of care on earth.'

The concluding idea is from the famous line of Ariosto, so often imitated,—where he speaks of the young Scottish prince, Zerbino:—

Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.

Orlan. Fur. canto 10, st. 84.

—Nature made him, and then broke the mould.

The thought, we confess, is to our liking; for even if it borders upon a conceit, it is a very graceful one, and such as none but a great poet could be guilty of; and we like it also for its reminding us of those illustrious artists, sculptors as well as painters, with whom Ariosto lived in habits of friendship, and interchanged ideas. We think Raphael must have liked it; and, indeed, had it been applied to him, perhaps there would have been no dispute about its perfection.

The reader who has seen lord Byron fail in the present instance (at least we venture to think so, as we did of his former Drury-lane address) will be glad to hear a report that his lordship has written another canto of *Childe Harold*, and that it is reckoned superior even to any thing he has published. If it is as good, we shall be contented. Here he will be left to himself again, and in his own element; and we all know what a power he can exhibit there. He is a *Salvator Rosa*, and has no business with scenery, bad or good.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Steam Boats.—All nations are now proceeding to establish their claims to the invention of boats propelled by steam. A Mr. Robertson Buchanan, of England, has published a book upon the subject: according to which, the first experiments to propel water craft by steam, were made by a Mr. Miller. The date of

his trials, however, is very prudently concealed; and accordingly, the *Journal des Debats*, of September 14th, takes occasion to *presume* that the experiments of the marquis de Jauffray were anterior to those of Mr. Miller. In 1795 (it is said) lord Stanhope caused a steam vessel to be constructed with oars resembling the wings of a bird, opening as they went backwards, and shutting as they went forwards. But this machinery proved to be ineffectual: and, in 1801, a Mr. Symington (it is pretended) made a trial of a steam-boat—how constructed, alas! it is not known—upon the frith of Clyde. *His* project was abandoned (continues Mr. Buchanan) in consequence of the injury which the vessel sustained from the banks of the canal. The journal above-mentioned takes another occasion to assert the pretensions of France, and tells us that dangerous essays were made in 1802 by Mr. Desblancs, horaloger to Frécourt. From all these facts, our two authorities think themselves warranted to conclude, that navigation by steam '*was introduced*' merely by our Fulton, in 1807. In addition to these two claimants, the Italians must needs pretend that the invention is due to a countryman of theirs, a Mr. D. Seraphin Leralli du Mont Capi; and the gazette of Florence cites some of his original letters (published in 1787) in order to substantiate the claim.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

ENGLAND.

Mr. Colburn will shortly publish, by authority, in French as well as in English, the following important production:—Correspondence of M. Fouché, duke of Otranto, with his grace the duke of Wellington. 2. A Sketch of the Public Life of M. Fouché, duke of Otranto, comprising various correspondence, addressed to the emperor Napoleon, king Joachim, the duke d'Artois, prince Blucher, Louis XVIII., count de Blacas, and other ministers, &c. This work portrays this celebrated character as he really is; it exhibits his most secret sentiments, the spirit of his public life, and the principles which have directed him at all periods and in situations the most diversified. The political documents will be found to throw great light on the personal relations of the duke, and on the history and character of recent events.

Dr. Watkins has not been able to complete his *Memoirs of Mr. Sheridan*, so early as was at first expected, but they will certainly be ready for publication in the course of September. When the various talents of this celebrated man are considered; the distinguished part he took in the political affairs of the country; his long connection with the stage; his intimacy with the highest characters and the greatest wits of the age, and those embarrassments

which too frequently accompany genius—it is to be expected that a faithful and impartial history of his life should open a wider field of instruction and amusement than has been exhibited by any production subsequent or even previous to the biography of Johnson. A large portion of the life was long since prepared from most valuable information communicated to the author by one of Mr. Sheridan's earliest friends and nearest relatives: in addition to which, it will contain many new and original anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Parr, Garrick, Burke, Fox, &c.

The new edition of Neuman's Spanish and English Dictionary is in considerable forwardness, but the extent and variety of the additions are such as to occupy much time and care. It will contain above 20,000 new articles and several thousand modern words, many of which are not to be found in any English or Spanish Dictionary hitherto published. In this edition the names of articles in commerce, the terms used in manufactures, and the most popular terms in science, have been introduced, it is believed, for the first time, in a dictionary of two languages. It has also been attempted to make the work something more than a mere book of words, to render it useful not only to the translator, the merchant, manufacturer, soldier, and sailor, but likewise to the philosopher, antiquary, and naturalist. Mr. Bowen has added a great number of words used in conversation and in periodical publications, although not inserted in any of our dictionaries, and has indicated the Spanish origin of several English words, which have either eluded the sagacity of etymologists, or been erroneously attributed to the French. Senor Perez has subjoined many useful terms familiar in Spanish America.

Mr. Accum has in the press, a Practical Essay on Chemical Re-Agents, or Tests, illustrated by a Series of Experiments. The work will comprehend a Summary View of the general nature of Chemical Tests; the effects which are produced by the action of these bodies, the uses to which they may be applied, and the art of applying them successfully. A list of all the substances for which there exist any appropriate tests, will be added; and a portable chemical chest, containing the chemical tests and apparatus necessary for performing the experiments described in the treatise, will also be delivered, if required, as a companion to the work, which will be published early in September.

A History of Nipal, containing not only geographical information relative to that kingdom, but also illustrative of its relations, political and commercial, with the British dominions in Asia, Tibet, Tartary, and the Chinese empire, and the rise and progress of the late war, will speedily appear in an 8vo. volume.

Some account of Ahantah and Fantyn, and of the rest of the Gold Coast of Africa, is in the press. The recent intelligence of a war between the people of those countries, and the general igno-

rance which prevails respecting them, render a work of authority on that subject very desirable.

The Rev. Thomas Maurice has in the press, in 4to. *Observations on the Ruins of Babylon*, as recently visited and described by Claudius James Rich, Esq. resident for the East India Company at Bagdad.

A Description of the People of India, by the Abbé J. A. Du-bois, missionary in the Mysore, in a 4to. volume, is nearly ready for publication. This work is the result of a diligent observation and study of the people, during a residence of many years among the various tribes, in unrestrained intercourse and conformity with their habits and manners of life.

Mr. Lancaster, whose energetic character first gave impulse to the principle, that it is incumbent on governments to educate the whole people in the first rudiments of learning, has been eminently successful in carrying that great principle into effect in Ireland, owing to the public spirit of many distinguished Irishmen. During part of the years 1814 and 1815, he travelled extensively in that kingdom, with a view to promote the diffusion of general knowledge. Many thousands of persons attended his public lectures, and honoured them with approbation. After a lecture, he often witnessed protestant clergymen, Roman catholic priests, methodist and presbyterian ministers, cordially uniting in thanks to the lecturer, and rivalling each other in professions of kindness and offers of hospitality. From the cabin school to the ducal mansion—from the dwellings of the peasant to the vice-regal palace, his reports exhibit (he says) but ‘one tide of glory’ for the character and hopes of Ireland—‘one unclouded blaze’ of philanthropy and universal charity. At another meeting in Dublin, Mr. Lancaster received a public invitation to settle in Ireland, which he accepted amidst the cheers of hundreds. He asserts, and we believe justly, that his plans have excited interest, or been the means of establishing schools, from Peterburgh to Kamschatka—from London to Cincinnati on the Ohio, (where there is one of his schools for nine hundred pupils)—and from Inverness to Hayti. Two of his pupils have gone on school-missions up the St. Lawrence, and two others down the Mississippi: some have proceeded to Africa—and another is now about to proceed to Bengal, by the cape of Good Hope and Ceylon. It is honourable to Irish liberality, that, at the meeting of the friends to the extension of the royal Lancasterian system of education, held at the Rotunda, Dublin, for the purpose of aiding the personal exertions of Joseph Lancaster, in travelling in Ireland, &c. the duke of Leinster being in the chair, it was resolved, that, ‘as the Lancasterian system of education is in itself wholly unconnected with doctrinal points of religion, it appears well adapted to insure unanimity in promoting general education;

and that the personal services and exertions of Joseph Lancaster, who has carried into effect his efficient system of education, and extended its benefits to above a hundred and twenty thousand poor children, are essentially necessary to facilitate its progress in Ireland, from the confidence which the liberality of his public conduct, for a series of years, has tended to command.' These are sentiments honourable to all parties, and in our opinion (which is founded on a personal acquaintance of nearly twenty years) they have been well earned, by the ingenuity, zeal, and perseverance of Mr. Lancaster.

Mr. Edward Heard has invented a chemical re-agent, by which he renders salt water capable of washing and cooking. Various experiments have been tried with it in the navy, under the direction of the board of admiralty, with success. If adopted, it would promote cleanliness among our seamen, the principal requisite for the preservation of health; remove the leading causes of contagion on ship-board from dirty garments, beds, and bedding; and afford means to passengers of washing weekly if necessary, and lessening the amount and expenses of equipment.

The Rev. C. Colton is preparing a work, under the expressive title of 'Many Things in Few Words, addressed to fewer persons who think.'

FRANCE.

Our literature (says our Paris correspondent) has not yet recovered all its prosperity. For this purpose a state of perfect tranquillity is absolutely necessary, and unfortunately the alarming rumours broached by malevolence and collected with malicious industry by some of your journals are not calculated to re-establish very speedily the literary communications between the different countries of Europe. It is impossible to read the English publications without being astonished to see how the most simple circumstances are often distorted, and in what a false point of view passing events in France are represented. Still it would not be so bad if these falsehoods, these calumnies, were confined to the journals which take a pleasure in raking them together; but unluckily they are thence transferred into works which are preserved, and into which future historians will probably look for information. What particularly leads me to this remark is, that I have lately convinced myself that even the *Gentleman's Magazine* cannot resist the temptation of becoming the echo of the newspapers distinguished for their hatred to France. I have lately been turning over the number for June, and I there find under head of France, that the king would not pardon the rebels at Grenoble, because they had purchased national property; that there have been fresh massacres at Nismes; that the grand almoner, indignant at an ordinance of the king, has resigned; that the *Fete Dieu* resembled a buffoonery, &c. There is not a word of truth in all

these particulars, and it is a barefaced deception upon the public to palm upon it such falsehoods respecting a country whence it is so easy to obtain accurate intelligence. The editors of periodical works ought to use a little more discretion in their selections from the newspapers, whose authority is not always to be relied on, especially when they say spiteful things merely for the pleasure of saying them. But to return to literary subjects—

There is not at this moment any new work of particular interest. The Abbé de Pradt has done all that lay in his power to make a noise; his work sells with astonishing rapidity, but the journals unmercifully ridicule the author who has been the main spring of all the events of the last years, who was every where, had a hand in every thing, and pretends to be alone capable of furnishing a key to modern diplomacy. They agree that never did author so completely expose himself to the shafts of satire, as he has done. M. de Pradt, however, has wherewith to console himself: the booksellers pay a high price for the copy-right of his works, and this is a point which is not to be overlooked. M. Benjamin de Constant has also drawn upon himself some severe strictures for the novel which he has just published. The critics admit, however, that this author is more amusing in his novels than when he writes upon constitutions, and they are of opinion that he ought never to have ventured upon any other kind of compositions. M. Lacretelle has finished his History of the Wars of Religion in France with the fourth volume. In the class of Voyages and Travels nothing has appeared but translations from the English, such as Salt's in Abyssinia, Mawe's in Brazil, &c. Mr. Warden, formerly American consul, has published here in English a description of the district of Columbia, with a plan of that city. A. M. Bonnet, who about twenty years since printed a work on the United States, has just produced a new one, with a small but good map of the state of New York. In a former communication I mentioned the 'Description routière de la France,' by M. Vaysse, inspector of posts. This very useful work for travellers is continued. Eight volumes of it have already appeared; each of them is sold separately for the convenience of travellers, and contains a description of one of the great roads of France with a very detailed map. As the author is obliged by his office to be constantly engaged in surveying the post-roads, he has an opportunity of seeing every thing himself, so that the utmost reliance may be placed on his accuracy. Mr. Deping has published a third edition of his 'Merveilles et Beautés en France,' with a map and seven engravings representing the most picturesque views in this country. Mr. de Humboldt continues the publication of his grand work on America; but owing to the numerous maps and plates with which it is accompanied, the *livraisons* do not follow one another in very rapid succession. Few new works of any magnitude are undertaken, but those already commenced are prosecuted with considerable activity.



